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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL 1808.

No. XXIII.

ART. I. *Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field.* By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 500. Edinburgh and London, 1808.

THERE is a kind of right of primogeniture among books, as well as among men; and it is difficult for an author, who has obtained great fame by a first publication, not to appear to fall off in a second—especially if his original success could be imputed, in any degree, to the novelty of his plan of composition. The public is always indulgent to untried talents; and is even apt to exaggerate a little the value of what it receives without any previous expectation. But, for this advance of kindness, it usually exacts a most usurious return in the end. When the poor author comes back, he is no longer received as a benefactor, but a debtor. In return for the credit it formerly gave him, the world now conceives that it has a just claim on him for excellence, and becomes impertinently scrupulous as to the quality of the coin in which it is to be paid.

The just amount of this claim plainly cannot be for more than the rate of excellence which he had reached in his former production; but, in estimating this rate, various errors are perpetually committed, which increase the difficulties of the task which is thus imposed on him. In the *first* place, the comparative amount of his past and present merits can only be ascertained by the uncertain standard of the reader's feelings; and these must always be less lively with regard to a second performance; which, with every other excellence of the first, must necessarily want the powerful recommendations of novelty and surprise, and, consequently, fall very far short of the effect produced by their strong cooperation. In the *second* place, it may be observed, in general, that wherever our impression of any work is favourable on the whole, its excellence is constantly exaggerated, in those vague and habitual recollections which form the basis of subsequent

comparisons. We readily drop from our memory the dull and bad passages, and carry along with us the remembrance of those only which had afforded us delight. Thus, when we take the merit of any favourite poem as a standard of comparison for some later production of the same author, we never take its true average merit, which is the only fair standard, but the merit of its most striking and memorable passages, which naturally stand forward in our recollection, and pass upon our hasty retrospect as just and characteristic specimens of the whole work; and this high and exaggerated standard we rigorously apply to the first, and perhaps the least interesting parts of the second performance. Finally, it deserves to be noticed, that where a first work, containing considerable blemishes, has been favourably received, the public always expects this indulgence to be repaid by an improvement that ought not to be always expected. If a second performance appear, therefore, with the same faults, they will no longer meet with the same toleration. Murmurs will be heard about indolence, presumption, and abuse of good nature; while the critics, and those who had gently hinted at the necessity of correction, will be more out of humour than the rest at this apparent neglect of their admonitions.

For these, and for other reasons, we are inclined to suspect, that the success of the work now before us will be less brilliant than that of the author's former publication, though we are ourselves of opinion, that its intrinsic merits are nearly, if not altogether, equal and that, if it had had the fortune to be the elder born, it would have inherited as fair a portion of renown as has fallen to the lot of its predecessor. It is a good deal longer, indeed, and somewhat more ambitious; and it is rather clearer that it has greater faults, than that it has greater beauties; though, for our own parts, we are inclined to believe in both propositions. It has more tedious and flat passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore; but it has also greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. The place of the prologuizing minstrel is but ill supplied, indeed, by the epistolary dissertations which are prefixed to each book of the present poem; and the ballad pieces and mere episodes which it contains, have less finish and poetical beauty; but there is more airiness and spirit in the lighter delineations; and the story, if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended through a wider field of adventure. The characteristics of both, however, are evidently the same;—a broken narrative—a redundancy of minute

minute description—bursts of unequal and energetic poetry—and a general tone of spirit and animation, unchecked by timidity or affectation, and unchastised by any great delicacy of taste, or elegance of fancy.

But though we think this last romance of Mr Scott's about as good as the former, and allow that it affords great indications of poetical talent, we must remind our readers, that we never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition, and ventured on a former occasion to express our regret, that an author endowed with such talents should consume them in imitations of obsolete extravagance, and in the representation of manners and sentiments in which none of his readers can be supposed to take much interest, except the few who can judge of their exactness. To write a modern romance of chivalry, seems to be much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey, or an English pagoda. For once, however, it may be excused as a pretty caprice of genius; but a second production of the same sort is entitled to less indulgence, and imposes a sort of duty to drive the author from so idle a task, by a fair exposition of the faults which are in a manner inseparable from its execution. To enable our readers to judge fairly of the present performance, we shall first present them with a brief abstract of the story; and then endeavour to point out what seems to be exceptionable, and what is praiseworthy, in the execution.

Lord Marmion, the fictitious hero of the poem, was an English knight of great rank, fortune and prowess, in the reign of Henry VIII., and had, some years before the opening of the narrative, seduced and carried off from her convent, Constance de Beverley, a professed nun of good family, whom he had afterwards retained about his person in the disguise of a page. At the end of three years, however, he falls in love with the fair face or the broad lands of Clara de Clare, a damsel of great merit, whose affections, however, were previously engaged to Ralph De Wilton, a valiant knight in her neighbourhood. Marmion can think of no better way of disposing of this rival, than to employ Constance to put a parcel of forged letters, importing treasonable practices, into his portfolio, and thereafter to arraign him of those offences before their jealous sovereign. The forged papers give credit to this accusation; and the matter is referred to the judgment of God by a single combat between the two parties. In this contest the treacherous Marmion is victorious; and the true De Wilton, who is supposed to die of his wounds, assumes the dress of a palmer, and wanders from shrine to shrine brooding over his unmerited disgrace, and his natural purposes of revenge. Constance, in the mean while, who had lent herself to this scheme for promoting the marriage of

Marmion, only to make herself mistress of a secret which gave her power over his life, now resolves to gratify her own jealousy and envy by the destruction of the rival who had supplanted her in the heart of her seducer. She therefore engages a wicked monk in a plot to murder the Lady Clare; but before she can carry it into execution she is delivered up by Marmion, now satiated with her beauty, and wearied out with her murmurs, to the spiritual superiors from whom she had fled, and by whom this new crime of projected murder is speedily detected. The Lady Clare, in the mean time, full of sorrow for De Wilton and of horror at his conqueror, had retired into the convent of Whitby, with the intention of taking the veil; and Lord Marmion, bearing down remorse with pride and ambition, was proceeding on an embassy from his Sovereign to the court of James IV. of Scotland, to inquire into the cause of the great levy of troops which that prince was making, and the destination of the vast army which he had assembled in the neighbourhood of his capital.

Such is the situation of matters at the commencement of the poem, which opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion and his train at the castle of Norham upon the Tweed, the last English post upon his road, where he takes up his quarters in a fine summer evening, in the year of our Lord 1513. The whole first canto is taken up with the description of his train, and his reception and entertainment in the castle; every minute particular of which, from the letting down the drawbridge and bringing in the venison pasties for supper, down to the presentation of the stirrup cup at parting in the morning, is recorded with the most anxious and scrupulous exactness. While at table, he asks his host to provide him a guide to the Scotish court; and after some consultation, a holy palmer is introduced for this purpose, who afterwards turns out to be his injured rival De Wilton, although so much disguised by his dress, beard and misery, as not to be recognized by his oppressor. This is the only incident in the first canto that can be said to bear at all upon the business of the poem. It ends with the departure of the embassy on the following morning under the guidance of the mysterious palmer.

In the Second Canto, we entirely drop Lord Marmion and his retinue, in order to attend to the voyage of Clara, and the fate of Constance. This poor lady had been detected in her plot against her rival in the monastery of Holy Isle; and a chapter of the adjoining superiors had been summoned, to pass sentence on her for this crime and for the breach of her monastic vows. The canto begins with a picture of the voyage of the abbess of Whitby, to assist at this tragical convocation. There is then a description of the Abbey at Holy Isle, and an abstract of the legends connected with

with the history of its saints, and with those of the rival foundation of Whitby. Then comes the condemnation of Constance, and her auxiliar monk. The judges assemble in a low, dark vault, paved with tombstones, and lighted with an iron chandelier, where two deep niches already appear in the massive walls, with stones and mortar laid, ready to immure the convicted delinquents. The monk howls and shrieks with unmanly and unheeded agonies of terror; but Constance maintains a lofty and heroic resolution. She discloses the whole perfidy of Marmion, in his accusation of De Wilton, and his baseness to herself: She expresses little penitence for her own conspiracy against the blameless Lady Clare; but after arraigning her judges of bigoted cruelty, and prophesying the speedy downfal of their power, she receives * sentence from the stern blind abbot of Lindisfarn, and is left to expiate her offences in the gloomy sepulchre to which she is committed.

In the Third Canto, we return again to Lord Marmion and the Palmer, who gudies him in silence across the Border, and to the village of Gifford, in East Lothian, where the train halts for the night at a country inn. Here the ghastly visage, and keen, steady eye of the Palmer disturbs the soul of Marmion, and awes the whole band into silence. Marmion tries to relieve this, by calling on one of his squires for a song; but is still further annoyed, when he pitches upon a favourite air of Constance, and sings about the vengeance that is reserved for those who are perfidious in love. The host then tells a long story of a rencontre which took place in the neighbourhood, between King Alexander the III. and a spirit in the shape of Edward the I. of England, in which the Scottish monarch discomfited his unearthly antagonist, and forced him to reveal the fortune that awaited him in the war in which he was engaged with the Danes. He concludes with saying, that any knight who will repair at midnight to the same spot, and blow his bugle of defiance, will still be encountered by an aerial representation of his greatest enemy; and, if victorious, may learn from him the destiny of his future life. Marmion is unable to sleep after hearing all these stories; and rising in the night, mounts his charger, and gallops to the appointed ground, where he is encountered by the figure of De Wilton,

* We were a little surprised at the words of this sentence, 'Sinful sister, part in peace;' which sounds more like a merciful dismissal than a condemnation. On looking into the notes, we find Mr Scott has adopted this *formula* from what we humbly conceive to be a *mistranslation* of the Latin *vade in pacem*, which does not signify, part in peace, but, 'go *into* peace,' or into eternal rest; a pretty intelligible *mittimus* to another world.

and unhorsed in the first shock. His foe, however, spares his life, and disappears; and the astonished champion returns sullenly to his train. The reader will probably guess, what is afterwards related at length, that this unexpected opponent was no other than the real De Wilton himself, who had heard Marmion ride out, and, suspecting his purpose, had put off his palmer's dress, and borrowing the arms and the steed of one of his sleeping attendants, had followed and answered his challenge.

The Fourth Canto pursues the march of Marmion to the Scotish court. In his way, he meets the chief herald, or Lyon King at Arms of Scotland, who had been despatched to attend him, and who conducts him to a castle a few miles from Edinburgh, where he is to reside for a day or two, till the King is at leisure to receive him. Here the Lord Lyon tells a strange story, of a vision which had recently appeared to his Sovereign at Linlithgow, warning him not to persist in his warlike resolutions; which Marmion repays, by recounting his night adventure at Gifford. At last they take the way to Edinburgh: and the Canto ends with a spirited description of the appearance of that city and the adjoining landscape, as it appears on gaining the summit of the hills that rise above it on the south, and of the great army that then lay encamped between the bottom of these hills and the walls.

The Fifth Canto begins with a more exact and detailed description of the different bands and sorts of forces through which Marmion passed in his way to the city. In the evening he is conducted to the court, which, as well as the person of the Scotish monarch, is described with great spirit and vivacity. He is then told, that his Sovereign's aggressions on the Border have been such as to leave little hope of accommodation; but that he is to take up his residence in Lord Angus's castle of Tantallon till the return of the herald who had been sent to complain of these injuries, and to denounce desperate hostility, if they were not instantly repaired. We now learn, too, that the Lady Abbess of Whitby, returning by sea with the Lady Clare, from the condemnation of poor Constance, had been captured by a Scotish privateer, and brought to Edinburgh, to await the disposal of the Sovereign. These unfortunate persons are now put under the charge of Lord Marmion, and directed to remain with him at Tantallon, and to be conducted by him to their respective homes, upon his final return to England. The Abbess, who had received from the dying Constance the written proofs of the perfidy of Marmion and the innocence of De Wilton, is fearful that these documents may fall into the hands of that unprincipled warrior, and, in her distress, applies to the palmer, to whom she narrates the whole story, and puts the papers into his hands, that they may

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be presented to Cardinal Wolsey or the King, and Clara be delivered from the suit of so unworthy an admirer. The conference of these holy persons, which takes place in a gallery looking down on the street, is suddenly broken off by a strange apparition of figures like heralds and pursuivants, who glide through the air, and, taking their station at the market-cross, summon the Scotish king and most of his nobles, together with Marmion and De Wilton, to appear before the throne of their Sovereign within forty days. The palmer protests and appeals against this citation. The train afterwards proceeds to Tantallon, the Abbess being dropped at a convent in the way; and Marmion growing impatient at the delay of the Scotish herald, and learning that James had advanced into Northumberland at the head of a great army, and that Lord Surrey had marched to oppose him, resolves to join the latter army without further delay, and to stay no longer in the castle of Lord Angus, whose demeanour he observed had recently become very cold and disrepectful.

In the beginning of the last Canto, which is by far the busiest, we learn, that De Wilton, who had obtained the proofs of his innocence from the Abbess, had told his story to Lord Angus, who had agreed to restore him to the rank of knighthood, and, for that purpose, had sought out a suit of old armour, with which he proposed to invest him, and send him forth armed to the English host. Over this armour, as it lay in the castle-yard, to be watched by the knightly candidate, the Lady Clare first stumbles, and then moralizes; when, behold, De Wilton himself stands before her, and, in a few words, recounts his disastrous story, and clears his injured fame. Clara assists in accoutring him as a knight; and forth he rides in the morning on an old steed of the Earl's. Marmion, in the mean time, gets his band set in order, and presents himself to take leave of his host, who refuses to shake hands with him at parting, and some high words pass between them. However, he goes on, accompanied by Clara, in very bad humour; and, by the way, learns the particulars of the extraordinary conversion of the palmer into a knight, and calling to mind the whole particulars of his deportment, becomes satisfied that this mysterious personage is no other than his antient and still dreaded rival. The sight of the two armies, however, soon drives all other thoughts from his mind. He leaves the Lady Clare on an eminence in the rear, and gallops to Lord Surrey, who instantly assigns him a station in the van, where he is received with shouts of joy and exultation. The battle is very finely described. It is represented as seen from the eminence where Clara was left; and the indistinctness of the picture, and the anxiety and uncertainty which results from that

indistinctness, add prodigiously to the interest and grandeur of the representation. His two squires bear back Marmion, mortally wounded, to the spot where Clara is waiting. In his last moments, he learns the fate of Constance, and bursts out into an agony of rage and remorse, which is diverted, however, by the nearer roar of the battle; and he expires in a chivalrous exclamation of encouragement to the English warriors. The poet now hurries to a conclusion; the disastrous issue of Flodden Field is shortly but powerfully represented; and the reader is told, in a few words, of the restoration of De Wilton to his honours, and of his happy marriage with Clara, which closes the story.

Now, upon this narrative, we are led to observe, in the first place, that it forms a very scanty and narrow foundation for a poem of such length as is now before us. There is scarcely matter enough in the main story for a ballad of ordinary dimensions; and the present work is not so properly diversified with episodes and descriptions, as made up and composed of them. No long poem, however, can maintain its interest without a connected narrative. It should be a grand historical picture, in which all the personages are concerned in one great transaction, and not a mere gallery of detached groupes and portraits. When we accompany the poet in his career of adventure, it is not enough that he points out to us, as we go along, the beauties of the landscape, and the costume of the inhabitants. The people must do something after they are described; and they must do it in concert, or in opposition to each other; while the landscape, with its castles and woods and defiles, must serve merely as the scene of their exploits, and the field of their conspiracies and contentions. There is too little connected incident in Marmion, and a great deal too much gratuitous description.

In the second place, we object to the whole plan and conception of the fable, as turning mainly upon incidents unsuitable for poetical narrative, and brought out in the denouement in a very obscure, laborious, and imperfect manner. The events of an epic narrative should all be of a broad, clear, and palpable description; and the difficulties and embarrassments of the characters, of a nature to be easily comprehended and entered into by readers of all descriptions. Now, the leading incidents in this poem are of a very narrow and peculiar character, and are woven together into a petty intricacy and entanglement which puzzles the reader instead of interesting him, and fatigues instead of exciting his curiosity. The unaccountable conduct of Constance, in first ruining De Wilton in order to forward Marmion's suit with Clara, and then trying to poison Clara, because Marmion's suit seemed likely to succeed with her—but, above all, the pal-

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try device of the forged letters, and the sealed packet given up by Constance at her condemnation, and handed over by the abbess to De Wilton and Lord Angus, are incidents not only unworthy of the dignity of poetry, but really incapable of being made subservient to its legitimate purposes. They are particularly unsuitable, too, to the age and character of the personages to whom they relate; and, instead of forming the instruments of knightly vengeance and redress, remind us of the machinery of a bad German novel, or of the disclosures which might be expected on the trial of a pettifogging attorney. The obscurity and intricacy which they communicate to the whole story, must be very painfully felt by every reader who tries to comprehend it; and is prodigiously increased by the very clumsy and inartificial manner in which the denouement is ultimately brought about by the author. Three several attempts are made by three several persons to beat into the head of the reader the evidence of De Wilton's innocence, and of Marmion's guilt; first, by Constance in her dying speech and confession; secondly, by the abbess in her conference with De Wilton; and, lastly, by this injured innocent himself, on disclosing himself to Clara in the castle of Lord Angus. After all, the precise nature of the plot and the detection is very imperfectly explained, and, we will venture to say, is not fully understood by one half of those who have fairly read through every word of the quarto now before us. We would object, on the same grounds, to the whole scenery of Constance's condemnation. The subterranean chamber, with its low arches, massive walls, and silent monks with smoky torches,—its old chandelier in an iron chain,—the stern abbots and haughty prioresses, with their flowing black dresses, and book of statutes laid on an iron table, are all images borrowed from the novels of Mrs Ratcliffe and her imitators. The public, we believe, has now supped full of this sort of horrors; or, if any effect is still to be produced by their exhibition, it may certainly be produced at too cheap a rate, to be worthy the ambition of a poet of original imagination.

In the third place, we object to the extreme and monstrous improbability of almost all the incidents which go to the composition of this fable. We know very well, that poetry does not describe what is ordinary; but the marvellous, in which it is privileged to indulge, is the marvellous of performance, and not of accident. One extraordinary rencontre or opportune coincidence may be permitted, perhaps, to bring the parties together, and wind up matters for the catastrophe; but a writer who gets through the whole business of his poem, by a series of lucky hits and incalculable chances, certainly manages matters in a very economical way

way for his judgment and invention, and will probably be found to have consulted his own ease, rather than the delight of his readers. Now, the whole story of Marmion seems to us to turn upon a tissue of such incredible accidents. In the first place, it was totally beyond all calculation, that Marmion and De Wilton should meet, by pure chance, at Norham, on the only night which either of them could spend in that fortress. In the next place, it is almost totally incredible that the former should not recognize his antient rival and antagonist, merely because he had assumed a palmer's habit, and lost a little flesh and colour in his travels. He appears unhooded, and walks and speaks before him; and, as near as we can guess, it could not be more than a year since they had entered the lists against each other. Constance, at her death, says she had lived but three years with Marmion; and, it was not till he tired of her, that he aspired to Clara, or laid plots against De Wilton. It is equally inconceivable that De Wilton should have taken upon himself the friendly office of a guide to his arch enemy, and discharged it quietly and faithfully, without seeking, or apparently thinking of any opportunity of disclosure or revenge. So far from meditating any thing of the sort, he makes two several efforts to leave him, when it appears that his services are no longer indispensable. If his accidental meeting, and continued association with Marmion, be altogether unnatural, it must appear still more extraordinary, that he should afterwards meet with the Lady Clare, his adored mistress, and the Abbess of Whitby, who had in her pocket the written proofs of his innocence, in consequence of an occurrence equally accidental. These two ladies, the only two persons in the universe whom it was of any consequence to him to meet, are captured in their voyage from Holy Isle, and brought to Edinburgh, by the luckiest accident in the world, the very day that De Wilton and Marmion make their entry into it. Nay, the king, without knowing that they are at all of his acquaintance, happens to appoint them lodgings in the same stair-case, and to make them travel under his escort! We pass the night combat at Gifford, in which Marmion knows his opponent by moonlight, though he never could guess at him in sunshine; and all the inconsistencies of his dilatory wooing of Lady Clare. Those, and all the prodigies and miracles of the story, we can excuse, as within the privilege of poetry; but, the lucky chances we have already specified, are rather too much for our patience. A poet, we think, should never let his heroes contract such great debts to fortune; especially when a little exertion of his own might make them independent of her bounty. De Wilton might have been made to seek and watch his adversary, from some moody feeling of patient revenge; and

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it certainly would not have been difficult to discover motives which might have induced both Clara and the Abbess to follow and relieve him, without dragging them into his presence by the clumsy hands of a cruizer from Dunbar.

In the *fourth* place, we think we have reason to complain of Mr Scott for having made his figuring characters so entirely worthless, as to excite but little of our sympathy, and at the same time keeping his virtuous personages so completely in the back ground, that we are scarcely at all acquainted with them when the work is brought to a conclusion. Marmion is not only a villain, but a mean and sordid villain; and represented as such, without any visible motive, and at the evident expense of characteristic truth and consistency. His elopement with Constance, and his subsequent desertion of her, are knightly vices enough, we suppose; but then he would surely have been more interesting and natural, if he had deserted her for a brighter beauty, and not merely for a richer bride. This was very well for Mr Thomas Inkle, the young merchant of London; but for the valiant, haughty and liberal Lord Marmion of Fontenaye and Lutterward, we do think it was quite unsuitable. Thus, too, it was very chivalrous and orderly perhaps, for him to hate De Wilton, and to seek to supplant him in his lady's love; but, to slip a bundle of forged letters into his bureau, was cowardly as well as malignant. Now, Marmion is not represented as a coward, nor as at all afraid of De Wilton; on the contrary, and it is certainly the most absurd part of the story, he fights him fairly and valiantly after all, and overcomes him by mere force of arms, as he might have done at the beginning, without having recourse to devices so unsuitable to his general character and habits of acting. By the way, we have great doubts whether a *convicted* traitor, like De Wilton, whose guilt was established by written evidence under his own hand, was ever allowed to enter the lists, as a knight, against his accuser. At all events, we are positive, that an accuser, who was as ready and willing to fight as Marmion, could never have condescended to forge in support of his accusation; and that the author has greatly diminished our interest in the story, as well as needlessly violated the truth of character, by loading his hero with the guilt of this most revolting and improbable proceeding. The crimes of Constance are multiplied in like manner to such a degree, as both to destroy our interest in her fate, and to violate all probability. Her elopement was enough to bring on her doom; and we should have felt more for it, if it had appeared a little more unmerited. She is utterly debased, when she becomes the instrument of Marmion's murderous perfidy, and the assassin of her unwilling rival.

De

De Wilton, again, is too much depressed throughout the poem. It is rather dangerous for a poet to chuse a hero who has been beaten in fair battle. The readers of romance do not like an unsuccessful warrior; but to be beaten in a judicial combat, and to have his arms reversed and tied on the gallows, is an adventure which can only by expiated by signal prowess and exemplary revenge, achieved against great odds, in full view of the reader. The unfortunate De Wilton, however, carries this stain upon him from one end of the poem to the other. He wanders up and down, a dishonoured fugitive, in the disguise of a palmer, through the five first books; and though he is knighted and mounted again in the last, yet we see nothing of his performances; nor is the author merciful enough to afford him one opportunity of redeeming his credit by an exploit of gallantry or skill. For the poor Lady Clare, she is a personage of still greater insipidity and insignificance. The author seems to have formed her upon the principle of Mr Pope's maxim, that women have no characters at all. We find her every where, where she has no business to be; neither saying nor doing any thing of the least consequence, but whimpering and sobbing over the Matrimony in her prayer book, like a great miss from a boarding school; and all this is the more inexcusable, as she is altogether a supernumerary person in the play, who should atone for her intrusion by some brilliancy or novelty of deportment. Matters would have gone on just as well, although she had been left behind at Whitby till after the battle of Flodden; and she is daggled about in the train, first of the Abbess and then of Lord Marmion, for no purpose, that we can see, but to afford the author an opportunity for two or three pages of indifferent description.

Finally, we must object, both on critical and on national grounds, to the discrepancy between the title and the substance of the poem, and the neglect of Scotish feelings and Scotish character that is manifested throughout. Marmion is no more a tale of Flodden Field, than of Bosworth Field, or any other field in history. The story is quite independent of the national feuds of the sister kingdoms; and the battle of Flodden has no other connexion with it, than from being the conflict in which the hero loses his life. Flodden, however, is mentioned; and the preparations for Flodden, and the consequences of it, are repeatedly alluded to in the course of the composition. Yet we nowhere find any adequate expressions of those melancholy and patriotic sentiments which are still all over Scotland the accompaniment of those allusions and recollections. No picture is drawn of the national feelings before or after that fatal encounter; and the day that broke for ever the pride and the splendour of his country,

try, is only commemorated by a Scotish poet as the period when an English warrior was beaten to the ground. There is scarcely one trait of true Scotish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem; and Mr Scott's only expression of admiration or love for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his Southern favourites. Independently of this, we think that too little pains is taken to distinguish the Scotish character and manners from the English, or to give expression to the general feeling of rivalry and mutual jealousy which at that time existed between the two countries.

If there be any truth in what we have now said, it is evident that the merit of this poem cannot consist in the story. And yet it has very great merit, and various kinds of merit,—both in the picturesque representation of visible objects, in the delineation of manners and characters, and in the description of great and striking events. After having detained the reader so long with our own dull remarks, it will be refreshing to him to peruse a few specimens of Mr Scott's more enlivening strains. The opening stanzas of the whole poem contain a good picture.

'Day ſet on Norham's caſtled ſteep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it ſweep,
In yellow luſtre ſhone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening ſky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flaſhed back again the weſtern blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Leſs bright, and leſs, was flung;
The evening gale had ſcarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The ſcouts had parted on their ſearch,
The caſtle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footſteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering ſong.' p. 23, 24.

The

The first presentment of the mysterious Palmer is also laudable.

' The ſummoned Palmer came in place;
His ſable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad ſhoulders wrought;
The ſcallop ſhell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His ſandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, ſcrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

Whenas the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a ſtatelier ſtep withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no ſaluting did he wait,
But ſtrode acroſs the hall of ſtate,
And fronted Marmion where he ſate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was ſunk, alas the while!
And when he ſtruggled at a ſmile,
His eye looked haggard wild.' p. 49—51.

The voyage of the Lady Abbess and her nuns presents a picture in a very different style of colouring, but of at least equal merit.

' 'Twas ſweet to ſee theſe holy maids,
Like birds eſcaped to green-wood ſhades,
Their firſt flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was ſtrange and new,
And all the common ſights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the ſhrouds and ſwelling ſail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling ſurge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then ſhrieked, becauſe the ſea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and ſparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming ſpray;
And one would ſtill adjuſt her veil,
Diſordered by the ſummer gale,
Perchance left ſome more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might ſpy;
Perchance, becauſe ſuch action graced
Her fair-turned arm and ſlender waiſt.
Light was each ſimple boſom there,' &c. p. 78, 79.

' And

'And now the veſſel ſkirts the ſtrand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls ſucceſſive riſe,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth ſoon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They ſaw the Blythe and Wanſbeck floods,
Ruſh to the ſea through ſounding woods;
They paſt the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant ſon;
At Coquet-iſle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Aln attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they croſſed themſelves, to hear
The whitening breakers found ſo near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunſtanborough's caverned ſhore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's caſtle, huge and ſquare,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the ſwelling ocean frown;
Then from the coaſt they bore away,
And reached the Holy Iſland's bay.' p. 84—86.

The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured, is not, to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular.

'When thus her face was given to view,
(Although ſo pallid was her hue,
It did a ghaſtly contraſt bear,
To thoſe bright ringlets gliſtering fair,)
Her look compoſed, and ſteady eye,
Beſpoke a matchleſs conſtancy;
And there ſhe ſtood ſo calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion ſlight of eye and head,
And of her boſom, warranted,
That neither ſenſe nor pulſe ſhe lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So ſtill ſhe was, ſo pale, ſo fair.' p. 100.

'Twice ſhe eſſayed, and twice, in vain,
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs ſlip

From

From her convulſed and quivering lip:
'Twixt each attempt all was ſo ſtill,
You ſeemed to hear a diſtant rill—
'Twas ocean's ſwells and falls;
For though this vault of ſin and fear
Was to the ſounding ſurge ſo near,
A tempeſt there you ſcarce could hear,
So maſſive were the walls.
At length, an effort ſent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawned upon her cheek,
A hectic and a fluttered ſtreak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By autumn's ſtormy ſky;
And when her ſilence broke at length,
Still as ſhe ſpoke ſhe gathered ſtrength,
And arm'd herſelf to bear.
It was a fearful ſight to ſee
Such high reſolve and conſtancy,
In form ſo ſoft and fair.' p. 104, 105.

The ſound of the knell that was rung for the parting ſoul of this victim of ſeduction, is described with great force and ſolemnity.

'Slow o'er the midnight wave it ſwung,
Northumbrian rocks in anſwer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;
The Bamborough peaſant raiſed his head,
But ſlept ere half a prayer he ſaid;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The ſtag ſprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad noſtril to the wind,
Lifted before, aſide, behind,
Then couched him down beſide the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that ſound ſo dull and ſtern.' p. 112, 113.

The following introduction to the ſquire's ſong is ſweet and tender.

'A deep and mellow voice he had,
The air he choſe was wild and ſad;
Such have I heard, in Scottiſh land,
Riſe from the buſy harveſt band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripened ear.
Now one ſhrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus ſwells the ſong:

Oft

Oft have I liſtened, and ſtood ſtill,
As it came ſoftened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languiſhed for their native glen;
And thought, how ſad would be ſuch ſound
On Suſquehana's ſwampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundleſs lake,
Where heart-ſick exiles, in the ſtrain,
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!' p. 140, 141.

The view of the camp and city from the top of Blackford Hill, is very striking; but we cannot make room for the whole of it.

'Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horſes' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vaſſal rank
And charger's ſhrilling neigh;
And ſee the ſhifting line's advance,
While frequent flaſhed, from ſhield and lance,
The ſun's reflected ray.

'Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing ſmoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They ſaw, ſlow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumſy car,
By ſluggiſh oxen tugged to war.' p. 215.

'Still on the ſpot Lord Marmion ſtayed,
For fairer ſcene he ne'er ſurveyed.
When fated with the martial ſhow
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the diſtant city glow
With gloomy ſplendour red;
For on the ſmoke-wreaths, huge and ſlow,
That round her ſable turrets flow,
The morning beams were ſhed,
And tinged them with a luſtre proud
Like that which ſtreaks a thunder-cloud.
Such duſky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge caſtle holds its ſtate,
And all the ſteep ſlope down,
Whoſe ridgy back heaves to the ſky,
Piled deep and maſſy, cloſe and high.
Mine own romantic town!

But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiſſed,
It gleamed a purple amethyſt.
Yonder the ſhores of Fife you ſaw;
Here Preſton-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whoſe iſlands on its boſom float,
Like emeralds chaſed in gold.
Fitz-Euſtace' heart felt cloſely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The ſpur he to his charger lent,
And raiſed his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for ſuch a land!" p. 218–220.

The picture of the court, and the person of the prince, is very spirited and lively.

The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Caſt on the court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minſtrels ſing;
There ladies touched a ſofter ſtring;
With long-eared cap and motley veſt,
The licenſed fool retailed his jeſt;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While ſome, in cloſe receſs apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love aſſerts his power
O'er coldneſs and diſdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true,—
Can hear, perchance, his laſt adieu,
Nor own her ſhare of pain.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverend, all made room.
An eaſy taſk it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courteſy to ſhow,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mien,

His

His cloak, of crimſon velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
His veſt, of changeful ſatin ſheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thiſtle brave, of old renown;
His truſty blade, Toledo right,
Deſcended from a baldric bright;
White were his buſkins, on the heel
His ſpurs inlaid of gold and ſteel;
His bonnet, all of crimſon fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had ſeen
A prince of ſuch a noble mien.

The Monarch's form was middle ſize;
For feat of ſtrength, or exerciſe,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkeſt dye,
His ſhort curled beard and hair.
Light was his footſtep in the dance,
And firm his ſtirrup in the liſts;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That ſeldom lady's heart reſiſts.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and ſue;—
Suit lightly won, and ſhort-lived pain!
For monarchs ſeldom ſigh in vain.' p. 251—254.

The deſcription of Lady Heron, the favourite of this amorous monarch, and the very lively and characteriſtic ballad ſhe ſings, afford ſo pleaſing a proof of Mr Scott's talents for lighter compoſition, that we inſert the whole of it, at the riſk of extending this article to a length which our ſeverer readers may think inſufferable.

'Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The ſtrings her fingers flew;
And as ſhe touched, and tuned them all,
Ever her boſom's riſe and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aſide
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And firſt ſhe pitched her voice to ſing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the ſilent ring;
And laughed, and bluſhed, and oft did ſay
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durſt not play!

At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch ſimplicity,
A ſoft, yet lively, air ſhe rung,
While thus the wily lady ſung.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the weſt,
Through all the wide Border his ſteed was the beſt;
And, ſave his good broad-ſword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and ſo dauntleſs in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He ſtaid not for brake, and he ſtopped not for ſtone;
He ſwam the Eſke river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had conſented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a daſtard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among brideſmen, and kinſmen, and brothers, and all.
Then ſpoke the bride's father, his hand on his ſword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom ſaid never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my ſuit you denied;—
Love ſwells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this loſt love of mine,
To lead but one meaſure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiſſed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to bluſh, and ſhe looked up to ſigh,
With a ſmile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her ſoft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a meaſure!" ſaid young Lochinvar.

So ſtately his form, and ſo lovely her face,
That never a hall ſuch a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom ſtood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whiſpered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair couſin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger ſtood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he ſwung!
So light to the ſaddle before her he ſprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, buſh, and ſcaur;
They'll have fleet ſteeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

Thre

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forſters, Fenwicks, and Muſgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chaſing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the loſt bride of Netherby ne'er did they ſee.
So daring in love, and ſo dauntleſs in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

The monarch o'er the ſyren hung,
And beat the meaſure as ſhe ſung;
And, preſſing cloſer, and more near,
He whiſpered praiſes in her ear.
In loud applauſe the courtiers vied;
And ladies winked, and ſpoke aſide.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where ſeemed to reign
The pride that claims applauſes due,
And of her royal conqueſt, too,
A real or a feigned diſdain.' p. 257—261.

The description of the battle, and of the death of Marmion, in the Sixth Canto, are, in our opinion, by far the finest paſſages in the poem. But before closing our extracts with a part of that admirable description, we must treat our readers with the following fine sketch of an ancient Scotish baron, Douglas Earl of Angus, in his old age.

'His giant-form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muſcles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy ſcene to lower:
His locks and beard in ſilver grew;
His eye-brows kept their ſable hue.' p. 263, 264.

'O'er his huge form, and viſage pale,
He wore a cap and ſhirt of mail,
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and ſweeping brand,
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to ſhred away,
As wood-knife lops the ſapling ſpray.
He ſeemed as, from the tombs around
Riſing at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, ſo huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look ſo grim.' p. 333.

We ſhall begin our extracts from the Flodden ſcenes, with the following moving picture of the paſſage of the Engliſh hoſt through the deep vale of the Till, and of the fatal inactivity of the Scotiſh army.

'High ſight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the caſtle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop is diſappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eaſtern bank you ſee.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the ſullen Till,
And riſing from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on ſtandards, men on men,
In ſlow ſucceſſion ſtill,
And bending o'er the Gothic arch,
And preſſing on, in ceaſeleſs march
To gain th' oppoſing hill.

'And why ſtands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the paſs the while,
And ſtruggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery ſoul of James?
Why ſits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his ſteed,
And ſees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's ſouthern ſtrand,
His hoſt Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy ſpeed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-ſkilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another fight had ſeen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!—' p. 345—7.

The battle itſelf, as we have already intimated, is described as it appeared to the two ſquires of Lord Marmion, who were left on an eminence in the rear, as the guard of Lady Clare: And certainly, of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for intereſt and animation,—for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect,—with this of Mr Scott's. The Scotiſh army ſet fire to its camp on the brow of the hill, and rushed down to the attack, under cover of the ſmoke of the conflagration.

'Volumed and vaſt, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As

As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial ſhout, nor minſtrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a ſtifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did ruſhing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or ſee their foes,
Until at weapon-point they cloſe.—
They cloſe, in clouds of ſmoke and duſt,
With ſword-ſway, and with lance's thruſt;
And ſuch a yell was there,
Of ſudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious ſquires; their eye
Could in the darkneſs nought deſcry.

At length the freſhening weſtern blaſt
Aſide the ſhroud of battle caſt;
And, firſt, the ridge of mingled ſpears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the ſmoke the pennons flew,
As in the ſtorm the white ſea-mew.
Then marked they, daſhing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed creſts of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought diſtinct they ſee:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears ſhook, and falchions flaſhed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Creſts roſe, and ſtooped, and roſe again,
Wild and diſorderly.
Amid the ſcene of tumult, high
They ſaw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And ſtainleſs Tunſtail's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although againſt them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a ſtubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unſeen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the weſtern mountaineer
Ruſhed with bare boſom on the ſpear,

And flung the feeble targe aſide,
And with both hands the broad-ſword plied:
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle ſmile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that ſpotleſs banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet ſtill Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell,
The Border ſlogan rent the ſky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon ſunk and roſe;
As bends the bark's maſt in the gale,
When rent are rigging, ſhrouds, and ſail,
It wavered mid the foes.' p. 354—357.

The two squires now successively desert their fair charge to fly to the relief of their Lord; and Clara is left alone on the hill a prey to terror and anxiety.

'With that, ſtraight up the hill there rode
Two horſemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpleſs load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand ſtill ſtrained the broken brand;
His arms were ſmeared with blood, and ſand.
Dragged from among the horſes' feet,
With dinted ſhield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-creſt and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?....
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghaſtly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That ſpear-wound has our maſter ſped;
And ſee the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling ceaſe:
He opes his eyes," ſaid Euſtace; "peace!"—

'When, doffed his caſque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly ſtare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Euſtace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the reſcue!'—Vain!
Laſt of my race, on battle plain
That ſhout ſhall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my laſt thought is England's:—fly,

To

To Dacre bear my ſignet-ring;
Tell him his ſquadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Euſtace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunſtall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood ſtains the ſpotleſs ſhield:
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with ſpur of fire,—
With Cheſter charge, and Lancaſhire,
Full upon Scotland's central hoſt,
Or victory and England's loſt.—
Muſt I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the ſight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurſt,
Page, ſquire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of bleſſed water from the ſpring,
To ſlake my dying thirſt!"—
O, woman! in our hours of eaſe,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to pleaſe,
And variable as the ſhade
By the light quivering aſpen made;
When pain and anguiſh wring the brow,
A miniſtering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents ſaid,
When, with the Baron's caſque, the maid
To the nigh ſtreamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone ſhe hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She ſtooped her by the runnel's ſide,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's ſide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the ſtreamlet blue.
Where ſhall ſhe turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-ſpark,
In a ſtone baſon fell.
Above, ſome half-worn letters ſay,
"*Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.*
For. the. kind. ſoul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. croſs. and. well."
She filled the helm, and back ſhe hied,' &c. p. 359—363.

' " Is it the hand of Clare," he ſaid,
" Or injured Conſtance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance roſe,—
" Speak not to me of ſhrift or prayer!
I muſt redreſs her woes.
Short ſpace, few words, are mine to ſpare;
Forgive and liſten, gentle Clare!"—
" Alas!" ſhe ſaid, " the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Conſtance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Iſle."—
Lord Marmion ſtarted from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burſt the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded ſide.
" Then it was truth!"—he ſaid—" I knew
That the dark preſage muſt be true.
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would ſpare me but a day!
For waſting fire, and dying groan,
And prieſts ſlain on the altar ſtone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curſe on yon baſe marauder's lance,
And doubly curſed my failing brand!
A ſinful heart makes feeble hand."— p. 364, 365.

Clara and a charitable priest now try in vain to soothe his last remorseful agonies: he hears a lady's voice singing reproachful stanzas in his ear, and is deaf to the consolations or hopes of religion. All at once

' The war, that for a ſpace did fail,
Now trebly thundering ſwelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's viſage ſpread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He ſhook the fragment of his blade,
And ſhouted " Victory!—
" Charge, Cheſter, charge! On, Stanley, on!"....
Were the laſt words of Marmion.' p. 366.

The lady is now hurried away by the priest; and the close of the day is thus described, with undiminished vigour and spirit.

' But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More deſperate grew the ſtrife of death.
The Engliſh ſhafts in vollies hailed,
In headlong charge their horſe aſſailed;

Front,

Front, flank, and rear, the ſquadrons ſweep,
To break the Scottiſh circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the ſhafts as ſnow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men deal the ghaſtly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The ſtubborn ſpear-men ſtill made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each ſtepping where his comrade ſtood,
The inſtant that he fell.
No thought was there of daſtard flight;—
Linked in the ſerried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, ſquire like knight,
As fearleſsly and well,
Till utter darkneſs cloſed her wing
O'er their thin hoſt and wounded king.
Then ſkilful Surrey's ſage commands
Led back from ſtrife his ſhatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from waſted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loſs his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightieſt low,
They melted from the field; as ſnow,
When ſtreams are ſwoln, and ſouth winds blow,
Diſſolves in ſilent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaſeleſs plaſh,
While many a broken band,
Diſordered, through her currents daſh,
To gain the Scottiſh land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's diſmal tale,
And raiſe the univerſal wail.' p. 368—370.

The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superior, in our apprehension, to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to any thing that has *ever* been written upon similar subjects. Though we have extended our extracts to a very unusual length, in order to do justice to these fine conceptions, we have been obliged to leave out a great deal, which serves in the original to give beauty and effect to what we have actually cited. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden Field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the

the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any Epic bard that we can at present remember.

From the contemplation of such distinguished excellence, it is painful to be obliged to turn to the defects and deformities which occur in the same composition. But this, though a less pleasing, is a still more indispensable part of our duty; and one, from the resolute discharge of which, much more beneficial consequences may be expected. In the work which contains the fine passages we have just quoted, and many of nearly equal beauty, there is such a proportion of tedious, hasty, and injudicious composition, as makes it questionable with us, whether it is entitled to go down to posterity as a work of classical merit, or whether the author will retain, with another generation, that high reputation which his genius certainly might make coeval with the language. These are the authors, after all, whose faults it is of most consequence to point out; and criticism performs her best and boldest office,—not when she tramples down the weed, or tears up the bramble,—but when she strips the strangling ivy from the oak, or cuts out the canker from the rose. The faults of the fable we have already noticed at sufficient length. Those of the execution we shall now endeavour to enumerate with greater brevity.

And, in the *first* place, we must beg leave to protest, in the name of a very numerous class of readers, against the insufferable number, and length, and minuteness of those descriptions of antient dresses and manners, and buildings; and ceremonies, and local superstitions; with which the whole poem is overrun,—which render so many notes necessary, and are, after all, but imperfectly understood by those to whom chivalrous antiquity has not hitherto been an object of peculiar attention. We object to these, and to all such details, because they are, for the most part, without dignity or interest in themselves; because, in a modern author, they are evidently unnatural; and because they must always be strange, and, in a good degree, obscure and unintelligible to ordinary readers.

When a great personage is to be introduced, it is right, perhaps, to give the reader some notion of his external appearance; and when a memorable event is to be narrated, it is natural to help the imagination by some picturesque representation of the scenes with which it is connected. Yet, even upon such occasions, it can seldom be adviseable to present the reader with a full inventory of the hero's dress, from his shoebuckle to the plume in his cap, or to enumerate all the drawbridges, portcullisses,

lisses, and diamond cut stones in the castle. Mr Scott, however, not only draws out almost all his pictures in these full dimensions, but frequently introduces those pieces of Flemish or Chinese painting to represent persons who are of no consequence, or places and events which are of no importance to the story. It would be endless to go through the poem for examples of this excess of minute description; we shall merely glance at the First Canto as a specimen. We pass the long description of Lord Marmion himself, with his mail of Milan steel; the blue ribbons on his horse's mane; and his blue velvet housings. We pass also the two gallant squires who ride behind him. But our patience is really exhausted, when we are forced to attend to the black stockings and blue jerkins of the inferior persons in the train, and to the whole process of turning out the guard with advanced arms on entering the castle.

'Four men-at-arms came *at their backs*,
With halberd, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, *when at need*
Him lifted ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his *linstock yare*,
For welcome-shot prepared—

The guards their morrice pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,

Stood

Stood on the ſteps of ſtone,
By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and ſtate,
They hailed Lord Marmion.
And he, their courteſy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.' p. 29—32.

Sir Hugh the Heron then orders supper—

'Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoiſie,
Bring paſties of the doe.'

—And after the repast is concluded, they have some mulled wine, and drink good night very ceremoniously.

'Lord Marmion drank a fair good reſt,
The Captain pledged his noble gueſt,
The cup went round among the reſt.'

In the morning, again, we are informed that they had prayers, and that knight and squire

——————'broke their faſt
On rich ſubſtantial repaſt.'
'Then came the ſtirrup-cup in courſe,' &c. &c.

And thus a whole Canto is filled up with the account of a visit and a supper, which lead to no consequences whatever, and are not attended with any circumstances which must not have occurred at every visit and supper among persons of the same rank at that period. Now, we are really at a loss to know, why the mere circumstance of a moderate antiquity should be supposed so far to ennoble those details, as to entitle them to a place in poetry, which certainly never could be claimed for a description of more modern adventures. Nobody, we believe, would be bold enough to introduce into a serious poem a description of the hussar boots and gold epaulets of a commander in chief, and much less to particularize the liveries and canes of his servants, or the order and array of a grand dinner, given even to the cabinet ministers. Yet these things are, in their own nature, fully as picturesque, and as interesting, as the ribbons at the mane of Lord Marmion's horse, or his supper and breakfast at the castle of Norham. We are glad, indeed, to find these little details in *old* books, whether in prose or verse, because they are there authentic and valuable documents of the usages and modes of life of our ancestors; and we are thankful when we light upon this sort of information in an antient romance, which commonly contains matter much more tedious. Even there, however, we smile at the simplicity which could mistake such naked enumerations for poetical description; and reckon them as nearly on a level, in point of taste, with the theological disputations that are sometimes introduced in the same meritorious compositions. In a *modern* romance, however,

however, these details being no longer authentic, are of no value in point of information; and as the author has no claim to indulgence on the ground of simplicity, the smile which his predecessors excited is in some danger of being turned into a yawn. If he wishes sincerely to follow their example, he should describe the manners of his own time, and not of theirs. They painted from observation, and not from study; and the familiarity and *naïveté* of their delineations, transcribed with a slovenly and hasty hand from what they saw daily before them, is as remote as possible from the elaborate pictures extracted by a modern imitator from black-letter books, and coloured, not from the life, but from learned theories, or at best from mouldy monkish illuminations, and mutilated fragments of painted glass.

But the times of chivalry, it may be said, were more picturesque than the present times. They are better adapted to poetry; and every thing that is associated with them has a certain hold on the imagination, and partakes of the interest of the period. We do not mean utterly to deny this; nor can we stop, at present, to assign exact limits to our assent: but this we will venture to observe, in general, that if it be true that the interest which we take in the contemplation of the chivalrous era, arises from the dangers and virtues by which it was distinguished,—from the constant hazards in which its warriors passed their days, and the mild and generous valour with which they met those hazards,—joined to the singular contrast which it presented between the ceremonious polish and gallantry of the nobles, and the brutish ignorance of the body of the people:—if these are, as we conceive they are, the sources of the charm which still operates in behalf of the days of knightly adventure, then it should follow, that nothing should interest us, by association with that age, but what serves naturally to bring before us those hazards and that valour, and gallantry, and aristocratical superiority. Any description, or any imitation of the exploits in which those qualities were signalized, will do this most effectually. Battles,—tournaments,—penances,—deliverance of damsels,—instalments of knights, &c.—and, intermixed with these, we must admit some description of arms, armorial bearings, castles, battlements, and chapels: but the least and lowest of the whole certainly is the description of servants' liveries, and of the peaceful operations of eating, drinking, and ordinary salutation. These have no sensible connexion with the qualities or peculiarities which have conferred certain poetical privileges on the manners of chivalry. They do not enter either necessarily or naturally into our conception of what is interesting in those manners; and, though protected, by their strangeness, from the ridicule which would infallibly

libly attach to their modern equivalents, are substantially as unpoetic, and as little entitled to indulgence from impartial criticism.

We would extend this censure to a larger proportion of the work before us than we now choose to mention—certainly to all the stupid monkish legends about St Hilda and St Cathbert—to the ludicrous description of Lord Gifford's habiliments of divination—and to all the various scraps and fragments of antiquarian history and baronial biography, which are scattered profusely through the whole narrative. These we conceive to be put in purely for the sake of displaying the erudition of the author; and poetry, which has no other recommendation, but that the substance of it has been gleaned from rare or obscure books, has, in our estimation, the least of all possible recommendations. Mr Scott's great talents, and the novelty of the style in which his romances are written, have made even these defects acceptable to a considerable part of his readers. His genius, seconded by the omnipotence of fashion, has brought chivalry again into temporary favour; but he ought to know, that this is a taste too evidently unnatural to be long prevalent in the modern world. Fine ladies and gentlemen now talk, indeed, of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, caps of maintenance, portcullisses, wimples, and we know not what besides; just as they did, in the days of Dr Darwin's popularity, of gnomes, sylphs, oxygen, gossamer, polygynia, and polyandria. That fashion, however, passed rapidly away; and if it be now evident to all the world, that Dr Darwin obstructed the extension of his fame, and hastened the extinction of his brilliant eputation, by the pedantry and ostentatious learning of his poems, Mr Scott should take care that a different sort of pedantry does not produce the same effects. The world will never be long pleased with what it does not readily understand; and the poetry which is destined for immortality, should treat only of feelings and events which can be conceived and entered into by readers of all descriptions.

What we have now mentioned, is the cardinal fault of the work before us; but it has other faults, of too great magnitude to be passed altogether without notice. There is a debasing lowness and vulgarity in some passages, which we think must be offensive to every reader of delicacy, and which are not, for the most part, redeemed by any vigour or picturesque effect. The venison pasties, we think, are of this description; and this commemoration of Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who

> 'Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's ale,
> And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
> Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
> And given them light to set their hoods.' p. 41.

The

The long account of Friar John, though not without merit, offends in the same sort; nor can we easily conceive, how any one could venture, in a serious poem, to speak of

——————' the wind that blows,
And *warms itſelf againſt his noſe* '

The speeches of squire Blount, too, are a great deal too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood. On two occasions, to specify no more, he addresses his brother squire in these cacophonous lines—

' *St Anton' fire thee!* wilt thou ſtand
All day with bonnet in thy hand?'
And, ' *Stint in thy prate,* ' quoth Blount, ' *thou'dſt best,*
And liſten to our Lord's beheſt.'

Neither can we be brought to admire the simple dignity of Sir Hugh the Heron, who thus encourageth his nephew,

——————' *By my fay,*
Well haſt thou ſpoke—ſay forth thy ſay.'

There are other passages in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty, nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not afflict our readers with more than one specimen of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton.

' De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed
Clara de Clare, of Gloſter's blood,
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To ſay of that ſame blood I came;)
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion ſaid deſpiteouſly,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did reſtrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove:—the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the king;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Guelders he had known;
And that between them then there went
Some ſcroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his caſtle ſent;
But when his meſſenger returned,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burned!
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claimed diſloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cauſe betrayed.' p. 272—274.

In some other places, Mr Scott's love of variety has betrayed

him into strange imitations. This is evidently formed on the school of Sternhold and Hopkins.

'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.'

The following is a sort of mongrel between the same school, and the later one of Mr Wordsworth.

'And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—Wilton, grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace and trouble;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double.'

There are many other blemishes, both of taste and of diction, which we had marked for reprehension, but now think it unnecessary to specify; and which, with some of those we have mentioned, we are willing to ascribe to the haste in which much of the poem seems evidently to have been composed. Mr Scott knows too well what is due to the public, to make any boast of the rapidity with which his works are written; but the dates and the extent of his successive publications show sufficiently how short a time could be devoted to each; and explain, though they do not apologize for, the many imperfections with which they have been suffered to appear. He who writes for immortality should not be sparing of time; and if it be true, that in every thing which has a principle of life, the period of gestation and growth bears some proportion to that of the whole future existence, the author now before us should tremble when he looks back on the miracles of his own facility.

We have dwelt longer on the beauties and defects of this poem, than we are afraid will be agreeable either to the partial or the indifferent; not only because we look upon it as a misapplication, in some degree, of very extraordinary talents, but because we cannot help considering it as the foundation of a new school, which may hereafter occasion no little annoyance both to us and to the public. Mr Scott has hitherto filled the whole stage himself; and the very splendour of his success has probably operated, as yet, rather to deter, than to encourage, the herd of rivals and imitators: but if, by the help of the good parts of his poem, he succeeds in suborning the verdict of the public in favour of the bad parts also, and establishes an indiscriminate taste for chivalrous legends and romances in irregular rhime, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mrs Radcliffe or Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new schism in the catholic poetical church, for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be no cure, but in the extravagance of the last and lowest of its followers. It is for this reason that we conceive

it

it to be our duty to make one strong effort to bring back the great apostle of the heresy to the wholesome creed of his instructors, and to stop the insurrection before it becomes desperate and senseless, by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance. We admire Mr Scott's genius as much as any of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lament the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight-errantry and enchantment.

We have left ourselves no room to say any thing of the epistolary effusions which are prefixed to each of the cantos. They certainly are not among the happiest productions of Mr Scott's muse. They want interest in the subjects, and finish in the execution. There is too much of them about the personal and private feelings and affairs of the author; and too much of the remainder about the most trite common places of politics and poetry. There is a good deal of spirit, however, and a good deal of nature intermingled. There is a fine description of St Mary's loch, in that prefixed to the second canto; and a very pleasing representation of the author's early tastes and prejudices, in that prefixed to the third. The last, which is about Christmas, is the worst; though the first, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt and Fox, exhibits a more remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men, is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers, than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised, is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt! It is then said, that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation, that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero Marmion. There was no need, surely, to pay compliments to ministers or princesses, either in the introduction or in the body of a romance of the 16th century. Yet we have a laboured lamentation over the Duke of Brunswick, in one of the epistles; and, in the heart of the poem, a triumphant allusion to the siege of Copenhagen—the last exploit, certainly, of British valour, on which we should have expected a chivalrous poet to found his patriotic gratulations. We have no business, however, on this occasion, with the political creed of the author; and we notice these allusions to objects of temporary interest, chiefly as instances of bad taste, and additional proofs that the author does not always recollect, that a poet should address himself to more than one generation.

ART. II. *Asiatic Researches; or Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal for inquiring into the History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences and Literature of Asia.* Vol. VIII. Calcutta.

AMONGST the contributors to this volume, the public will see with pleasure the names of Mr Colebrooke and of Captain Wilford. The former has now supplied the most important desideratum in Indian literature, by inviting us to form a correct idea of the nature and contents of the *Vedás*, the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so much curiosity. The design of Captain Wilford is to prove, that Great Britain and Ireland are the sacred isles of the Hindus, 'of which Sweta dwipa, or the white island, is the principal, and the most famous; in fact the holy land of the Hindus.'—'There,' says he, 'the fundamental and mysterious transactions of the history of their religion, in its rise and progress took place.' The treatise which is to contain the proofs of so remarkable a fact, is postponed to another volume. We by no means wish to prejudge it: like all this gentleman's productions, it will certainly prove learned and ingenious; and however much it may fail in establishing so wonderful a proposition, we are convinced it will abound in collateral information, in classical allusions, and in verbal analogies. We have only to hope, that the latter do not enter for a considerable share in the proofs, that Albion is the white island of the Pauranica geographers.

In our observations on the last volume of these Transactions, we ventured to animadvert on the apparent want of selection, and the too indiscriminate admission of papers which appeared noways calculated to add to the reputation deservedly enjoyed by the Oriental Society. We remark with pleasure, that in this volume there is no room for such objection.

Observations respecting the Remarkable Effects of Sol-Lunar influence, in the Fevers of India: with the Scheme of an Astronomical Ephemeris, for the purposes of Medicine and Meteorology. By Francis Balfour, Esq. M. D.

IN the course of a long and extensive practice in Bengal, Dr Balfour was struck with the remarkable coincidence between the paroxysms and remissions of the fever endemic in that country, and certain positions of the heavenly bodies. His observations, confirmed by testimonies from all parts of India, were published under the somewhat affected title of 'a treatise on sol-lunar influence.' The theory of this respectable physician, founded on the

the observations alluded to, is comprised in the following propositions.

'1. That the paroxysms of fevers discover a tendency to appear and disappear in coincidence with those positions of the sun and moon that regulate the rising and falling of the tides; showing themselves more frequently during the spring tides, becoming more violent as these advance, and subsiding during the neaps.

'2. That there is, however, a certain state of the human constitution, denominated the paroxysmal disposition, required to concur with the exacerbation of sol-lunar power in exciting and reiterating paroxysms, in such a manner as to form fevers.

'3. That in the course of the disease, there takes place in the constitution a certain state, denominated the critical disposition, which, tending gradually to maturity, at length concurs with certain remissions of sol-lunar power to produce a crisis; by which salutary change, the tendency to paroxysm is diminished or removed, so as to bring fever to an end after certain intervals of time.'

The periodical increase of this influence, which swells the equinoctial tides, produces, according to Dr Balfour, a proportionate exacerbation of febrile paroxysms. Of this fact, he sees a confirmation in a table published in Dr Currie's Medical Reports, wherein the number of patients labouring under typhus fevers, admitted into the Liverpool Dispensary in spring and autumn, invariably exceeds the number of those patients admitted during the solstitial months.

On the Origin of the Hindu Religion. By J. D Patterson, Esq.

The mythology of antient nations comprises the scanty, but solitary monuments of the opinions of primeval ages. In subsequent times, though still antient with respect to us, it had been already attempted to combine them into a philosophic system, and to trace the wild and pleasing fictions sung by poets, or celebrated by priests, to profound views of the operations of nature and the mechanism of the universe. Similar attempts have been renewed to the present day, and their frequent recurrence is a proof that no solution completely satisfactory has hitherto appeared. The first question that naturally presents itself is, to what source are we to refer the legendary tales of antiquity? Are the inhabitants of Olympus to be traced to personifications of all the parts of nature? Must we consider them as deriving their existence from the phenomena observed in the heavenly bodies, and their loves, their wars, and their offspring, as simply the poetical enunciation of astronomical facts? Should we combine the operations of man with the revolution of seasons, and consi-

der mythology, in its origin, as a poetical calendar, in which the initiated husbandman beheld the mystic delineation of his agricultural labours? Or, on the other hand, must we have recourse to history to solve the problem, and view, in the fables of the poet, the indistinct and disfigured traces of long forgotten events; when the father of gods and men must be content to wield the sceptre of Crete, and to have his omnipotence circumscribed by the shores of that island? Or shall we suppose that mutilated fragments of the holy sanctuary furnished the substratum of the heathen temple, and, in the deeds ascribed to pagan divinities, search for obscure vestiges of the lives of the patriarchs? When it is considered that each of these hypotheses is countenanced, by the apparently happy explications it has enabled its supporters to furnish of particular facts, whilst all have failed in extending them further, it may be allowed to doubt whether the whole of what we term antient mythology be referable to any one source. It may perhaps be suspected, that much of what was antient was lost, and much, comparatively modern, was added; in short, that the original unity of the system was destroyed before the age of those writers from whom alone we can derive our ideas concerning it. The theogony of Hesiod, the most antient, seems also the most complete epitome of the religious opinions of the Greeks. But unless we reject the testimony of Herodotus, we must suppose that the gods of Egypt and Libya figure in it along with the divinities of the first inhabitants; an union which could not fail to disfigure the original plan, if it ever possessed the symmetry of a philosophical system.

A more interesting method of contemplating mythology is, by rendering it subservient to the views of the historian, and restoring, by its means, a few of the time-worn links in the concatenation of human events. In applying it to this purpose, we emerge from the obscurity and doubt which enveloped the first discussion. Iswara and Baghesa are two names for an Indian divinity, whose emblem is the phallus, whose rites consist in its worship: wrapped in a tiger's skin, and mounted on a sacred bull, the personification of Justice, he is followed by a mixed crowd of male and female votaries, whose wild dances and frantic revels accompany his steps, or announce his presence. The meaning of this symbol may be uncertain, and furnish abundant room for ingenious discussion; but no candid inquirer can doubt, that the Egyptians and Greeks worshipped the same divinity under the appellations of Osiris and of Bacchus. The complete identity of emblems and rites excludes all scepticism on this point. Now, it will not be contended, that the facts or allegories celebrated by these apparently arbitrary attributes, rites and emblems, have a

natural

natural application so manifest, that distant nations might each have invented the same ritual. It follows, that they have been borrowed; and the fact of an antient connexion between India and Egypt results as an incontestable deduction from the investigation.

We will content ourselves with one more example of the historical *data* derived from antient mythology. We have already alluded to the worship of Bacchus, introduced into Greece by Cadmus, as one instance of an Indian or Egyptian fiction transplanted into Europe. But it is indisputable, that the principal features of the Grecian mythology were not imported from Egypt, and that there are no traces of their ever having prevailed in that country. Osiris was the chief deity in Egypt; but Bacchus plays a very subordinate part in the Grecian mythology; yet the Greek writers are unanimous in regarding them as the same divinity. The great analogy between the antient languages of India and of Greece has been often and justly remarked; the scanty remains of the antient Egyptian indicate no such affinity, and seem, indeed, more referable to the Hebraic or Arabian source. It may reasonably be inferred, then, that another, and possibly a more antient communication subsisted between the eastern and western world, than that which was carried on through Egypt; and this deduction derives considerable probability from the following fact.

Two great sects include almost the whole of the inhabitants of India. The first, and probably the most antient, are votaries of Iswara or Osiris; and their system appears conformable to that which prevailed in antient Egypt. The second sect, which we regard as the most modern, comprises the votaries of Visnu or Jupiter. We are aware that some writers of the highest authority do not ascribe a remote antiquity to either of these sects. Their opinions are certainly entitled to much weight; but we think there are strong reasons to believe, that both were considered as antient in the age of Alexander of Macedon, although the arguments cannot with propriety be introduced here. Now, the Puránas are written by sectaries of different persuasions; but it is in those composed by Vaïsnavas, or votaries of Visnu, that we may trace an affinity with the mythology of the Greeks. It were superfluous to suggest the light which this observation reflects on the original seats of the Pelasgi, to whom Greece probably owed all the inventions, for which she is not indebted to Egyptian or Phœnician colonies.

The investigations we have here recommended seem, therefore, capable of affording important elucidations of remote antiquity. But great caution is requisite in conducting the research. The eighteen Puránas are voluminous compositions, probably com-

posed at periods widely separated, and abounding in interpolations: the Mahábhárat and Rámáyana comprise traditions held in equal esteem. It may, probably, be affirmed that no European has hitherto perused one half of these works; and yet we hear daily of what the Puránas contain, and even of what they do not contain. For instance, that they make no mention of the excavations at Elephanta, nor of those of Ellor. To the formation of a general system, which should attempt to conciliate the mythologies of antiquity, we consider a general and intimate acquaintance with these compositions as an indispensable requisite. They are extremely desultory, treat of a vast variety of subjects, and detail an infinite number of mythological fictions, many of which are enlivened with all the charms of poetry. In entering upon this career, it will soon be found, that no attention whatever must be paid to similarity of name, or what is usually called etymology. The names of the Indian divinities are all epithets, and many of them possess several hundreds, which may be varied *ad infinitum*, by substituting, for each, synonymous words, which the copious Sanscrit abundantly supplies. Neither should too much stress be laid on an analogy suggested by a particular fable, where such numbers exist. A correct and comprehensive plan of the whole edifice, with the proportions and connexions of its several parts, is the great *desideratum*. This will be but ill replaced by elaborate descriptions of the ornaments which decorate its pillars. Without being dogmatical, we venture to state our belief, that the Indian mythology still exists entire, though somewhat obscured by modern additions: those of Greece, Italy, Egypt and Syria, are found only in dispersed and mutilated fragments. But, whenever this investigation shall be completed in the manner we have suggested, those antique ruins will probably again appear connected, and each reassume the place it actually occupied in the original system. The historian may then indicate, with some approximation to confidence, the affiliation and intercourse of great but distant empires: and the philosopher may suggest that view of the universe which conducted them to those personifications, attributes, rites and emblems, which to us appear arbitrary, irrational or indelicate. It is time we should advert to the treatise, the title of which gave occasion to this tedious digression.

Mr Patterson is an accomplished and ingenious writer, but, we suspect, not possessed of the qualifications we consider necessary for the execution of so arduous a task as that he has selected. The following passage, however, seems to contain some just and extensive views of the subject.

'The

'The Hindu religion appears to me to have been originally a reform of exiſting ſyſtems, when the arts and ſciences had arrived at a degree of perfection; that it was intended to correct the ferociouſneſs and corruption of the times, and to reduce mankind to an artificial order, on a firmer baſe of polity; that it was the united effort of a ſociety of ſages, who retained the prieſthood to themſelves, and rendered it hereditary in their families by the diviſion of the people into ſeparate caſts; that it was ſupported by the regal authority, which, while it controuled, it ſupported in return; that it was promulgated in all its perfection at once, as a revelation of high antiquity, to ſtamp its decrees with greater authority; and that it was founded on pure deiſm, of which the Gayatri, tranſlated by Sir William Jones, is a ſtriking proof; but, to comply with the groſs ideas of the multitude, who required a viſible object of their devotion, they perſonified the three great attributes of the Deity.'

Without adverting to all the circumstances which induce us to think, that Mr Patterson has not discovered the clue which must direct him in the labyrinth, we will content ourselves with indicating the singularly happy analogy suggested by this gentleman, between the Indian goddess Anna Purná, and the Anna Perenna of the antient Romans. The name of the former is derived from Anna, food; and Purná, abundant. She is thus described in a Sanscrit poem.

'She is of a ruddy complexion, her robe of various dyes, a creſcent on her forehead; ſhe gives ſubſiſtence; ſhe is bent by the weight of her full breaſts; Siva as a child is playing before her, with a creſcent on his forehead; ſhe looks at him with pleaſure, and, ſeated on a throne, relieves his hunger; all good is united in her; her names are Annadá, Anna Purna, devi; Bhaváni, and Bhágavatí.'

The infant Siva seems alluded to by Ovid.

'*Teque Jovi primos, Anna, dediſſe cibos.*'

But the original tradition was changed, in Ovid's time, into a story of an old woman who supplied the people with bread, during a period of extraordinary scarcity. This explanation of the fable, may be cited as an example of the errors into which those must unavoidably fall, who interpret allegory by history.

In a subsequent article, Dr Balfour proves, that Aristotle's system of logic is known to all the Mohammedan nations, who probably derive it from an Arabic translation, executed during the flourishing period of the Khaliſat.'

On the Hindu Systems of Astronomy, and their Connexion with History in Ancient and Modern Times. By J. Bentley, Esq.

In a former Number, we took occasion to make some observations on the arguments by which Mr Bentley here endeavours to support his opinion, that the knowledge of astronomy in Hindustan is much more modern than is usually supposed. To

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these observations we must now make reference, for the proper astronomical view of the subject; though we cannot pass over this opportunity of saying a few words on its more general aspect. Mr Bentley having, with great courage, brought forward his own peculiar views, in opposition to the authority of such celebrated names as those of Bailli, Le Gentil, Playfair, and Sir William Jones, it certainly did not occur to us that we could be guilty of any very unpardonable presumption, in venturing to doubt whether his speculations were in all respects conclusive. Mr Bentley, however, has thought fit to resent our scepticism with a good deal of philosophical warmth; and with unmerciful severity accuses us both of attachment to system, and of relinquishing that system. The first charge is founded on our assertion, that the Hindus possess records of high antiquity; the second, on the opinion we had ventured to state, that no work of antiquity can exist in a country where the art of printing is unknown, free from interpolation. On this subject, Mr Bentley reasons as follows.

'How is it poſſible, then, that they are to be conſidered as ancient records, when every line of them may be interpolated? Who can pretend to judge of thoſe parts which are genuine, and thoſe which are not? For, certainly, it is not neceſſary that a part that is interpolated ſhould have any date or mark annexed to it, by which it may be known: therefore, the authenticity of works ſo interpolated, muſt be as fully to all intents and purpoſes deſtroyed, as if the whole were an actual forgery.'

We are well convinced Mr Bentley is not aware how many, and what compositions, both sacred and prophane, must be dismissed as spurious, were this canon of criticism generally adopted, and the discovery of an interpolation considered sufficient to vitiate the authenticity of the whole performance.

The learned author, however, is really mistaken, if he supposes we are influenced by any other system than a love of truth. Whatever admiration we may feel for genius, science, and erudition, the moment Mr Bentley has proved to our conviction that they have been exerted in the propagation of error, we shall be the first to applaud his perseverance in correcting their mistakes. The concluding portion of this treatise comprises his proofs of the Puránas and other Indian compositions, being of modern origin. Our opinion, which we see no reason to alter, is, that they contain records of high antiquity, and many interpolations of later times. The arguments for the first can by no means be comprised within the narrow precincts of a review: the proof of the latter is, that, in all the Puránas, there is introduced a chapter, styled 'Bhavisyat,' or futurity, in which it is manifestly intended to deduce the genealogy of Indian monarchs, from the supposed

posed era of the Puránas, to the period of the interpolation. We are even inclined to suspect, that our view of the subject does not very materially differ from that of Mr Bentley himself, who says, 'that the present Puránas seem to have been extracted from some larger works, that are not now to be found.' Now, the works themselves really pretend no more. They neither pretend to be the compositions of Vyása, nor original compositions, nor to preserve the order of the originals. They are given as extracts taken from oral recitation, in which the narrative is perpetually interrupted by questions from the auditors, and sometimes by objections. We had prepared some observations on the imputation of literary forgery as applicable to Hindu literature; but the subject has been so judiciously treated by Mr Colebrooke, that we prefer referring our readers to a subsequent part of this review.

It is now our duty to epitomize the arguments by which Mr Bentley supports his opinion. From two chronological systems contained in an astronomical work entitled the Graha Manjari, it may be inferred, that the words yuga, mahayuga, and manwantara, formerly denoted very different and infinitely shorter periods of time, than are understood by those expressions at present. The same work enables our author to ascertain the period elapsed since the creation, according to both systems, down to the era of Vicramaditya; and, dividing the number of years into the periods indicated in each, he finds the commencement of the last golden age in the year 3164 before Christ, according to the first; and the birth of Swáyambhuva, or Adam, 3878 years before the same period, according to the last. The monstrous system of chronology now adopted by the Hindus, he refers to Brahma Gupta, an astronomer who lived about the year 500 of our era. The necessity of accommodating history to this change, occasioned the new-modelling of the Puránas. But for this purpose it was necesssary to destroy all astronomical works which might detect the imposition; and there is a report that it was the Mahrattas who performed this task.

Such appears to be Mr Bentley's statement; which we submit, without comment, to the judgment of our readers.

An Essay on the Sacred Isles in the West, with other Essays connected with that Work. By Captain Wilford.

THE principal essay announced in the title being postponed to the publication of the next volume of the Asiatic Researches, that of which we have here to render an account, is only one of the six 'other essays connected with that work.' It treats of the geographical systems of the Hindus. In none of his former works

work have the ingenuity and erudition of this gentleman appeared more conspicuous; and in none are his characteristic defects more prominent. With a profusion of classical illustration and striking or fanciful analogies, we look everywhere in vain for a more lucid arrangement and consistent exposition.

The Indian system of geography we consider as extremely curious in itself, and calculated to elucidate the antient history and geography of other nations; and no man is so competent to do it justice as the author of this essay. Each Purána contains a book on the subject, entitled Bhuvana Cosa, or, Dictionary of Countries. The plan we should have been disposed to recommend would be, to select the most detailed of these compositions; for instance, that in the Váyu, and, after having furnished a literal translation, to add, in the form of annotations, the modern names of all the places mentioned, as far as these can be ascertained, with the authorities for each. The first object being to obtain a precise notion of the ideas of the Puránicas themselves, neither the improved system of the astronomers, nor the changes it has undergone in passing to Ceylon and Siam, should be involved with that exposition. These, indeed, would furnish interesting topics for subsequent disquisitions, as well as the variations which occur in different Puránas.

The Hindus divide the earth into seven principal dwipa, besides a multitude of inferior ones. The word 'dwipa,' in its common signification, signifies island, and perhaps peninsula: but our author contends it must be understood as climate. We are not perfectly satisfied with the explanation given of six of the dwipa: that of Jambu, including India itself, admits of no doubt. Instead, however, of abridging Captain Wilford's account of it, we venture to exhibit the outlines of the geography of Jambu dwipa, as collected from several concurrent Puránas. If we have succeeded in ascertaining its limits correctly, a material step will be gained towards assigning the boundaries of the others.

The mountain Meru occupies the centre of Jambu dwipa. This lofty king of mountains, the residence of the gods, in their descriptions of which, the poets, consulting only their imaginations, have set nature and truth at defiance, sends forth four streams, each of which, after passing through a lake, disembogues itself in the eastern, western, northern and southern seas. That which falls into the last, is Gangá. To her source, therefore, we are directed for the southern base of Meru. This base is of prodigious extent, including on every side the land of Iláviritta, encircled by high mountains, through which the four rivers force their way in opposite directions. Now, dismissing to the regions of poetic

poetic fiction, the golden Meru, inhabited by divinities, we shall find the enclosed land of Ilávritta, in that part of western Tartary, bounded on the south by Tibet, on the east by the sandy desert of Cobi, on the north by the Altaï, and on the west by the elongation of Imaus, stretching to the north from the confines of India. From the four extremities of this elevated plain, or the base of Meru, four of the largest rivers of the old continent commence their devious course; and after washing many various regions, fall into opposite seas.

The countries north and south of Meru, are each divided by three parallel ranges of mountains, which extend from east to west. 1. Mount Nila, or the blue mountain, bounds the land of Ilávritta on the north, and separates it from a region named Ramanaca. This range of mountains seems a southern branch of the Altaï, which, under various names, extends itself from the Caspian. The land of Ramanaca seems to include the Dauria of Professor Pallas. 2. Sweta, or the white mountain, bounds Ramanaca on the north, and divides it from a country called Hiranmaya, or abounding in gold. We find the inhabitants described in the Márcandeya Purána, as Yaxa, or workers in mines. The passage deserves attention. 'North of Ramanaca lies the land of Hiranmaya, watered by the river Hiranvati; the inhabitants are yaxa, tall, robust, and rich in gold.' The antient inhabitants of the Altaï mountains, whose metallurgic labours are still traced by the few travellers who journey through that desert region, do not seem to have been unknown to the Pauránicas. Even their southern neighbours, the Massagetæ, are represented by Strabo, as abounding in gold. 'Cingula iis aurea et diademata in pugnis; æris et auri abundant,' &c. 3. Sringaván. This mountain skirts Hiranmaya on the north, and separates it from the land of Curu, called Úttara Curu, or the northern Curu, to distinguish it from a kingdom of the same name in Hindûstan. This country extends to the northern ocean. We must remark, that the land of Uttara Curu was known at least by name to antient geographers. Ptolemy mentions it, and calls its capital Ottorocora. Under this denomination, the Pauránicas manifestly understand Siberia, the interior of which is too imperfectly explored, to enable us to trace the mountains of Sringaván, or many-peaked. The ocean, which washes its northern skirts, excludes all doubt of the country meant to be described. Here the river Bhadrá, after traversing all those regions from Ilávritta, enters the frozen ocean, at the northern extremity of Jamhudwipa. This river is probably the Irtish, which flows through the lake Zaizan, in its course.

Returning to the central region of Ilávritta, we find its southern

ern limits defined by the Nishádha mountains, corresponding with the northern range of Tibet hills. This last country is named by the Pauránicas, Herivarsha. It is separated by the mountain Hemacuta from the land of Kinnara, which consequently comprises the countries of Srinagar, Nepal, and Butan. These are bounded by the well-known chain of Himálaya, or Imaus, which divides them from the land of Bhárata, or India. Gangá flowing from Ilavritta, traverses the lake Manasa, which is visited by multitudes of pilgrims at this day. She is called Alacanandá, till she enters the land of Bhárata, to unite with the southern ocean. Thus, we find Jambu dwipa bounded by the ocean at its northern and southern extremities, and consequently, comprising every diversity of climate.

On the east, Ilávritta is bounded by a chain of mountains extending from north to south, called Mályaván, which divides it from the land of Bhadrá wa. This country extends to the eastern ocean, which we find termed in the Matsya Purána, the Golden Sea, for the same reason probably, that it is named the Yellow Sea by our geographers. A river called the eastern Sitá flows from Ilávritta, through a region described as a sterile sand, at length enters the lake Arunoda (the Orin Nor of our geographers), and traversing Bhadráswa, empties itself in the Eastern Ocean. The eastern Sitá, is manifestly the Hara Moren, Whang-ho, or yellow river; the sandy desert through which she flows, the desert of Cobi; and the land of Bhadráswa, the empire of China.

Mount Vipula encircles the enclosed land of Ilávritta on the west. It corresponds with that extension of Imaus, stretching northwards from the woody confines of India. The country which descends from its western declivity, is named Ketumálá, and stretches to the Western Sea, obviously the Caspian. A river washing the base of Vipula, pursues its course from Ilávritta to the Western Sea, after flowing through the lake Sitoda. In some Puránas it is named Suvanxu, in others Cháxu. It is generally considered as the Oxus; but the description is equally applicable to the Jaxartes. Ketumálá, of course, comprises the countries denominated by the antients Sogdiana, Bactria, and Margiana, with a portion of the territories of the warlike Sacæ.

The limits of Jambu dwipa, therefore, are distinctly marked by the Caspian on the west, the Yellow Sea on the east, whilst its northern and southern extremities are washed by the Frozen and the Indian Ocean. This account comprises the outlines of its geography as sketched in several Puránas: We shall not stop to indicate all the particulars in which it differs from that exhibited by Captain Wilford; nor will our limits admit of discussing the position of the other dwipas. If our view of the Jambu be correct,

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it will materially contribute to fix our ideas concerning the [illegible]rs, when we shall find occasion to resume the discussion.

On the Vedás, or Sacred Writings of the Hindus. By H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.

The treatise of which we have now to speak, is, from its subject, the most curious; and from the ability, candour, and research displayed by its author, the most entitled to approbation, of any that have hitherto appeared in the Asiatic Researches. The Vedás, of which some doubted the existence, many the authenticity, and still more the intelligibility, have been in great part collected and perused by Mr Colebrooke, who supports their authenticity by arguments which to us appear irrefragable. The literati of the Continent, who have long considered the neglect of this inquiry as a subject for national reproach, will do justice to the luminous though concise view of their contents here exhibited; and the ideas of all will be fixed in respect to their importance to literature. We believe we shall be found to have anticipated the public judgment in this particular, in our review of M. Anquetil du Perron's version of an Upanishad from a Persic manuscript, in the second Number of this publication, to which we beg leave to refer our readers.

'The true reason,' says Mr Colebrooke, 'why the three first Vedas are often mentioned without any notice of the fourth, must be sought, not in their different origin and antiquity, but in the difference of their use and purport. Prayers, employed at solemn rites, called Yajuses, have been placed in the three principal Vedas: those which are in prose, are named Yajush; such as are in metre are denominated Rich: and some, which are intended to be chanted, are called Sáman; and these names, as distinguishing different portions of the Vedas, are anterior to their separation in Vyása's compilation. But the átharvana, not being used at the religious ceremonies abovementioned, and containing prayers employed at lustrations, at rites conciliating the deities, and as imprecations on enemies, is essentially different from the other Vedas.'

To such of our readers as have not curiosity to consult Mr Colebrooke's luminous and concise exposition, the following summary of the contents and subdivisions of the Vedas may appear sufficient.

'Each Veda consists of two parts, denominated the Mantras and the Bráhmanas; or prayers and precepts. The complete collection of the hymns, prayers, and invocations, belonging to one Veda, is entitled its Sanhitá. Every other portion of Indian scripture is included under the general head of divinity (Bráhmana). This comprises precepts, which inculcate religious duties; maxims, which explain those precepts; and arguments, which relate to theology. But, in the present arrangement of the Vedas, the portion which contains passages called Bráhmanas, includes

cludes many which are strictly prayers, or mantras. The theology of the Indian scripture, comprehending the argumentative portion entitled Vedanta, is contained in tracts denominated Upanishads, some of which are portions of the Bráhmana properly so called; others are found only in a detached form, and one is a part of the Sanhita itself.'

In speaking, therefore, of the age of the Vedas, we must always understand the period of their compilation by Vyása. The different parts of those works are ascribed to different persons, who are supposed to have lived at periods widely distant. We think Mr Colebrooke expresses himself somewhat indistinctly on this subject. 'I incline,' says he, 'to think, that the ceremonies called yajnya, and the prayers to be recited at those ceremonies, are as old as the calendar, which purports to have been framed for such religious rites.' To us, it appears incontestable that they must be older, and probable that the calendar was framed by Vyása himself.

'To each Veda, a treatise, under the title of Iyotish is annexed; which explains the adjustment of the calendar, for the purpose of fixing the proper periods for the performance of religious duties. It is adapted to the comparison of solar and lunar time, with the vulgar or civil year; and was evidently formed in the infancy of astronomical knowledge.' By a passage cited from one of these treatises, it appears that when this Hindu calendar was regulated, the solstitial points were reckoned to be at the beginning of the constellation Dhanishtha, and in the middle of áśleshá. 'And such,' says Mr Colebrooke, 'was the situation of those cardinal points, in the fourteenth century before the Christian era.' We infer, then, that Mr Colebrooke means to assign this period for the age of Vyása; and we adopt it the more readily, because it does not differ very widely from that assigned by the learned Hindus themselves, who, after all, must be allowed to be the best commentators on their own antiquities. Sridhara, the annotator of the Bhágavat purána, who appears to have been a man of much information, in a copy of that work in the Imperial Library at Paris, states 1598 years as the period elapsed between the birth of Parixit, king of the Curus, and the accession of Chandra Gupta, (who reigned in Pátáliputra, when Megasthenes visited India). Now, Vyása was contemporary with Parixit, though we think the Vedas were compiled during the preceding reign. We believe that a nearer approximation to the truth is not likely to be attained, respecting events so remote, and so imperfectly recorded.

For the arguments by which Mr Colebrooke supports the authenticity of the Vedas, we must refer to the work itself. But we insert the following passage, because it has induced us to suppress

press some observations we had prepared, on Mr Bentley's strictures. We fully subscribe to all the positions here advanced, and they will appear with superior advantage from the person confessedly best qualified to form correct opinions on that subject.

'With the exceptions now indicated, the various portions of the Vedas, which have been examined, are as yet free from suspicion; and, until they are impeached by more than vague assertion, have every title to be admitted as genuine copies of books, which (however little deserving of it) have been long held in reverence by the Hindus.

'I am apprised that this opinion will find opponents, who are inclined to dispute the whole of Indian literature, and to consider it all as consisting of forgeries fabricated within a few years, or at best in the last few ages. This appears to be grounded on assertions and conjectures, which were inconsiderately hazarded, and which have been eagerly received and extravagantly strained.

'In the first place, it should be observed, that a work must not be hastily condemned as a forgery, because, on examination, it appears not to have been really written by the person, whose name is usually coupled with quotations from it: for, if the very work itself show, that it does not purport to be written by that person, the safe conclusion is, that it was never meant to be ascribed to him. Thus, the two principal codes of Hindu law are usually cited as Menu's and Yajynyawalkya's: but, in the codes themselves, those are dialogists, not authors: and the best commentators expressly declare, that these institutes were written by other persons. The Surya Siddhánta is not pretended to have been written by Meya; but he is introduced as receiving instruction from a partial incarnation of the sun; and their conversation constitutes a dialogue, which is recited by another person in a different company. The text of the Sánkhya philosophy from which the sect of Buddha seems to have borrowed its doctrines, is not the work of Capila himself, though vulgarly ascribed to him; but it purports to be composed by Iswara Crishna.

'Among works, the authors of which are unknown, and which, therefore, as usual, are vulgarly ascribed to some celebrated name, many contain undisguised evidence of a more modern date. Such are those parts of Puránas, in which the prophetic style is assumed, because they relate to events posterior to the age of the persons who are speakers in the dialogues.'

To this we may add the list of Puránas contained in each Puráña, in which the whole eighteen are enumerated, with a sketch of their contents, though they could only be composed successively.

'I do not mean to say, that forgeries are not sometimes committed; or that books are not counterfeited in whole or in part. Sir William Jones, Mr Blaquiere and myself, have detected interpolations. I am myself inclined to adopt an opinion supported by many learned Hindus,

in our own times. That dignified solemnity, and felicity of illustration, which we admire occasionally in the Roman, are sustained throughout in the English poet; and the dexterous introduction of modern examples, gives a relish to his imitation which no mere translation of an antient can ever possess. Satirical composition, indeed, more perhaps than any other species of writing, is a local and national property. It abounds with allusions to the perishing events and characters of the day, which, to those of a different age and country, must be always uninteresting, and generally unintelligible. The mere translator of such productions is like a merchant who should endeavour to force into circulation a quantity of the current coin of some distant region, by simply altering the legend, instead of having it melted at the mint, its purity adjusted to the English standard, and the whole restamped with the insignia of Britain. How much less interesting to an English reader is the catastrophe of Juvenal's Sejanus, with his '*longa et insignis honorum Pagina*,' than the fall of the 'full-blown dignity' of Wolsey, with 'Law in his voice, and Fortune in his hand?' and how vapid are those traits of indirect satire, where Juvenal deals his by-blows to less prominent and contemporary characters, which to us are literally '*voces et præterea nihil*,' compared to the parallel passages of Johnson, where every name recals some well-known period of our national history?

But, if the public curiosity demanded a translation of Juvenal, surely enough had been done to gratify it, before the appearance of Mr Hodgson's. There is not, we believe, a single classic, who has been more frequently translated. The rough and antiquated versions of Holiday and of Stapylton, were superseded by the more flowing, though less faithful translation of Dryden and his associates, which, with all its faults, is perhaps as good as Juvenal deserves. It is a little apt, indeed, to confound English and Roman manners, and to talk of the Opera, the Parliament, and the Strand, instead of the Amphitheatre, the Senate and the Suburra; but many of the fine passages, which are the salt that preserves Juvenal from corruption, are given with a spirit that has never been excelled. We shall be excused for quoting one instance, taken almost at random: It is the winding up of the story of Sejanus.

'*Viſne ſalutari ſicut Sejanus? habere*
Tantundem? atque illi ſellas donare curules
Illum exercitibus præponere? Tutor haberi
Principis, angustâ Caprearum in rupe ſedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo?' Sat. X. 90.

'Now tell me truly, wouldſt thou change thy ſtate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?

To

To have thy levees crowded with reſort
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile court;
Diſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and ſway
That Monarch whom the maſter'd world obey?
While he, intent on ſecret luſts alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the throne,
Cooped in a narrow Iſle, obſerving dreams
With flattering wizards.' *Dryden, Juv* 252.

But the irregularities of this 'chartered libertine,' encouraged many subsequent translations, in which it was attempted to lop his redundancies, and correct his infidelities. Of these, though Mr Owen's deserves honourable mention, by far the best was that of Mr Gifford. * It united, in no common degree, fidelity with spirit; and appeared to us, when we first read it, to be, with a few exceptions, the best version of a classic in our language. His various learning, and perfect acquaintance with his author, enabled him to illustrate the text with numerous and interesting notes; and these, with the excellent preliminary matter, gave his book a popularity and circulation, which a mere translation of Juvenal could not have secured. When such a champion had entered the lists, we thought they were finally closed, and that no future candidate for fame would seek it by a a road so beaten and preoccupied Mr Hodgson, himself, bears ample testimony to the merits of his predecessor. He is, indeed, so liberal of praise to almost all that have gone before him, that we could not but feel astonishment at his boldness in undertaking to rival and excel them. We say *excel*, for in spite of the modest pretensions of the Preface, we cannot persuade ourselves that any man would publish a new translation, if he did not think it superior to all the old ones. Mr Hodgson seems to think that all possible modes of translating Juvenal should be exhausted; and having discovered a slender interval between close and paraphrastic translation, which he imagined had not yet been filled up, he hastens to stop the gap with this immense quarto. 'The extent of my ambition,' he says, (p. xvii.) and it is no moderate

* We have not forgotten, though the world may, that it is indebted to the University of Oxford for a tranſlation of Juvenal, by a Fellow of one of her Colleges, the publication of which muſt have been a proud day for *alma mater*. We would willingly treat the reader with a few ſpecimens; but our memory can furniſh but two facts reſpecting it, viz. that the firſt line runs thus: 'Shall I a hearer ever only be—' and that *fagum* is appropriately rendered 'a *witch*.' We recommend it to the collectors of rare books. The *Fellow*'s name is Rhodes.

rate one, 'has been this; not to reach the heights of Dryden, where Dryden has chosen to leave all below him; yet, upon the whole, to give a more faithful version of Juvenal than he and his associates have given, and at the same time to do it in such a manner as to offend an English ear with fewer instances of interrupted versification, than those which, originally at least, occurred in the pages of Mr Gifford.' Now we contend, that our author sets out on a mistaken theory, when he supposes that Juvenal should be smoothed down to the uniform polish and faultless accuracy of modern versification. Abruptness of transition, and a colloquial plainness of phraseology, are not less characteristic of this poet, than sweeping declamation and flowing lines. We expect in a translation, a tolerably exact copy, not merely of the matter or the sentiments, but of the manner and style of the original; and if Mr Hodgson was unable or unwilling to give us this, he should have quitted the laborious and ignoble task of translating; and, instead of trading on commission, have ventured a speculation on his own account. Mr Gifford proceeds on the juster principle of 'following, as far as he judged it feasible, the style of his author,' which, he adds, 'is more various than is generally supposed.' He accordingly dispenses with smoothness, where the original is rough, and where brevity and terseness are more essential than sounding lines. Mr Hodgson, on the other hand, is swayed by a constant desire of filing down angles, and making his 'bachelor' couplets, to use a figure of his own, 'run in an easy parallel, not disturbing each other in their course,' like a pair of sleek well matched geldings in a curricle. A very short example will illustrate the difference, and may even furnish a rule applicable to the general character of their respective works.

In the Third Satire, a fashionable youth sallies forth, flushed with wine, in quest of midnight adventures; and concludes a string of impertinent questions to the first poor man he meets, with this cogent argument for a prompt answer; '*Aut dic, aut accipe calcem*,' v. 295; which Gifford translates in four words, 'Speak, or be kicked;' while Mr Hodgson draws it out to a sounding couplet—

> 'What! not a word? nay, answer me, or feel
> The rough salute of my resentful heel.'

We shall add one or two instances of the same fault—

> ——'*galeatum sero duelli*
> *Pœnitet.*' l. 169.
>
> 'Weigh well your strength, ere yet the trumpets sound,
> And, arm'd, you enter on the lifted ground.'

A single word is here expressed by a line and a half; and, after all,

all, the idea of a late repentance is omitted. Gifford comprehends every thing in—

'The ſoldier, once engaged, repents too late.'

In Sat. vii. 654, Juvenal talks of ladies who

'*Morte viri cupient animam ſervare catellæ.*'

'They'd rather ſave their favourite lap-dog's head,
And place their worthleſs huſband's in its ſtead.'—*Hodgson.*

'Would ſave their lap-dog ſooner than their lord.'—*Dryden.*

'*Atque ſupercilio brevior coma.*'—II. 15.

'His beetling eye-brows longer than his hair.'—*Gifford.*

'No wanton lock upon their forehead ſtrays,
But horrid hair o'erſhades their ſwimming eyes.'—*Hodgson.*

It would be eaſy to multiply examples in which our author, from his predilection for regular 'unmarried couplets, has diluted the ſtrength and vigour of Juvenal. We grammar generally ſpeaking, our heroic couplets ſhould be flowing, and complete within themſelves; but there are many caſes, eſpecially in ſatirical compoſition, where '*non erat his locus.*' Mr Gifford, also, his interrupted lines and overlapping couplets, has a vivacity and homelineſs of expreſſion, which fix the attention more, though they pleaſe the ear leſs, than the unbending ſtatelineſs of Mr Hodgſon's verſification. Yet Gifford is by no means deficient in dignity when occaſion requires it, or incapable, when Juvenal ſoars into ſublimity, of accompanying his flight. Witneſs that noble deſcription of the true poet.

——'The bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of ſoul ſublime;
Who from the flowing mint of fancy pours
No ſpurious metal, fuſed from common ores,
But gold to matchleſs purity refin'd,
And ſtamp'd with all the godhead in his mind.'

Gifford, Juvenal, vii. 80.

The ſin that moſt eaſily beſets a tranſlator, is that of grafting his own ſenſe on that of his original; and the temptation is the ſtronger, the more he is a man of talent and imagination. Mr Hodgſon tranſgreſſes in this reſpect oftener than his predeceſſor; but it is a liberty, which, if uſed ſparingly and neatly, we are not much diſpoſed to cenſure; Juvenal not being, in our eyes, ſo perfect a poet, that nothing can be added or taken away without injury. Inſtances of this kind which do no diſcredit to the original, occur in Sat. xiv. 187. vi. 60. & 721. xi. 267. We are doubtful whether the following be ſo excuſable.

'How canſt thou dare a father's freedom uſe,
And with loud rage this wanton prince abuſe,
While on thy years ſtill fouler blots are ſeen,
And the dry wood's more rotten than the green?'

The laſt couplet is ſpun out of '*Cum facias pejora ſenex.*'

To aſſiſt our readers in judging of the comparative merits of the rival tranſlations, we ſhall extract two parallel paſſages from each; the one of a grave, and the other of a familiar caſt. The firſt is the deſcription of gradual decay, ix. 126. *Juv.*

'Swift down the pathway of declining years,
As on we journey through this vale of tears,
Youth waſtes away, and withers like a flower,
The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour:
'Mid the light ſallies of the mantling ſoul,
The ſmiles of beauty, and the ſocial bowl,
Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
Steals on our joys, and drives us from the ſtage.'—*Hodgson.*

Gifford renders the paſſage thus—

'For youth, too tranſient flower! of life's ſhort day
The ſ[illegible]teſt part, but bloſſoms to decay.
Yet ſo while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in pleaſure's bower,
The noiſeleſs foot of time ſteals ſwiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh.'

Here Gifford muſt yield the palm; though neither of the tranſlators, in this inſtance, reaches the beauty of the expreſſions,

'*Dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta, puellas,*
Poſcimus, obrepit non intellecta ſenectus.'

The other paſſage occurs in Sat. V. 127. Juvenal is laſhing the hangers-on at the table of the rich Virro.

'Has Virro ever drank to thee, or deign'd
To touch the goblet which thy lips have ſtain'd?
Or haſt thou ever pledged thy ruling god,
Rash ſlave, or hail'd him with an equal's nod?
Few are the words that ſafely can be ſpoke
By the mean wearer of a threadbare cloak.
But if to Trebius by the hand of Heaven
The ſudden fortune of a knight was given,
Or by ſome friend more bountiful than fate—
How is his worth increaſed by his eſtate!
Into a lord the little wretch is turn'd,
And courtly Virro loves the man he ſpurn'd.
"Slaves! wait on Trebius; would my brother taſte
The ſweet bread? let it at thy ſide be placed,
Dear Trebius!"—canſt thou not the cauſe divine?
He is thy fortune's brother, and not thine.'—*Hodgson.*

This is pretty well; but there is more of ease and ſpirit in the following lines.

'Does Virro ever pledge you? ever ſip
The liquor touch'd by your unhallow'd lip?
Or is there one of all your tribe ſo free,
So deſperate as to ſay, "Sir, drink to me?"

* O, there is much that never can be ſpoke
By a poor client in a threadbare cloak.
But ſhould ſome god, or man of godlike ſoul,
The malice of your niggard fate controul,
And bleſs you with a knight's eſtate; how dear
Would you be then! how wondrous great appear
From nothing! Virro, ſo reſerved of late,
Grows quite familiar: "Brother, ſend your plate:
Dear broth r Trebius! you were wont to ſay
You liked theſe dainties; let me help you, pray."
You, riches, are his "brother;" and to you
This warmth of friendſhip, this reſpect, is due.'

Giff. Juv. V. 193.

In the following lines, which conclude the 4th Satire, Mr Hodgson has ſurpaſſed all his predeceſſors.

'And oh! that ever in ſuch idle ſport
Had liv'd the lord of that obſequious court;
Nor worſe employ'd in ſavage ſcenes of blood
That robb'd the city of the brave and good—
While high-born cowards ſaw their brothers' doom,
And vengeance ſlumber'd o'er the Lamian tomb.
But when he dar'd aſſail a vulgar tread,
Up roſe the people, and the tyrant bled.'

The two translators are very ſeldom at variance in the meaning of Juvenal. He has been ſifted and conned over by ſo numerous a tribe of commentators, that almoſt every poſſible reading and ſignification has been foreſtalled; and in doubtful paſſages, it is mere matter of opinion which of their various interpretations we adopt. Mr Gifford's intimate acquaintance, too, with all they had written, enabled him to collect their ſcattered rays, and bring them to bear ſo well upon his author, that nothing was left to any future translator but to follow in his ſteps. In one or two of the few paſſages where there is a difference, we are diſpoſed to agree with Mr Hodgson; *e. g.* in thinking that the expreſſion '*Proſit mihi vos dixiſſe Puellas,*' applies to the youth, not the virginity, of the Muſes; and in conſidering the line, '*Imponit finem ſapiens et rebus honeſtis,*' VI. 444., as meaning that a prudent woman ſets bounds even to laudable purſuits, and

* See in Sat. XI. 85. Gifford, another inſtance of this cloſe coincidence of couplets.

'Bawl for coarſe pottage that my friends may hear,
But whiſper "ſweetmeats" in the ſervant's ear.'

Mr Hodgſon ſlightly alters it into

'Cry out for "cabbage ſoup" when friends are near,
But whiſper "turtle" in my ſervant's ear.'

and not, as Gifford explains it, 'She lectures too in ethics, And declaims on the chief good.' At other times, he seems to differ from his predecessor merely for the sake of variety and novelty of version. Thus he continues, with Holiday, to apply the passage (Sat. III. 168.) beginning '*Fictilibus cœnare pudet,*' &c. to Curius Dentatus, though Mr Gifford has clearly shown, in a note, that the observation is general, and directed against those who pinch and starve themselves in the country for the sake of a short splendour in town.

Both the translators agree in referring the expressions, Sat. II. 159. '*Illuc heu! miseri traducimur,*' to the certainty of a future state; but, viewing them in connexion with what follows, we cannot help coinciding with those who think, that the patriotic poet is here lamenting the bloated extent and corruption of the empire; and that, in the midst of conquests abroad, profligacy is preying on its vitals, and undermining its greatness.

Our translator commits some mistakes against grammar and good English; which, trifling as they are, we should scarcely have expected from the verbal accuracy of an Etonian. '*Each* thought *their* native gods,' &c. XV. 58. 'Sooner than *me*, shall these vile Syrians sign?' II. 130. 'A single *sheave*' is written instead of *sheaf*, from the dire necessity of rhiming. '*Boyish* gold,' and '*dog-like* offals,' by the figure catachresis, express resemblance instead of fitness. *Dumb-founders*, p. 114. and *stingo*, p. 282, are below the dignity of heroic verse.

We were most pleased with Mr Hodgson's translations of the Eleventh and Fourteenth Satires; partly from their intrinsic excellence, and partly, we think, from the superiority of execution, especially in the latter, which is the only one which we feel no hesitation in preferring to its rival. The Tenth has also great merit, of which we should be more sensible, if all the translations of it were not thrown into the back-ground by Johnson's imitation. No management can reconcile us to the detestable grossness of the Sixth. The Eighth and Thirteenth would have been better translated by Mr Hodgson than by those to whom indolence or the partiality of friendship has consigned the task. The former is a very close and very dull version, greatly inferior to Mr Gifford's. The latter contains a few good passages; but there are more weak lines in it than in all the rest of the book.

Upon the whole, we think Mr Hodgson has accomplished his aim of giving to Juvenal a more uniformly mellifluous cadence than he ever had before. He has dressed him, if we may be allowed the metaphor, in a suit which does not fit quite so well as the former, but shows a glossier nap, and has a finer, though flimsier

flimsier texture. He possesses great powers of easy and elegant versification. Had the public been in want of a translation of Juvenal, the present would have amply supplied it; but Mr Hodgson has directed his intellectual labour to a department that was already overstocked; and he must not be surprised, nor discouraged, if his returns be but small, either in profit or in fame. There were no errors of the public to be corrected, no important lights to be thrown on a favourite classic. The task he undertook was little more than a mere balancing of syllables, and steering clear of preoccupied rhimes.

We have certainly no right to interfere with any man in the application he chooses to make of his talents; yet we may be allowed to regret, that those which Mr Hodgson possesses had not been directed to a less hackneyed subject. Many others might have been found, more interesting to the world, and better suited to his own powers. The charm of his versification is in fact perceptible in the descriptive parts, where the poet draws from natural scenery, or the primitive simplicity of ancient manners. Hence the superiority we ascribed to the Eleventh Satire, and the pleasure we receive from such lines as the following.

> 'And Auſter, reſting in his ſilent cave,
> Shakes from his wing the moiſture of the wave.' Sat. X.

Now, there are several poets of antiquity that would have opened a wider field for the display of this peculiar excellence of our author; a field where he would have been less elbowed and jostled by competitors. From the works of Statius, of whom he speaks more than once in the highest terms, and to whose merits no English translation has yet done full justice; and of Ovid, whom he denominates 'the most beautiful of all descriptive poets,' Mr Hodgson, we are confident, could make a selection, that would delight a much more extended circle of readers than he can expect to peruse the present volume. Our confidence is grounded on some exquisite morsels he has given in the Notes, as well from the poets above-mentioned, as from Catullus, Claudian, Martial, &c. As we look upon these translations to be not the least valuable part of the book, we shall subjoin one or two. The beautiful address to Sleep, in the Sylvæ of Statius (V. 4.), which is translated at p. 460, commences thus.

> 'How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep, thou gentleſt power
> Of Heav'n! that I alone, at night's dread hour,
> Still from thy ſoft embraces am repreſs'd,
> Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breaſt?
> Now every field and every flock is thine,
> And ſeeming ſlumbers bend the mountain pine;
> Huſh'd is the tempeſt's howl, the torrent's roar;
> And the ſmooth wave lies pillow'd on the ſhore.' &c.

The

The following is a humorous description of a parasite, from Martial.

'When from the bath, or hot, or cold, you come,
The kind Menogenes attends you home;
When at the courts you ply the healthy ball,
He picks it up adroitly, should it fall:
Tho' wash'd, tho' dress'd, he follows where it flies,
Recovers and returns the dusty prize,
And overwhelms you with civilities.
Call for your towel; and, tho' more defil'd
Than the foul linen of a sickly child,
He'll swear 'tis whiter than the driven snow;—
Comb your lank hair across your wrinkled brow,
And with a tone of ecstacy, he'll swear,
"Achilles had not such a head of hair!"
Himself will bring the vomit to your hand,
And wipe the drops that on your forehead stand;
Praise and admire you till, fatigu'd, you say,—
Do, my good friend, do dine with me to-day!' p. 415.

Or—the following is a translation of that fine passage in Lucretius, (V. 1217.)

'And oh! how deep our shuddering spirits feel
A dread of Heaven thro' every member steal,
When the strong lightning strikes the blasted ground,
And thunder rolls the murmuring clouds around.
Shake not the nations? And the monarch's not,
Bows it not low before the present God,
Left for foul deeds, or haughty words, be sent
His hurried hour of awful punishment?' p. 528.

About half the volume is made up of Notes. They are of a character so different from the poetry, that we could scarcely believe they both came from the same pen. Mr Hodgson seems to be out of his element when he writes prose. He steps more gracefully in fetters, than at large. With a small portion of useful annotation, there is mixed up an immense mass of flippancy, shallowness and absurdity. He seems to have imagined, but we cannot conceive upon what grounds, that it must be highly gratifying to the public to know his sentiments of men and things; and he has omitted no opportunity, and created many, of procuring them that gratification. Summary judgment is passed on our furniture, our fashions, our dramatic exhibitions, our writers in prose and verse, and an endless variety of subjects, on which he pronounces with the decisiveness of age, and the petulance of youth. The small compass of a Note precludes investigation or reasoning; so that we seldom gain more than the comfortable assurance that such is Mr Hodgson's opinion. He skips with the agility of a squirrel from one topic to another;

another; and it is not always easy to follow the rapidity of his motions. Thus, in a long Note on '*nullas nummorum ereximus aras*,' Sat. I., we find the following passage (p. 325.) 'Holiday says, the temple was dedicated to the god Æs—*Æs in præsenti*—Ready money—at all events a scarce divinity. Talking of the god Æs, Cloacina the goddess of ease naturally suggests herself; which goddess as naturally suggests Chilo, Cleobulus, and George Colman.' Surely Mr Hodgson, when he goes so far out of his way to arrive at a low and dirty allusion, forgets, that nastiness is not wit; and though not, perhaps, absolutely inconsistent with each other, he has sufficiently proved, both in this and his first Note, that they are not necessarily coexistent.

He appears to have emptied into these Notes the contents, either of his common-place book, if he has one, or of a memory full of shreds and patches, unregistered and unarranged. He not only retails all the silly stories he can remember, but he must tell us even about those he has forgotten. Thus, speaking of the '*Beneventanus sutor*' of Juvenal, I. 46., he says (p. 405), 'I once heard a story of a bishop (not a prince) of Benevento, which, I believe, is in point; but from not "keeping count" of these bishops, it is erased from my memory, as Sancho's story of the goats was from his, "*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*"—"Over the hills, and far away," as Lord Kenyon translated it:' and so ends the Note. It would be difficult to point out any one sentence embracing so great a variety of topics, *tacti sed non ornati*; and yet, withal, so guiltless of any thing like meaning.

There is also a perpetual recurrence throughout the Notes to some favourite joke about *hair*; which has been allowed even to creep into the text—'Worthy of all the *hair* of ancient times.' Mr Hodgson labours, through many a dull page, to be witty on this 'playful' subject, as he calls it; and tells us, with masonic obscurity, that '*hair* is the warrant of enjoyment, as well as the symbol of virtue.' We do not pretend, nor are we very anxious to understand this joke: it is probably part of the slang which always prevails among a number of men that live much together; and many *good things*, we have no doubt, are sported on the subject at academical dinners: but we would advise our author, when he next appears before the public, to drop the cant phraseology and local associations of a college common-room. Let him choose a subject that has something of novelty to recommend it; banish all annotation, or confine it rigidly to the purpose of illustration; and we will venture to predict a happier result to his future labours, than is likely to follow from the present attempt. We feel considerable hesitation in recommending original composition, not merely from our sense of the superior genius

genius it requires, but from certain suspicions, founded on a perusal of the Notes, that, to sail in safety, Mr Hodgson must steer by the rudder and compass of another man's thoughts.

ART. IV. *Lectures on the truly Eminent English Poets.* By Percival Stockdale. Printed for the Author, and sold by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme. 2 vol. large 8vo. Price one guinea in boards. 1807.

WHATEVER truth there may be in the assertion, that none but a poet should criticize a poet, we are nevertheless extremely happy to meet now and then with dissertations on poetry in sober prose; for most of our modern bards, as if they were afraid that posterity would not take the trouble to be their commentators, have enshrined themselves in their own annotations.

The author before us seems to have written the greater part of these remarks at a time when the subjects of criticism, on which he enters, excited a livelier interest than they do at present in the public mind. More than half of his pages is devoted to the refutation of Dr Johnson's heretical dogmas on the merits of our best writers. There was a time when no true admirer of Milton or Gray could speak without a rapture of indignation of Johnson's blasphemies against those poets. We know not if any duels were fought in that fashionable controversy, as they were in the course of another, which did not long precede it, in this part of the island, viz. the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots; but if blood was not spilt, a great deal of gall was generated. Nearly coeval with these, was the Rowleyan controversy, concerning the authenticity of the poems produced by Chatterton. On this subject also, Mr Stockdale has taken the field with as much ardour as we should now expect in a writer on the Catholic question, or the expedition to Copenhagen. On both questions, whether as the adversary of Johnson or of Miller and Bryant, Mr Stockdale appears to us rather impetuous as an advocate; yet generally, and with good feelings, in the right. We are only afraid this ingenuous veteran will find the public interest not so warm as his own. Johnson's true glory will live for ever; his violent prejudices have already lost their authority. The refutation of his errors, therefore, is not now called for. Of all that was ever written against him, there is but one worthy of being preserved as a literary curiosity; we mean the continuation of his criticism on Gray's Elegy, being an admirable imitation of his style, and a temperate caricature of the unfairness of his strictures. Still, however, though

though the names and fashions of our literary controversies have changed, there is much matter in these lectures of a general and imperishable interest.

The series of Mr Stockdale's Eminent Poets commences with Spencer. In going further back, in point of date, than Johnson, his plan is commendable. Spencer, however antiquated his style, is certainly the earliest of our modern English poets. Surrey and Wyatt, though they are found in the mighty chasm that occurs in our poetical history between Chaucer and Spencer, and though they are sufficiently intelligible to be called modern, are still not sufficiently great to stand as the leaders of a new dynasty. The metaphysical school, who succeeded Spencer and Shakespeare, were unworthy to stand in Johnson's list as the only surviving predecessors of Milton.

The outlines of Spencer's poetical character are pretty faithfully drawn by our author, though, as he duly acknowledges, with ample obligations to the labours of a preceding critic, Warton. The principal circumstance which seems to have debarred Spencer from attaining, as he has certainly approached the throne of poetical excellence, seem to be the excessive wildness of that machinery which he has adopted from the more extravagant of the Italian schools, from Ariosto, and not from Tasso. Under this may perhaps be included the fault of his excessive allegory and personification, which associates personified abstract ideas and human beings at the battle as well as the banquet, to the exclusion of even that faint consistency which fable ought to preserve. The form of his stanza has been pronounced by many critics to be tedious and monotonous. Our author confesses that he does not think so; and yet he supposes that it is owing to the shackles of this stanza, that the poetry of Spencer has been loaded with so many passages of languor, tautology, and violated grammar. Undoubtedly the stanza of Spencer is less easily constructed in our language than in Italian; but none of the faults of Spencer can be justly attributed to the form of his metre. It is by far the richest and the sweetest of our measures. More definite than blank verse, it admits both of simplicity and magnificence of sound and language. Without the terseness of unvaried rhyme, a measure unfitted to long narration, it is sufficiently uniform to please the ear, and sufficiently various to protract the pleasure. Spencer owes his languid lines merely to the careless taste of an age which set no value on condensed expression. Without disrespect to our truly majestic measure of blank verse, let some of the rich passages in Spencer, or of the Castle of Indolence, be produced,—those passages especially of the Fairy Queen, in which Spencer's genius has put forth a diligent hand,

and

and we shall find, that the melody and the pomp of this measure, while it accords with the humbler, gives dignity to the loftiest conceptions. When the difficulty of any measure is such as to occasion more restraint in overcoming it than effect when it is overcome, that measure may be called a shackle upon genius. But where so much effect is produced, the difficulty that is overcome becomes a triumph to genius, and the restraint operates like those obstacles of oblique pressure in mechanics, which ultimately augment the impetus of projectile bodies, though, for a while, they seemed to oppose it. But, in truth, if we except the unfortunate adoption of extravagantly allegorical machinery, the few imperfections of Spencer seem to arise from his carelessness. The life of man was not sufficient to have wrought up to classical purity so much composition as he has left behind him. Profusion was the fault of his bountiful genius, as prolixity was that of his minor contemporaries. It was the custom to write much on the minutest subject; and though the fertile mind of Spencer precludes that profusion which gives words without ideas, still there is an accumulation of characters, events, speeches and descriptions, which bewilder the reader, not so much with enchantment, as confusion. The story of the Fairy Queen is more like a succession of triumphal arches, than a regular building. We pass on with admiration and delight; but yet both are occasionally cooled by the labyrinthical irregularity of the design. We miss that regular subserviency of minor events and characters to those which are great and important, which constitutes the charm of a perfect story, whether we call it Epic, or by any other appellation. The characters are in vain varied from each other by a charming verisimilitude and fidelity to human nature. They are in vain elevated to the most heroic scale of excellence to produce that entire interest, of which Spencer's genius could not otherwise have failed. Superlative heroes and peerless beauties are crowded upon us in such numbers, that we lose sight of them in the blaze of each other. Had Spencer lived later in the days of poetry, there is every reason to suppose he would have simplified his plan, and condensed the versification of his poem. In a poem of a few hundred pages, the stanza would not seem monotonous; in one, amounting to thousands of pages, blank verse itself would at least wear us out.

Let it not be held sacrilegious that these remarks are made on a name so justly revered by Englishmen; on one who, if Chaucer be called the day-star, may certainly be pronounced the sun-rise of our poetry. What shall we think of that romantic poem, which, with all the faults of its structure and careless execution,

it

is still the wonder of a third century, and the fountain from which our great poets of the last age imbibed their inspiration most deeply. We shall give, however, the praises of Spencer in our author's own language.

'When I sit down to read Spencer, (I presume not to determine with what preparation of the mind he should be read by others), I never think of tracing his allegory. I only wish to involve the animated and glowing page before me. I forget this world, and am transported to the bright and variegated regions of imagination. His descriptions are presented with such insinuating eloquence, and with such a force of colouring, that even his figures of a grotesque wildness must please those who are most pleased with chaster beauties. You view pictures drawn by the hand of a master, endowed with contrasted talents,—the mild and beaming skies of Lorraine, the rude and tangled precipices of Salvador Rosa. And though his heroes are the heroes of chivalry and romance, you are often entertained and interested with striking examples of the real nature of man,—of what comes home to social and domestic life. All the passions of the human breast he exhibits with their characteristic features and emotions, particularly the most universally active and powerful of our passions, love. It is remarked by the best critics, that he is particularly powerful in the plaintive and pathetic strain. The truth of this observation is evinced in many passages of the Fairy Queen, and in those of his smaller poems, which are expressly elegiac.' Vol. I. p. 27.

The subject of the next Lecture is Shakespeare; of whom it seems difficult to say any thing that has not been said before—a difficulty which Mr Stockdale has not overcome. Of Shakespeare's minor poems he thinks unfavourably; an opinion with which the reasonable worshippers of our greatest bard are likely to coincide. All the praise that can be given to those pieces for which his contemporaries gratuitously called him the honey-tongued Shakespeare, is, that they are bad resemblances of the heaviest passages of Spencer. But, when we compare the dramatic style of Shakespeare with the descriptive of Spencer, it is then that we are conscious how rich the age of Elizabeth was, which at once contained two such masters, so high in their degree, yet so different in the species of their merit. In Spencer, we see, as it were, the painter; in Shakespeare the statuary, of imitated nature. Instead of the rich and highly-coloured style of Spencer, so peculiarly suited to description, Shakespeare presents us with the simple and complete imitation of naked nature. His style, therefore (unless where it suits pedantic characters, or complies with his own occasional love of latinizing the meaning of words), is more like the language of life, varying from the ludicrous to the sublime with the characters who address us. Shakespeare is more eminently the poet of nature; he brings nature more palpably before us; his imitation is nearer.

Among other remarks by no means original we are told, that

invention is one of the grand characteristics of Shakespeare; that no poet ever possessed this faculty in a more fertile or vigorous degree; and we are taught to discriminate between the poetical gifts of invention and imagination. 'The inventive poet (says Mr Stockdale) signalizes himself by combining remoter images. Such a writer is emphatically the Ποιητης, the poet, the maker, almost the creator. Yet,

"What can we reason but from what we know?"

'This question, unanswerable as it seems, he answers by immediately subjoining, 'The inventive or creative genius sometimes disdains the walk of man; nay, it will not be limited by the various, the vast, and the apparently unbounded region of nature.' He then gives the wierd sisters, the airy dagger, and the enchanted island, as the wonderful, the charming, or the striking productions of Shakespeare's *invention*; 'the finest assemblage of objects (he continues) which have obeyed the common and established laws of nature. Human characters, however forcibly or humorously drawn, I beg permission to class with the works of imagination. Caliban and Prospero, according to this distinction, are the boast of Shakespeare's invention; Shylock and Falstaff those of his imagination.' All this distinction appears to us superfluous. To divide invention from imagination, seems to be merely dividing the included from the including term. 'Imagination (as the most luminous of moral philosophers has described it) is a complex power;* it includes conception, or simple apprehension, which enables us to form a notion of those former objects of perception, or of knowledge, out of which we are to make a selection; abstraction, which separates the selected materials from the qualities and circumstances which are connected with them in nature; and judgment and taste directs their combination. To these powers we may add, that particular habit of association to which we give the name of fancy, as it is this which presents to our choice all the different materials which are subservient to the efforts of imagination, and which may therefore be considered as forming the groundwork of poetical genius.'

Now, this description of imagination will apply with equal propriety to Shakespeare's enchanted island, and to his character of Falstaff, leaving no greater merit to his supernatural than his mortal agents. In fact, in point of consummate excellence, the character of Falstaff, though human, is more truly original than that of the monster himself. He found materials for both in the characters of men, and in their reigning superstitions. We may allow poetry to boast, in her own language, of him who 'exhausted worlds,

* Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

worlds, and then imagined new.' But, in reality, the new worlds could only be made up of the elements supplied by the old. For Caliban, as well as Falstaff, the materials were ready to his hand. The component parts of the latter abounded in common life. The materials of the monstrous character abounded in the floating legends of the age; an age, when the names and offices of familiar spirits were as familiar to the ear, and as well believed, as those of human beings;—an age, in which the reigning monarch wrote a treatise on the horns and tail of the devil. To the Rosicrucian philosophy we are indebted for the nominal machinery of the inimitable tragedy of the Tempest; though to Shakespeare we are indebted for all that genius could do with such machinery. Nor is it improbable, that, in some of those legends of Italian fable, from which so many of his plays are derived, he found the very name and offices of his admired Caliban, the witch's bastard by the rape of a demon *.

We are next presented with two whole lectures on Milton. In the first, our lecturer engages to demonstrate, 'with almost mathematical precision, that Milton is the first, because the most sublime of all poets.' The steps of Mr Stockdale's demonstration, however, appear to us more of a legal than a mathematical nature. He subpœnas two witnesses to character; Addison is one; Johnson the other. Addison's evidence is wholly favourable: John-

* 'I was informed, (says Mr Warton, speaking of an old romance, Aurelio and Isabella); I was informed, by the late Mr Collins of Chichester, that Shakespeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on this favourite romance. But although this information has not proved true, on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel; at least, that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity, than judgment and industry; but his memory failing, in his last calamitous indisposition, probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance, which may lead to a discovery, that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, who had bound a spirit, like Ariel, to obey his call, and perform his services. It was a common pretence of the dealers in occult sciences, to have a demon at command. At least, Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplication being the grand object of alchymy. Taken at large, the magical part of the Tempest is founded in that sort of philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistic mysteries, with which the learned Jews had infected this science.'

Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 478.

son's is partly unfavourable; but, by skilful cross-questioning, he is made to contradict himself. He then triumphantly exclaims to Johnson, 'Out of thine own mouth I will condemn thee.' The glaring inconsistences of Johnson, do indeed convict him; but this, in law, would only set aside the credibility of his evidence. In criticism it is a two-edged argument; it invalidates the faith of his praise as well as of his censure. I object to the sincerity of Dr Johnson's censure, says the worshipper of Milton, because I can confront them with his praises. And I object to his praises, the assailant of Milton's merit will reply, because I can confront them with his censures. This proves that the merits of poets are to be debated on their own grounds, not *merely* on the critical authorities for or against them.

Let us admit, however, that Milton's greatness is established by such judicial process,—established it surely is by the testimony which every mind alive to the beautiful and the great will bear to his genius: still, we object to the truth of our lecturer's text, that Milton is the greatest of all poets; or, to adopt the still wilder words of his declamation, 'that all other poets *are babies* compared to him.' The claim to this supremacy is founded on Milton's sublimity; and the following definition of sublimity is subjoined. 'I shall endeavour,' says Mr Stockdale, 'to give a comprehensive and clear idea, or definition, of that capital species of writing. To write then with sublimity, is to chuse the greatest or the most splendid, or the most awful, existing or imaginable objects, and to express or display them with a corresponding propriety, force, and majesty of expression.' Now, we object, with great deference, to the clearness of this definition; for it tells us no more than that sublime writers chuse great subjects, and write with great dignity upon them. Nor can we admit sublimity to be called a *species* of writing, as if it were the epic, the tragic, or the pastoral; it is a quality, not a species of writing; it is a quality, too, which comprehends considerable varieties. The sublime in splendour of conception, in pomp of language, in description of prodigious things, is Milton's. Analogies are unsafe illustrations, but the reader of Milton has probably felt from his influence, an impression quite analogous to that elevating pleasure which cartoon paintings of the first masters excite. Nothing can exceed, in the quality of sublime, those pictures of the fallen angels in their march over Hell, and in their council of Pandemonium. Nothing, in beauty or sublimity, can exceed (we shall say generally) the first six books of the Paradise Lost. But this excellence, this sublimity, and this beauty which nothing eclipses, does not necessarily eclipse all other excellence. Milton's glory may consist in his

his subject: that subject has certainly afforded his genius ample room for some of the finest scenes and finest passages of human writing. But the common testimony of mankind permits us to say, without fear of being called presumptuous, that, as a whole, Paradise Lost is deficient in interest; that the last six books do most palpably fall off; and, that the warfare between God and his creatures is a constant bar to our sympathy with either victor or vanquished, and annihilates, what is the soul of pleasure in poetical narration, curiosity. These expressions are not Johnsonian cavils; they contain *all* that can be fairly said in objection to Milton, and nothing more. How much still remains to excite our veneration! Allowing therefore to Milton every praise that can be pronounced on those passages, and even entire books, where the agents of his poem, his speeches and conception of character are sublime; still, this quality of sublimity, does not absorb all excellence. The state of fancy excited by it, is not, by its nature, suited for long possession of the human mind. It keeps its faculties on the utmost stretch; it is of itself but a single quality: and though it does not exist in Milton, any more than in other great poets, unconnected with the beautiful and pathetic; yet, if it be assumed as the ground of Milton's claim to supremacy in poetry, we are entitled to say, that a certain union of other constituent qualities of a poet, are, collectively, paramount to its greatness. The opinion which, we make bold to say, the world at large maintain, is, that the aggregate of all the poetical qualities of Shakespeare is superior to that of Milton's,—including his sublimity and every other claim to admiration.

If the epic poet be sublime, so is our great tragedian. We do not pretend to divide the general term sublime with unnecessary distinction; yet, when we say that Shakespeare is sublime, we must speak more of his merit in the aggregate than judging him by detached passages. His sublimity is more strong than brilliant; it lies more in effect than in perceptible manner. It is like listening to an orator, of whose powers of persuasion we are not fully conscious till he has finished his discourse. When we peruse the dialogue of his dramas, so much of the familiar occurs in his language, that the triumph over our sympathies seems to be obtained without an effort of the poet. The design of Milton to dazzle us with splendid, and overwhelm us with great images, is always obvious. Milton has all the ensigns and regalia of sovereign genius; Shakespeare all the power and prerogative. Let us recur to an instance of the sublime in Shakespeare, and it will illustrate this distinction. Take the scene of Macbeth relating his murder of Duncan to Lady Macbeth. 'There's one did

laugh in his sleep, and one cried murder.'—The dialogue commencing with this line, has no passage, which, taken separately, and read to a person unacquainted with the play, would seem a a specimen of sublime composition; yet, the effect of the whole, when we read the play, is sublime; it is like something more than human language. If the terrors of the tragic muse be not sublime, by what name shall we call them? Let us again suppose it possible to find a person susceptible of poetical impressions, who had not read Milton, and we should have no difficulty, in every page, to quote such sentences as would strike him, though read unconnectedly, with wonder and delight;—such lines as the description of Satan and his peers. 'He spoke, and to confirm his words outflew millions of flaming swords,' &c. But let such a reader, even warm and fresh from the bright wonders of Paradise Lost, submit his feelings to the influence of some of Shakespeare's best tragedies, and the result, we think, will be, that, judging by collective effect, by creation of character, by vivid imitation of nature, and by combined and general tests of genius, he will award the superiority to Shakespeare.

Nor would this judgment be formed exclusively on the creative originality of our dramatic master. Without reference to their comparative power over the passions of terror and pity, let the testimony of mankind decide, which of the two poets is richer in those sentences which contain as it were the pith, the quintessence, the condensed originality, which might serve for the texts of volumes, for the motto of every situation in life. Is the poet from whom it has been emphatically said, 'that philosophers might learn wisdom and courtiers politeness,' is this poet one of the babies compared to Milton?

In the praise of Milton's minor poems, our author is deservedly enthusiastic. There is one piece which has escaped his eulogy, and which, from being omitted in many editions of Milton's works, is less popularly known than its extreme majesty and picturesque beauty seem to deserve. We allude to the speech of the Genius of the Wood in the Arcades.

For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets, quaint and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapors chill,
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites:

When

When evening grey doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumbering leaves, or taſſell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words and murmurs made to bleſs:
But elſe, in deep of night, when drowſineſs
Hath lock'd up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial Syrens' harmony,
That ſit upon the nine enfolded ſpheres,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the fatal ſheers,
And turn the adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound:
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſic lie,
To lull the daughters of Neceſſity,
And keep unſteady nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none may hear
Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear.' &c. &c.

The rich and diversified merits of Dryden, form, as our author justly remarks, not an abrupt descent from the sublimity of Milton. Whether we recollect him as a lyric, a narrative, dramatic, political, or satyrical poet, or as a translator, the name of Dryden summons up recollections of excellence. The union of critical with poetical power; the vigour and the hale manliness of expression which for ever look fresh in his sentences and lines; the majestic force without harshness, and the perfect and downright English of Dryden's style, entitle him to this great succession, and perhaps rank him in merit the fourth after Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton, of English poets. If, indeed, we could forget Otway, there would be no need of qualifying this opinion; but the pathos of Otway, after all, as it stands single in competition with the infinite varieties of Dryden's merit, allow us rather to suggest, than to dwell upon a doubt of their comparative rank. Nor is there to be found, in all the treasures of biography, a life more interesting than Dryden's. In the midst of all its alloy, his genius commands our admiration, as his character, though degraded by several imperfections, attaches our regard. The life of Otway, imperfectly as it is given, exhibits a mind of finer sensibility, sinking under adversity. Dryden's teems with interest and with instruction. While the few and venial spots which poverty left upon his fame, may afford a lesson to the wisest, and a caution to the weakest; his unassuming modesty, his fortitude, his industry, and his high spirit, will teach no less improving an example. His creative powers are less by far than

those of his great poetical predecessors; yet he enlarged the empire of poetry. He applied it with grace and effect to subjects which had never before been thought susceptible of its beauties; and he did so, without either raising his subjects to an undue importance, or degrading his poetry, by bringing it down to meet his subject. Polemical religion and politics, the least obviously adapted for such embellishments, came from his hands with attractions unknown before or since. The constitutional blemishes of his Hind and Panther, form, it is true, one exception to this merit; but, even in that production, there are nervous passages; and his Religio Laici more than atones for all the defects of its sister poem. The criticism of Pope is but an echo of his critical poetry. Indeed, in his critical canons, he reminds us of the primitive lawgivers, who passed their ordonnances in verse, and whose ordonnances have continued to be obeyed when reduced by others to familiar prose. For, common as the truths which he uttered are now become, we owe them traditionally to him. We find them, no doubt, even in Blair; but Dryden first promulged them.

As a political poet, he is without a rival, and without a second. Before we censure the scriptural obscurity of Absalom and Achitophel, let us recollect the scriptural knowledge of the age in which he wrote, when every Bible name and fact was familiar to every reader,—let us recollect, also, the fine advantage which his genius drew from masking his satyre behind this allegorical parallel. As the poetical criticism in general, so the poetical satyre in particular, of Dryden, was the prototype of Pope's. The Dunciad prolonged, without magnifying, the triumph of talent over dulness. We should quote our lecturer's characteristic remarks on Dryden's translation as the best specimen, in our apprehension, of his notice of this poet, were there not already commentaries on those performances more valuable than ever were written on translated poetry. These are found in Dryden's own prefaces and dedications. A more perfect essay on translation, or a finer discrimination of the antient poets, does not exist, than in his preface to a miscellany of translations from Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In the variety of his translations, unequal as they are in merit, a complete preference is still difficult, from the number of rival beauties; but those of Horace are perhaps his masterpieces. The enviable sensations of a fortunate individual, have been well described by an eloquent writer, who, descending into the new-discovered ruins of Pompeii, found the Roman senator in his robes, whose body had been preserved with almost the semblance of life for fifteen hundred years. There is a pleasure analogous to this, in perusing some passages of Dryden's Horace; but something more than dead antiquity is there restored. We have not the

dust,

dust, but the soul of Horace; no affected adaptation of antient expressions to modern usages; nothing of that smart dressing out of an antient statue in the modern costume, which so much disfigures Pope's, and, it must be owned also, many of Dryden's translations. The language of antiquity is changed, but not its simplicity. How much the nature and sprightliness of the '*Vides ut alta stet nive Candidum,*' is preserved in the ode which concludes with these lines!

'The appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again—
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.'

Nor has lyric poetry, if we except the memorable ode from Hafiz by Sir William Jones, found a happier transfusion from one language into another, than in many lines of the 29th ode of the Second Book.

'Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of his office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life:
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away;
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned,' &c. &c.

We should have wished to see these, or similar passages of this poet given by Mr Stockdale, not to the exclusion of those which he has inserted, but in preference to some of his own digressions, which astonish us—but not with delight. It would be invidious to quote at full length; but we cannot help wondering, that a passage like that in the 269th page of his first volume, should come from any writer who has taste, spirit, and polite information enough to collect remarks on English literature. In this extraordinary page, Mr Stockdale supposes himself, even in presence of his belles-lettres audience, speaking face to face with the departed spirit of Dryden. In this supposed phantasmagoria, he begins, 'Few men have contributed so largely as you (Dryden) to the poetical improvement of your country;' and, after a prefatory compliment, he proceeds to inform Dryden, that a celebrated writer rose among

us (who at the end of two pages is discovered to be Dr Johnson); that this writer wrote lives of the poets, which gave to him (Mr Stockdale) offence in many exceptionable passages; but that the public swallowed his dogmas with avidity, and that numerous biographers published his (Dr Johnson's) life. This horrible address to the spirit of Dryden lasts for several pages. We beseech Mr Stockdale to extirpate it from his book, whenever it comes to a second edition; and if his friends do not give him the same advice, we shall think that his zeal and good intentions have fewer friends than they deserve. Without meaning disrespect to Mr Stockdale, by far the best part of the notice of Dryden is what he quotes from Johnson, because he quotes the best of Johnson; and the general survey of Dryden's merit is more impartially executed by that great critic, than his general character of any other poet.

Dryden is one of those poets on whose faults and inequalities it is fair to dwell as a matter of truth; but for the interests and promotion of good taste, and for the sake of warning to young writers, it is not so necessary. The reason is, that, though a poet trained by discipline, and formed upon rules, he is still a most natural writer; his faults are those of carelessness, not of bad taste: hence they are obvious, and not alluringly dangerous, like the systematic affectations of poets, who err from inherent or acquired corruption. If we except his partiality to rhyming tragedies, there seems no distinguishable fault in his poetical creed. When minds of this kind are impelled by want, or betrayed by impatience, to publish their crudities and errors, however numerous, they are not apt to assume the shape of imposing errors. It is the *dulcia vitia* of system, and laborious polish, which are apt to perplex and betray an inexperienced taste. But the chaff and the corn of Dryden are easily separable. Where he offends, he offends as boldly as he pleases. Equivocal passages may be found; but ambiguity is as seldom his fault in merit as in meaning. But with all its high endowments, the poetical mind of Dryden was far short of even limited and frail human perfection. He wants one of the chief characteristics of genius, a tender and pathetic mind. The power (as Johnson observes) which predominated in his intellectual operations, was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. On all occasions that were presented, he rather studied than felt; and produced sentiments, not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions as they spring separately in the mind, he seems not much acquainted; and seldom describes them, but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life. What he says of love, may contribute to the explanation of his character.

'Love

'Love various minds does variously inſpire,
It ſtirs in gentle boſoms gentle fire,
Like that of incenſe on the altar laid:
But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade;
A fire which every windy paſſion blows,
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.'

Dryden's was not one of the gentle bosoms: Love, as it subsists in itself, but with no tendency but to the person loved, and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such love as shuts out all other interest—the love of the golden age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it, but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or obstructed by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

Pope is naturally introduced as the successor of Dryden. His character is thus given by our lecturer.

'In comparing and eſtimating different poets of the firſt claſs, we ought to obſerve ſomething like mathematical accuracy,—we ought to weigh the whole aggregate of their reſpective merits. In making comparative eſtimates, with this juſtice to Pope, we ſhould find in him ſo many, and ſo apparently incompatible excellences, that we ſhould deem the poſſible and eternal privation of his works as great a ſingle loſs as could happen to the republic of letters. Of what a melancholy and irreparable chaſm, among the poetical ornaments of England, would feeling hearts be ſenſible, if the Abelard to Eloiſa could be loſt! This poem is quite unrivalled in the antient and modern world: it conſiſts of three hundred and ſixty lines, and every line is ſuperlatively elegant, harmonious, and pathetic. This obſervation is not applicable to any other poem of ſuch a length; but this is not its only glorious ſingularity. The hopes, the fears, the wiſhes, the raptures and the agonies of love, were never ſo naturally and forcibly impreſſed on the ſoul by any other eloquence, if we except Rouſſeau.'

Pope is an excellent poet; but this is not a way to lecture on his merits. This is the common-place language, which every miss at a boarding-school could utter, if she had the boldness to acknowledge having read Eloisa to Abelard. Yet we have sought in vain for a more rational and discriminate eulogy on the favourite poet of the last century. The poem of Eloisa does indeed glow with the finer fires of passion and of feeling. It is his great work; but he is much indebted to Ovid for many of its beauties. There is much in Sappho to Phaon of which Eloisa's warmest and most enchanting passages remind us. Had Mr Stockdale told us, that Eloisa to Abelard is the finest of English love-epistles, we should not make any exception to the expression; had he called it the finest of all epistles antient or modern, we should have at least understood him; but what he means by saying, it is

absolutely

absolutely unrivalled in antient or modern times, is by no means so easily comprehended. Is it superior to the fourth book of Virgil's Æneid? is it superior to every thing of every kind in the poetical treasures of Greece and Rome? Were a parallel started between this epistle and some of the finest passages in antiquity, we have no doubt that Mr Stockdale would decide with as little hesitation, and probably with as much justice, as he devotes Homer to contempt, and all his pedantic admirers. But a modest man is slow in giving, and a reasonable man in believing, these decisions on comparison of old and new writings, especially against the antients. We shall not therefore believe, either that Homer is inferior to Milton, or that Pope's Eloisa is superior to every thing antient, merely on Mr Stockdale's assertion, till we ascertain with better certainty that he is competent to draw the comparison. To estimate Pope's value as a poet, by 'the melancholy chasm, of which feeling hearts would be sensible, if Eloisa's epistle were lost,' we confess, exceeds our computing faculty. Our lecturer may have clearer notions on the subject; but there is something in the supposition which perplexes and confuses us. If the feeling hearts recollected the poem, then, it could not be lost; and if it was totally lost and forgotten, then they could not be aware that there was any thing so good to lament for.

We are told that Pope unites those excellences which are apparently incompatible. Now, superlative terms should always be used with caution, but above all when speaking of such a poet as Pope. He is one to be measured by no mean standard. What is good in his poetical character, is greatly good; so that, to match one acknowledged quality, that which we bring to prove his uniting with it another great quality, should be striking indeed. Our lecturer has, as usual, left those apparently incompatible excellences undefined. Correctness, which distinguishes Pope as one great excellence, is united with his shrewdness, his wit, and his common sense. There is nothing in these qualities apparently incompatible with correctness. The poetical quality, which we should least expect to see united with correctness, is that daring luxuriance of fancy or association which distinguishes Spencer or Shakespeare, and which is found even in Dryden in no scanty degree. But neither this romantic fancy, nor extreme pathos, nor sublimity of the very first order, are discoverable in Pope.

In the midst of this chapter, however unwilling we may be to submit to the universal authority of Dr Johnson, yet it is quite refreshing to meet with passages of his better sense and more dispassionate decisions, which our author quotes. The sentences of Johnson stand indeed with peculiar advantage, in this insulated situation;

tuation; and Mr Stockdale is entitled to the same sort of gratitude which we feel to a dull landlord who has invited us to dine with an interesting visitor. In fact, after the one has bewildered us, the other puts us right. It is not easy to add to what Johnson has said; still less should we presume to take away from the truly admirable summary of Pope's character which he has drawn. But when we assent to the opinions of a superior mind, we generally find its utterance so conveyed, that we can assent in a qualified manner, where assent is, on the whole, due, and yet find room for some partial distinction of our own. 'If Pope is not a poet, (says Johnson), where is poetry to be found?' This is certainly true; for though the forte of Pope be neither pathos, sublimity, nor daring originality, yet that he moves the affections, approaches to majesty of thought, and possesses much of his own creation, who shall deny? The indiscriminate praise of our author is, that Pope united apparently inconsistent excellences. Dr Johnson touches off his picture more rationally, by saying, that he had, in proportions very nicely suited to each other, all the qualities which constitute genius. The excellences of Pope were adjusted by proportion to each other, and not incompatible qualities. 'He had invention, (Dr Johnson continues), by which new trains of ideas are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the Rape of the Lock; or extrinsic embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the Essay on Criticism.' The adaptation of his Rosicrucian machinery in the Rape of the Lock, is indeed an inventive and happy creation, in the limited sense of the word, to which all poetical creation must be restricted. There is no finer gem than this poem in all the *lighter* treasures of English fancy. Compared with any other mock-heroic in our language, it shines in pure supremacy for elegance, completeness, point and playfulness. It is an epic poem in that delightful miniature which diverts us by its mimicry of greatness, and yet astonishes by the beauty of its parts, and the fairy brightness of its ornaments. In its kind, it is matchless; but still it is but mock-heroic, and depends, in some measure, for effect on a ludicrous reference in our own minds to the veritable heroics whose solemnity it so wittily affects. His aerial puppets of divinity,—his sylphs and gnomes, and his puppet heroes and heroines,—the beaux and belles of high life, required rather a subtle than a strong hand to guide them through the mazes of poetry. Among inventive poets, this single poem will place him high. But if our language contains any true heroic creations of fancy, the agents of Spencer's and Milton's machinery will always claim a superior dignity to their Lilliputian counterfeits.

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'He had imagination, Johnson observes, which enables him to convey to the reader the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his Elosia, his Windsor Forest, and his Ethic Epistles.' It is true that Pope's imagination could convey the forms of nature; yet many poets have looked upon nature much less through a medium than Pope, and have seen her and painted her in less artificial circumstances. The landscapes of Pope are either such as the tourist would sketch within ten miles of London; or, if he attempts more enchanting scenery, he gives, by his vague and general epithets, only the picture of a picture; he writes more by rote than by conception, like a man who saw nature through the medium of the classics, and not with the naked eye. In vain we shall search his Pastorals, or Windsor Forest, for such a landscape as surrounds the Castle of Indolence, the Bower of Eden, or the inimitable Hermitage of Beattie.

Without defining the picturesque, we all feel that it is a charm in poetry seldom applicable to Pope. In the knowledge and description of refined life, Pope is the mirror of his times. He saw through human character as it rose in the living manners of his age, with the eye of a judge and a satyrist; and he must be fond of exceptions, who should say that such a satyrist did not understand human nature. Yet, when we use the trite phrase of Shakespeare understanding human nature, we mean something greatly more extensive than when we apply the same praise to Pope. From the writings of the former, we learn the secrets of the human heart, as it subsists in all ages, independent of the form and pressure of the times. From Pope we learn its foibles and peculiarities in the 18th century. We have men and women described by Shakespeare; by Pope we have the ladies and gentlemen of England. Whatever distinctions of mental expression and physiognomy the latter delineates, we see those distinctions, whether leaning to vice or virtue, originate partly in nature, but still more in the artificial state of society. The standard of his ridicule and morality, is for ever connected with fashion and polite life. Amidst all his wit, it has been the feeling of many in reading him, that we miss the venerable simplicity of the poet, in the smartness of the gentleman. To this effect, the tune of his versification certainly contributes. Without entering into an inquiry whether his practice of invariably closing up the sense completely within the couplet is right or wrong, it is clear that Pope has made the melody of his general measure as perfect as it can be made by exactness: whether a slight return to negligence, might not be preferable to the very acmè of smoothness which

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he has chosen, is a subject which, interesting as it is, we will not now encroach on the reader's patience by examining.

The epistle of Eloisa evinces his knowledge of one passion, and his feeling of it to have been genuine. It is possibly a fair inference from this, that his poetical sympathy could have followed with the same success any other of the leading passions or their combinations, and exhibited a picture of the human heart, (in Epic poetry for instance,) under the influence of other emotions and situations, with the same bold originality as he has pourtrayed Eloisa. We state this as a fair doubt, from reverence to so great a name, and because the boundaries of a short article make us distrust our power of exactly justifying a contradiction. But, with deference, we state our opinion, that Pope, from his writings, appears to know human nature more as a satyrist than a man of feeling; that none of his writings (least of all his elegy on an unfortunate lady) demonstrate power in the pathetic; that a gay life, of high polish and conversation, while it brightened his wit, and pointed his shrewdness, probably diminished the reflective energy of his mind, and made him more observant of foibles than of passions, of manners than of nature in the abstract. There is one sacred passion which nature has ordained to be independent of fashion and artificial manners, for its eternal vehemence. Hence, the poet who may have been limited in observing other secrets of the human bosom, by the greatest bane to originality, an intercourse with the narrow limits of the fashionable world, may even, with that disadvantage, observe and paint the omnipotence of love in all its greatness and simplicity. After all, we should rather forego this theory, than the pleasure of reading the works of our great modern; so that we piously hope Mr Stockdale's melancholy test of his merit, their eternal and irreparable loss, will never be resorted to.

From the higher region of poetry, our lecturer seems sensible that he is coming down a considerable step when he proceeds to Young. His general character of him will be acknowledged to be just.

'Nature had beſtowed on Young an exuberant, vigorous and original genius. It was boundleſs in its verſatility; it was inexhauſtible in its reſources. But its uncommon and ſplendid qualities were darkened and diſhonoured by their oppoſite characteriſtics. He has left us many proofs that he could be extremely injudicious; his taſte was extremely vitiated. He often tires us with what I can term no better than poetical tricks or legerdemain. He is apt to prolong a forcible and ſhining thought to its debility and its death, by an Ovidian redundance and puerility; and he ſeems to have exerted the whole ſtretch and graſp of his mind to unite remote images and thoughts, which could never have been aſſociated but by the moſt elaborate affectation. By an overheated fancy breaking

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through every pale of judgement, he ſometimes loſes himſelf in fuſtian, when he imagines that he has attained ſublimity.'

In one respect, our author puts us in mind of a rower in a boat; he looks one way and proceeds another. In Young we find him treating of Pope, and in Thomson looking back upon Young. A Johnson, or a Croft, are ever and anon present to receive some castigation; and are seemingly thrown in his way, that he may have the pleasure of kicking them out of it. His remarks on Young are, nevertheless, in general judicious, except where he praises the minor poems of that author. The prose of Young is clearly and happily described by the frequent manliness of its originality, and its grotesque and whimsical decorations.

With higher genius, and with a milder spirit of religion, Thomson adorned the contemporary age of Young, and drew from that, as from the succeeding, a deeper admiration. Whether the object of poetry be to please, or to mend the heart, either definition will suit the muse of Thomson. His inspiration awakens, and almost creates anew, that moral sense which polished life, and the petty agitations of artificial society, are most apt to obliterate, viz. the sense of beauty in external nature; a principle on which so much innocence and happiness depend. Other poets have shown us choice scenes of nature; Thomson leads us abroad to look at her whole horizon, and all her vicissitudes. He gives us (we might almost say) a separate and new enthusiasm for the beauties of creation, which, in other poets, we only feel by occasions, as the scenery is connected with some transient action or event. When we consider the nature of this moral charm in the author of the Seasons, we find a reason for his popularity exceeding that of all other poets, even those who are not his inferiors in genius. The narrative and dramatic poets, who appeal to the more tumultuous and palpable passions, depend on curiosity for the delight we find in them. When the story is told, or the drama wound up, it is difficult to bring our curiosity fresh to their perusal. But the Seasons present to us imitations of nature, which the eye delights not merely to revisit, but to rest and to muse upon. In the placid and still nature of the objects, we have time to gather a multitude of associations. There is scarce a reader of Thomson, whose own mind will not furnish recollections in proof of this. The features of nature, in Thomson's description, are without vagueness or indistinctness, but still general, and applicable, by association, to the particular scenery which is freshest and pleasantest in the actual remembrance of every individual among the million who read him. All descriptive poetry, it is true, possesses, to a certain degree, this charm of general applicability to individual association; but it could be easi-

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ly proved, that an event and an agent, by being more particular themselves, lose, in generality of association, what they gain to the reader in curiosity and interest. This will not prove that Thomson's poetry yields more intense delight in the present perusal, than others of high merit; but, by the calmness and permanence of the pleasure, it accounts for our recurring to it so often.

Amidst the profuse and noble praise which Johnson has lavished upon this poet, Mr Stockdale seems highly offended that he should have ventured to hint at a blemish. Yet, surely, for the sake of taste, and, above all, for the sake of preserving poetical style free from the most dangerous, because the most fascinating fault, florid and excessive ornament, it may be said, with all reverence to Thomson, that he is frequently too exuberant, and fills the ear rather than the mind. Many of his epithets are barren blossoms, gaudy, but unprofitable. Yet, if faults are to be found, they ought also to be distinguished. The faults of Thomson, whether useless epithets, or occasional redundance, are not great defects in his poetry. He never provokes us, like Young, with disgust at fustian or nonsense. When Thomson sacrifices a thought to false taste, he only dresses the victim in flowers, and leads it on in procession. Young butchers it outright, and dissects it on the altar. On the subject of Thomson's minor poems, of which some are exquisitely beautiful, and others of unequal merit, we should perhaps do no justice either to Mr Stockdale's or our own thoughts, by entering in the narrow bounds of a short paper; but no admirer of Thomson can forbear to mention his Castle of Indolence—a poem in which there appears an immaculate simplicity, which he had not attained in his Seasons. In the first part, at least, he has realized the idea of perfect poetry. Of the superior purity of Thomson's style, in this enchanting production, Mr Stockdale seems not to be aware. The inequality of the second part of the Castle of Indolence is known and acknowledged; yet one cause of this is perhaps the finished perfection of the first. It was enough; it needed no second part. It resembles the well-known air of pastoral simplicity, to which all the skill of an inventive master could not furnish a second. Yet in the second part, as we have it, what inimitable stanzas are found! The poetry of the Castle of Indolence can only be described in poetry.

A more vehement chapter of criticism is scarcely to be found, than Mr Stockdale's remarks on the poet next in succession, whose genius he idolizes, and whose memory he defends, with a fervour beyond all the other worshippers, and all the other defenders of Chatterton. What that wonderful Boy would have been,

is a question which we shall not decide so emphatically as Mr Stockdale; what he was is undeniable—the greatest poet that ever appeared in immature years. The moral character of Chatterton has been basely insulted by bigots, and by ignorant men. The pretended antiquity of his poems has been denounced as a crime against truth, with all the solemnity with which Ananias's lie is quoted from scripture. The word 'forgery' does not apply to such an innocent deception. In this conclusion we perfectly agree with Mr Stockdale, though we cannot concur in all the rapture, and all the asperity with which his sentence is delivered.

Our author's account of the poetry of Gray has no pretensions to originality. In a long and laborious defence, we think he forgets one very obvious excuse for the obscurity of the Bard, which is, that the language of prophecy, according to all usage, having been obscure in real prophecy; as an imitative artist, the poet is justified in couching the language of his poetical prophet in the same obscurity. He succeeds better in defending its originality, and the probability of its fiction, against the attacks of Dr Johnson.

We take our leave now of these rhetorical criticisms; without much admiration of the author, and certainly without any disposition to pass a severe sentence on him. He tells us he is old; and leaves us to infer that he is not opulent. We hope, therefore, that his publication will succeed; and are positive that it has a great deal more merit than many that have succeeded. Intermingled with a good deal of irrelevant declamation, the lovers of poetry will find many striking remarks on the works of our best writers; and the younger students in belles-lettres, in particular, for whose use it seems chiefly intended, will be delighted with the enthusiasm with which this veteran extols the beauties, and recounts the triumphs of their favourites. For more sober readers, there is something too much of this; but there is an air of sincerity and candour throughout; nor can any thing be more commendable, than the zeal which it uniformly shows in behalf of truth and of merit.

ART. V. *A Description of Ceylon, containing an Account of the Country, Inhabitants, and Natural Productions, &c.* By the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo. 2 vol. 4to. pp. 800. Longman & Rees, London. 1807.

IN a former article, we bestowed an encomium on the intelligent work of Mr Percival, which, we are afraid, we cannot extend to the author before us. Instead of adding materially to

the stock of our information concerning the fortunate island which is the subject of his book, he contents himself, for the most part, with repeating, in a detached and desultory manner, facts which had already been given to the public in a more compact and orderly form; and he contrives to fill two large quartos with a minute account of his tours from one part of the country to another, in which, while we hear a great deal of dinners, balls and suppers,—of the governor's magnificence, and the affability of the ladies of commandants,—we meet with very few incidents which might not as well have happened within the circuit of Great Britain. We who live at home are, no doubt, very curious to learn the adventures of those who go to visit foreign parts; but, as the very greatest travellers must eat, drink and sleep, nearly as people do in their own houses, we really cannot take much interest in the narrative of such particulars, even although the scene of them should be laid in 'Ceylon, an island in the Indian Ocean, situate at the entrance of the Bay of Bengal, between five degrees forty-nine minutes and nine degrees fifty minutes of north latitude, and between seventy-nine degrees thirty minutes and eighty-one degrees fifty minutes of longitude east of Greenwich!' So Mr Cordiner's book begins, according to regular form and rule. Old Robert Knox, indeed, does not seem to have thought this geographical minuteness at all necessary. 'How this island lies (says he) with respect unto the neighbouring countries, I shall not speak at all, that being to be seen in our ordinary sea-cards, which describe those parts.' The situation of the island being settled, our author proceeds to inform us, that it is about eight hundred miles in circumference. We have then a few pages of learning on the derivation of the name; and its history, from the time of the Portuguese conquests to the present day, is summed up in the few following sentences.

'After Don Lorenzo Almeyda reached the ſhores of Ceylon in 1505, the Portugueſe maintained a ſuperiority in the iſland for one hundred and fifty-three years; during which time they were engaged in conſtant ſtruggles with the natives, and latterly with the Dutch, who ſucceeded in expelling them in the year 1658. The dominion of the States-General continued, with little interruption, until the years 1795 and 1796, when the coaſts of Ceylon were finally taken poſſeſſion of by the Britiſh arms.'

It is known probably to most of our readers, that it is the coast of the island alone which has ever been possessed by the European powers. The interior forms the territory of the king of Candy, whose jealousy of his European neighbours is not much to be wondered at. It is very difficult to gain admission into his dominions; and we have no distinct account of them,

except from Robert Knox above mentioned, who, in the year 1659, was kidnapped by the king of Candy; and, after being detained nineteen years, at last made a wonderful escape. He has left a very interesting relation, both of his own adventures, and of the manners and customs of the country, written with a spirit of sagacity and observation, which does not often distinguish our modern bookmakers; with a warmth of piety which would be sufficient to sanctify twelve chaplains of these degenerate days; and with just such a mixture of superstition as is sufficient to give a ludicrous character to the genuine simplicity of the narrative. It is only the outskirts of the island, therefore, of which Mr Cordiner pretends to give any account; and these he has certainly surveyed very minutely.

'The territory which now belongs to Great Britain (says he) forms a belt round the island, extending, in some places, not more than six, in others thirty, and on the northern side even sixty, miles into the interior country.'—'Almost the whole circumference on the coast is lined with a sandy beach, and a broad border of cocoa-nut trees, behind which are seen double and treble ranges of lofty mountains covered with wood. The south-east coast, viewed from the sea, is particularly picturesque and romantic. The country, in the highest degree mountainous, presents hills beyond hills, many beautiful and verdant, others huge and rocky, of extraordinary shapes, resembling ruined battlements, antient castles, and lofty pyramids. The northern parts of the island are flat, and frequently indented with shallow inlets of the sea.'

The first place, of which we have any description, is Columbo, the present seat of government, situated on the west side of the island. There is nothing very captivating in the description of this place; the houses are mostly of one story, and, it would appear, very awkwardly contrived, especially for those who keep horses; these animals, we are told, very commonly entering at the same door with their masters, and passing through the vestibule and dining-room on their way to the stable! The government-house is the only handsome one in the place, but in a bad state of repair, as the roof admits rain; so that it is only made use of on public occasions. These, indeed, are of very various sorts. Here the governor transacts all his public business; here they have balls, hold the courts of judicature, and perform divine service. There is a church to be sure; but it has no roof—although we are assured it once had one; and the good people, after persevering for some time in meeting within its naked walls at half-past six in the morning, were at last persuaded, by frequent showers of rain, to shelter themselves in the hall of the government-house. Although this account suggests to us no great notion of the comfort of this place, yet the rows of trees with which the streets are shaded, and the virandas or piazzas which

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run along the fronts of the houses, must be beautiful, and well adapted to the climate. They are very attentive to keep their rooms cool. Each house has a long hall, which frequently can accommodate from fifty to eighty persons at dinner. From the roof of these halls over the dining-table, is suspended a large fan, called a Junka, which by pulleys is kept in motion, and commands the whole sweep of the table. 'Columbo, and the surrounding country, have an enchanting appearance from a ship a few miles out at sea. Thick woods of cocoa-nut trees, on gentle rising grounds, extend on each side of the fort along the shore. Chains of lofty mountains rise behind them, a few only of which are discernible from the land. On a nearer approach, the scenery becomes still more interesting. A wide semicircular bay, expanding into the mouth of the Calany *ganga*, has a grand and pleasing effect: and the prospect is enlivened by the villas of the English inhabitants, placed in high and conspicuous situations.'—'Nothing about Columbo is apt to excite admiration more, than the flourishing state of the vegetable world. So much beauty and variety are in few countries equalled, and no where excelled. The thick shade of majestic trees, the open prospects, the lively verdure, the flourishing shrubs and parasitic creepers unite their charms to render the morning rides delightful.'—'No climate in the world is more salubrious than that of Columbo: and a person who remains within doors while the sun is powerful, never wishes to experience one more temperate.'—'The air is at all times pure and healthy, and its temperature uncommonly uniform. Fahrenheit's thermometer usually fluctuates in the shade about the point of 80°. It seldom ranges more than five degrees in a day, and only thirteen through the whole year, 86° being the highest and 73° the lowest point at which it has been seen in any season.' Mr Cordiner passes great encomiums on the agreeable society at Columbo. The English circle consists of about one hundred gentlemen, and twenty ladies. The other European families are more numerous; but with these the English have not formed much intimacy. The society, then, it would appear, is very confined; and the over proportion of the gentlemen must be rather distressing at the balls, which are said to be very frequent. Unless some of them consent to be counted as tailors, we really do not see how they are to be accommodated with partners.

In the Fourth and Fifth chapters, some interesting particulars are related of the manners and religion of the native inhabitants, which we shall pass over at present, and first accompany our author in his tour round the island along with Governor North. There were several gentlemen of the party, a company of Malay

soldiers, 'one hundred and sixty palanquin bearers, four hundred *coolies*, or persons for carrying baggage, two elephants, six horses, and fifty *lascars*, taking charge of four large tents.' They directed their course from Columbo southward towards Point de Galle, in a very leisurely manner, reposing themselves every nine or ten miles in splendid *bungaloes* erected for the occasion. We shall give Mr Cordiner's description of one of these erected at Morotto, about ten miles from Columbo.

'Here a large *bungaloe* was constructed, displaying some degree of taste, as well as labour, and a profusion of ornaments. The sides of the building were formed of wooden pillars, between every two of which was fixed a St Andrew's cross, all covered with red and white muslin, folded like the links of a festoon, and the two colours placed in alternate succession. A low belt of plaited leaves encompassed the bottom of the edifice, producing the effect of a pedestal. Fine white calico supplied the place of ceiling, attached to which, crossing lines of beautiful moss formed rhombs and squares, supporting blushing fruits, and displaying richness combined with elegance. Sheets of cocoa-nut leaves form the external roof, and skreened us from the sun. An ornamental porch, shaped like a hollow square, stood forty feet from the bungaloe, connected with it by a canopy of white cloth. This gateway was composed of perpendicular and horizontal *lumbos*, large canes about one foot in circumference and twenty feet in length. These were decorated with the dark green and pale yellow leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, doubled together, and folded perpendicularly round the canes, tied at the lower ends, and bulging out towards the top in the form of an urn, the two colours succeeding one another in the same manner as the red and white muslin about the columns of the banqueting hall. Here we enjoyed a comfortable repast during the heat of the day, and rested in a shady grove.' I. 168, 169.

When they went by water, their accommodation was not less superb.

'A large open boat formed the van, containing his Excellency's guard of *lascoreens*, with their spears raised perpendicular, the union colours flying, and Ceylonese drums, called *tom toms*, beating. Then followed the governor in a barge, over which a canopy was raised, having the inside of the roof spread with white calico, decorated with strings of verdant moss and gaudy coloured flowers. This barge was formed of two long canoes supporting an enclosed stage, on which chairs were ranged, covered with sheets of white cloth, agreeably to the customs of the country. A train of boats, loaded with palanquins and bearers, composed the rear; and the whole line exhibited a tranquil and gratifying appearance. The regular troops, and baggage *coolies*, continued their march by land. As we sailed along, the native Cingalese came down, in crowds, from the different villages to the variegated banks of the river; and men, women and children, saluted their governor with impressive tokens of homage and respect.' I. 170, 171.

However

However delightful this mode of travelling may be, we are afraid it is but little adapted for observation; and a traveller may be conveyed lazily along in palanquins or canopied barges, and may repose for hours together under bungaloes, without having his eyes or thoughts occupied with much besides 'festoons of red and white muslin, or festoons of verdant moss and gaudy-coloured flowers.' At least, it strikes us that our author was a good deal too much at his ease through the whole of his tour; and we were sometimes malicious enough to wish, for the sake of his character as a traveller, that he had been subjected to a little of the same discipline which the king of Candy inflicted on the worthy Mr Knox. Nothing, indeed, can afford a more striking contrast to the easy magnificence of Mr Cordiner's progress, than the hardships of every kind to which his predecessor was subjected. Perhaps our readers may like to have a specimen of the latter. 'We now heard the noise (says Knox) of people on every side, and expected every moment to see some of them, to our great terror. And it is not easy to say in what danger, and in what apprehension of it we were: it was not safe for us to stir backwards or forwards, for fear of running among people; and it was as unsafe to stand still where we were, lest somebody might spy us; and where to find a covert we could not tell. Looking about us in these straits, we spyed a great tree by us, which, for the bigness thereof, it is probable might be hollow. To which we went, and found it so. It was like a tub, some three feet high. Into it immediately we both crept, and made a shift to sit there for several hours, though very uneasily, and all in mud and wet. But, however, it did greatly comfort us in the fright and amazement we were in.'

At Point de Galle, the governor was detained a month with the business of the court of judicature. 'The fort of Point de Galle, one mile and a quarter in circumference, is situate near the southern extremity of the island, on a low rocky promontory, from which its name is derived.'—'It was here that, during the government of the United States, the cinnamon and other productions of the island were shipped for Europe; and it is still partly used for that purpose.'—'The works of Point de Galle are substantial and extensive; and it would be a place of great strength, were it not overlooked by some adjacent eminences.'—'All the country round is extremely hilly. At one view, four ranges of mountains appear behind one another, richly clothed with wood. On every hand are large forests of cocoa-nut trees, and extensive tracts of thick *jungle*, frequently intersected by romantic foot-paths, winding both amongst the higher and lower grounds.' These are among Mr Cordiner's leading observations

on Point de Galle,—if we except the information, that the streets are infested with musquitoes,—*a species of gnat troublesome in various parts of India!* and that the governor, while here, entertained the settlement with several public dinners, and one splendid ball and supper. On their way to Matura, our travellers embarked on the lake at Cogel, of which a pleasing description is given. In the neighbourhood of Belligam, half way to Matura, they visited the Cingalese temple of Buddha, called Agnabuddhaganni, and were well received by the priests, who were much gratified with the attention which they bestowed on the sacred images and paintings. These drawings, which are merely coloured outlines, without shading, and an enormous statue of Buddha, twenty-eight feet long and six broad, reclining at full length upon a pedestal, with the flaps of his ears cut open, are the chief curiosities of this temple. Matura is built on the west side of the *Neel ganga*, or blue river; and, although meant to be a regular fortification, is only as yet half completed.

There our author left the governor for some days, and set out, attended only by servants, to visit the Christian schools in the interior parts of the province. Christianity had been introduced into the island by the Portuguese, and the idolatry of the Romish church soon became sufficiently acceptable to the rude inhabitants. The Dutch attempted a much more arduous task, and one which we should scarcely have expected that sordid people to have undertaken. This was no other than a zealous endeavour to bring over their Ceylonese subjects to the pure doctrines of the Protestant faith. Mr Cordiner tells us that their success was remarkable; and has given us an account of the pains which they took to secure this great object. Parish schools were instituted throughout the island; and the scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, translated into Ceylonese and Malabar, and printed at the government press at Columbo. Regular registers were kept, and monthly visitations of the schools held by the resident clergy. For nearly three years after the Dutch settlements in Ceylon surrendered to the British arms, these religious establishments were entirely neglected; but Governor North has since revived all the valuable parts of the former institutions, and corrected some defects. 'In the year 1801, the number of parish schools flourishing on the island amounted to one hundred and seventy, and the number of native Protestant Christians exceeded three hundred and forty two thousand. The Christians professing the religion of the church of Rome are supposed to be still more numerous.'

All this information, which Mr Cordiner had gathered on the state of the religious establishments in Ceylon, made us regard

regard him with great veneration, when we saw him setting forth on his pastoral visitation to the Christian schools in the province of Matura; and we now expected to find him confirm, by his own observation, those facts which he before had related on the report of others. We were well pleased, too, that he had got rid of his great people and his *bungaloes;* and our imaginations were warmed for some simple scene of Christian piety, in this remote island, under the shade of cocoa-nut trees, and among the monuments of former idolatry. We had scarcely, however, read three sentences, when we found our hopes somewhat dashed, by the tremendous apparition of 'seven large elephants returning with their riders from Kotawy.' We are next paraded through the remains of a Hindoo temple, consisting of two hundred stone pillars, near Dondra-head, the most southerly point in the island; and are introduced to a picture of Carticeya, the tutelar god of Cattergam, a human figure with six heads and twelve arms, riding sideways on a peacock. On our arrival at Kahawatta, where the visitation of the schools was to be held, we cannot conceive that any thing further should come in the way of Mr Cordiner's mission; but, unfortunately, he spies, six miles off, a huge rock, called Mulgeerelenna, *alias* Mulgeeregalla, which nothing will satisfy him but he must go and see. Up this rock, which is in the form of a cube, perpendicular on two sides, to the height of three hundred feet, we have the satisfaction to see Mr Cordiner ascend, by a winding flight of stairs of five hundred and forty-five deep steps of hewn stone; and although he nearly tumbles down at one place, where the rock is particularly steep, we at last behold him perched like a crow upon the summit. Here he gets into raptures with the splendid prospect which surrounds him; and tells us, that the greatest curiosities of Mulgeerelenna are the little temples of Buddha, which are cut out in different places on its sides. Our author went into several of these, and found vast statues of that god in the posture before described. There is a colony of the priesthood established at the foot of the rock. 'In the province of Matura, there are said to be two thousand individuals of that description, and a great many temples of Buddha.' On his return to Kahawatta, Mr Cordiner at last holds his visitation; of which he condescends to give us the following very edifying and satisfactory account.

'The inhabitants of Kahawatta erected, in one day, a spacious *bungaloe*, for holding a visitation of the school, which answered all the purposes of the most finished building. In general, the children assemble in the *rest-house;* as their parish school, like many others in Ceylon, has fallen a sacrifice to the ravages of time, and the neglect of seasonable repair. *Some of the boys here are of a light brown colour*, and all of them have good countenances, smooth black hair, and no other dress but

but a few yards of muſlin girded about their loins. In ſchool they are implicitly obedient to their maſters; and, when at play, diſcover all that ſprightlineſs and joy which is peculiar to their years. The ſchool-maſters wear ſhirts, veſts, and *coats of Engliſh broad cloth with ſilver buttons*, after the ſame faſhion as the modelears. The catechiſts dreſs in black, either cloth, ſatin, ſilk, or velvet; and generally walk in *leather ſlippers* or wooden ſandals.' I. p. 205, 206.

Upon his rejoining the governor, our author makes some pleasant excursions on the Neel Ganga, and visits the Cingalese temple of Heetateeah, in the neighbourhood of Matura; where, as he is taking some sketches of the paintings, he is accosted by a venerable priest, of eighty years of age, who, delighted, it would appear, with Mr Cordiner's performance, requests to have his name written on the same piece of paper with the drawing. Our author courteously assents; and the name of this ancient personage 'is now presented (says he) *to the eye of the United Kingdom.*' It is indeed so long, that no common eye could well take it in—'Velliveriey Sangarakeeta Teron Wahansey.' From Matura, the governor and his suite proceeded to Tengalle, pleasantly situated on the sea-coast. From this place they made an excursion to the elephant snare at Kotawy, a few miles distant; which gives Mr Cordiner an opportunity to describe the manner of taking elephants. The whole account is very entertaining, and, in our opinion, is among the best parts of this work. We shall accordingly make no apology for laying before our readers a pretty full account of it. The Ceylonese elephants are more prized than any others in India. They are important, therefore, in a commercial view, besides the uses to which they are applied in the island. When a hunt is determined upon, great parties of men (on the present occasion no fewer than three thousand were employed) surround the forests in which these animals are discovered to abound, with a chain of fires, placed on moveable stands, so as to be brought closer, according as the elephants are driven nearer to the centre. The distance between the fires may at first be an hundred paces, which is gradually reduced to about ten paces. The more the elephants are confined, the more vigilant the hunters must become, and prepared to repel their efforts to escape, by advancing the fires, and by loud shouting. 'At the end of two months, they are enclosed in a circle, of which the wide entrance of the snare forms a part, and are at last brought so near to it, that, by the exertions of the surrounding multitude, they can be made close prisoners in a few hours.' It is now that all those who are desirous of witnessing the capture resort to the scene of action.

'An idea of the enclosure may be formed by a drawing, on a piece of paper, the outline of a wide funnel. A little way within the wide

end,

end, a paliſade runs acroſs, in breadth ſix hundred feet, containing four open gates, at which the elephants enter. A view of two of theſe is commanded from a *bungaloe*, erected for ſpectators on pillars thirty feet from the ground. The encloſure is formed of the ſtrongeſt trees on the iſland, from eight to ten inches in diameter, bending inwards, ſunk four feet into the ground, and from ſixteen to twenty feet high above it. They are placed at the diſtance of ſixteen inches from each other, and croſſed by four rows of powerful beams, bound faſt to them with pliant canes. To this paliſade are added ſupporters more inclined, ſeveral feet aſunder, augmenting the ſtrength of the fence. The part of it in which the elephants are firſt encloſed is eighteen hundred feet in circumference; but it communicates with a ſmaller fold, one hundred feet in length, and forty broad, through which a rivulet paſſes five feet in depth, and nearly fills the encloſure. The elephants enter this place of confinement at only one gate; and beyond the water the fence gradually contracts, terminating in a ſtrong paſſage, five feet broad, and one hundred feet long.' I. p. 217, 218.

We give likewiſe, in our author's own words, the ſtriking picture of the entrance of the elephants into the firſt ſnare.

'All things being ready for driving the elephants into the ſnare, the governor and his party repaired to the ground about ſeven o'clock in the evening, aſcended the elevated bungaloe by a long ladder, and waited ſeveral dark and tedious hours; but the termination of the chaſe amply repaid their patience. It was neceſſary that ſilence, as well as darkneſs, ſhould reign amongſt us; and, in a ſituation where our eyes and ears were otherwiſe ſo attentively engaged, converſation would have been particularly irkſome. The ſhouting of the hunters was inceſſant, muſkets and rockets joined in the chorus, and the wild roaring of the elephants was heard at intervals, more diſtinctly warning us of their approach. At length the foreſt craſhed, and the enormous herd puſhed forward with fury, levelling inſtantaneouſly every tree which oppoſed their paſſage. The following up of the people with the lights and fireworks was truly grand. Every man waved in his hand a blazing torch, formed of a bundle of reeds, the feeble but effectual means of defence againſt a tremendous foe. The trees were nobly illuminated, and, towering aloft amidſt the ſurrounding darkneſs, ſpread their glittering foliage in the air.' I. p. 218, 219.

When the firſt enclosure is completely stocked, the four gates are closed, and secured with strong stakes. Then another chain of fires and torches is formed within the enclosure, and the perſecuted animals are driven forward in like manner into the smaller fold.

'The line of flame once more began its terrifying movement. The people reſumed their tumultuous noiſe, mingled with the din of trumpets, drums, and arms. The affrighted herd, again annoyed with impending horrors, renewed their tremendous flight; and ruſhing like an agitated torrent into the water-ſnare, experienced ſtill greater ſorrows.

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As ſoon as ſeventy elephants had forced their way into this place, it being ſufficiently crammed, the cords were cut, and the barricading gate dropped down. The greater part of thoſe which had entered were ſo cloſely wedged together, that many of them were motionleſs; and even the foremoſt, which were leſs confined, ſaw only a fallacious opening to lead them from this doleful labyrinth. Upwards of one hundred of the captured herd, cut off from their companions, were left for a time to range at greater liberty in the larger priſon.' I. p. 220, 221.

All this took place during the night.

'At ſunriſe (continues Mr Cordiner) we became ſpectators of a moſt extraordinary ſight. So great a number of enormous animals crowded into ſo ſmall a compaſs, is a ſpectacle rarely to be ſeen. Preſſing heavily upon one another, incapable of almoſt any movement but convulſions of diſtreſs, their paroxyſms of anguiſh could not be contemplated without emotion. No perſon could find language to expreſs his feelings. All were ſtruck dumb with a ſpecies of aſtoniſhment hitherto unexperienced.' I. p. 221, 222.

The most hazardous part of the business remains, that of seizing on the elephants at the end of the long passage, which is the only outlet from the water-snare. They are driven in one by one, making furious efforts to regain their liberty on finding themselves prisoners. When they reach the gate at the end, strong beams are inserted across the passage behind, to prevent them from retreating. Men then approach and bind their hind legs with great ropes, and five or six turns of smaller cordage are passed round their necks. While these operations are going on, a man stands before the gate of the passage tickling the elephant's trunk and diverting his attention. In this manner they are secured, yet accidents frequently happen at this time. On the present occasion, one unfortunate man tumbled into the passage, and was instantly trampled to death under the feet of an enraged elephant. They frequently press against one another in the water-snare and the passage with so much violence, that some are squeezed to death, or drop down dead with fatigue.

'When the wild elephant is completely harneſſed, two tame elephants, trained to the buſineſs, are brought to the gate, and placed one on each ſide of it. Theſe immediately ſurvey the priſoner whom they have to conduct, feel his mouth to know whether or not he has tuſks, and lay hold of his proboſcis to aſcertain what degree of reſiſtance he is likely to make. Ropes are paſſed through the collar of the wild elephant, and made faſt to ſimilar collars on each of the tame ones. The bars of the gate are then unlooſed, and drawn out; and the wild captive darts forward directly between the two tame elephants: he can, however, only advance a little way, as the ropes ſecuring his hind legs ſtill continue faſtened to the ſtrong ſtakes of the toil. In this ſituation he remains, until the riders mounted on the tame elephants have drawn tight

tight the cords which bind him to the necks of his half reasoning conductors. 'During this operation he endeavours to undo with his trunk some of the knots which have been made, and often attempts to give a destructive blow to the diminutive creatures so actively engaged in confirming his captivity. But the two tame animals, who are vigilantly observant of all his motions, never fail to prevent him from doing any mischief, by gently lowering his proboscis with their own: if he continue long refractory, they batter him with their heads, and at last produce the most obsequious submission. The nooses of the ropes are then opened, leaving his hind legs at freedom, and himself entirely disengaged from the snare. The two tame elephants press close on each side of him, and proceed, in pompous procession, to the garden of stalls, where they deliver up their charge, to experience another species of hardships. The marching off of this venerable trio is a sight truly magnificent, and exhibits a noble specimen of the skill of man united with the sagacity of the elephant.' I. p. 225, 226.

In this manner the prisoner is conducted to a grove, where, if he is of an ordinary size, he is sufficiently secured by being placed lengthways between two trees, to one of which his hind legs are bound, and one of his fore legs to the other. A more complicated apparatus of ropes and stakes is necessary for those which are remarkable for strength and fury. The tame conductors then move away to secure another captive. An elephant may frequently be tamed in eight or ten days, though, in other instances, months are required. When tamed, they are marched round to Jaffnapatam, there sold by public auction, and thence exported to the opposite continent.

We have been the longer with this part of our author's narrative, because there are really few circumstances of any value in the remaining part of this tour. A large tract of the island, called Mahagampattoo, was represented as so desolate and unfit for the support of the governor's numerous retinue, that he judged it more prudent to proceed for Batticaloe by sea. This navigation was easily accomplished, and the whole party were landed safely on Batticaloe; an island on the east coast of Ceylon, situated in an inlet of the sea, which extends thirty miles into the country, and contains several other small islands. Mr Cordiner here visited two villages, which had been almost entirely depopulated by the small-pox. The disease had raged so violently, that the sick were abandoned by their nearest relations, and left to perish by famine or wild beasts, even if they did not fall victims to their malady. The elephants had committed desperate havoc among the gardens and fences; and some of the people were supposed to have been devoured by wild beasts. This disease was much mitigated in the island by the prudent measures adopted by Governor North. He established hospitals at the four principal stations,

tions, where the inhabitants might be inoculated, and those labouring under the natural small-pox might be attended to. Before our author left Ceylon, vaccination was introduced and generally adopted. The country on the main of Ceylon, opposite Batticaloe, is well cultivated.

'The houſes, gardens, and little farms are prettily encloſed, and divided from one another by wicker fences, intermixed with creeping and flowering ſhrubs. Between theſe encloſures are many nice and elegant walks, which often lead into delightful groves of palmyra, jack, cocoa-nut, and other trees and plants leſs uſeful, but not leſs ornamental, in the midſt of which the rare and lofty talipot rears its ſtately head.' I. p. 261, 262.

Trincomallee is next described. It is chiefly important for its harbour, which is so convenient, that, notwithstanding the neglected condition of the place in other respects, thoughts have been entertained of rendering this the seat of government in preference to Columbo.

'The harbour, the ſafeſt and moſt ſpacious on the confines of the eaſtern ocean, whilſt it proves to be an acquiſition of intrinſic value, preſents at the ſame time the richeſt proſpects. The communication with the ſea being, in almoſt every direction, entirely concealed, it reſembles a beautiful and extenſive lake. Hills diverſified by a variety of forms, and covered with luxuriant verdure, riſe ſteep all round, completely encloſing the capacious baſin. Many winding creeks, in which the water becomes tranquil, afford pleaſing pictures; and a few ornamental iſlands, diſperſed through the wide expanſe, add to the pictureſque appearance of the ſcene. The water is as clear as cryſtal, and, being ſo well ſheltered, is rarely troubled with violent or dangerous agitations. Five hundred ſhips of the line may enter it with eaſe, and ride at anchor without the ſmalleſt inconvenience. The harbour is acceſſible at all ſeaſons; but, for one half of the year, mariners give the preference to Back bay, it being then ſufficiently ſafe, and affording a more eaſy ingreſs. Forty ſail of men of war may find there excellent anchorage: and a much greater number of ſmall craft can lye in ſecurity cloſe to the ſand beach.' I. p. 270.

After crossing the river Cockley, where they were in some danger from sharks and alligators, our travellers struck cross the island for Aripo, the great seat of the pearl fishery; but on their arrival there, finding the weather would not permit an inspection of the pearl banks, they proceeded northward along the west coast to Jaffnapatam. Colonel Barbut, agent of revenue for that district, met them at Poonereen, and provided them with boats.

'Some of theſe boats were manned by natives of the ſmall iſlands called the *two brothers*. They are the handſomeſt, fineſt limbed, and moſt athletic of any Indians whom we have ſeen. The particulars in their perſons worthy of notice are, very thick and neat ears, no fat, narrow haunches, open cheſts, broad ſhoulders, the diſtance from haunches

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to ſhoulders longer than common, legs rather ſlender but well-proportioned, feet and hands beautifully made, bones remarkably ſtrong, muſcles large and diſtinctly ſeen, ſkin extremely black, all of one colour, perfectly ſmooth, teeth of the pureſt white and moſt elegant formation, uncontaminated by the juice of betel.

'An artiſt, who pointed out theſe diſtinguiſhing marks, counted on many of thoſe men all the muſcles from the elbow to the wriſt, which is the part of the body where they are moſt complicated, and moſt difficult to be diſcerned. He learned from them the ſituation of particular lineaments in the human frame, which no ſtatue illuſtrates with ſufficient clearneſs: and never ſaw men, in any other country, who afforded ſo complete a model for academic painting. They are admirable ſwimmers, and remain in the water many hours unfatigued. They poſſeſs great agility, and are well calculated for the buſineſs of ſailors, or any employment which requires animated exertion and great pliability of body. They uſe no clothing except a ſlip of calico, not larger than a fig leaf, tied with a coarſe ſtring round their loins. Some of them, however, wore ſtraw caps, of their own manufacture, in form reſembling Grecian helmets. Their countenances preſented an aſpect of undiſguiſed nature, and rural innocence rarely to be ſeen. In their national character, they are quiet, peaceable, harmleſs, contented, and ſtrongly marked by habitual taciturnity.' I. 305, 306.

This elegant race lived in a state of the utmost poverty till Colonel Barbut found occupation for their industry. At Jaffnapatam Mr Cordiner is quite in his element; and becomes perfectly eloquent in describing the beauty and affability of Mrs Barbut, the elegance of her parties, and the goodness of her dinners. Our author, after having made so easy and delightful a tour, at last meets with a few hardships on his return to Columbo. The north-east monsoon was then deluging the country through which he passed, and his palanquin bearers waded a great part of the way in deep water. Mr Cordiner and one of his companions grew weary of this work, and got a small vessel at Manaar, in which they embarked for the peninsula of Calpentcen. In passing through Chilauw, they visited old Mr Keuneman the commandant, a Dutchman, who, on account of his valuable character, had been continued in his office by the British government. They found him seated among a party of Dutch gentlemen enjoying the fumes of tobacco. 'His style of living was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, ſmoke a pipe, and drink a cup of coffee by candle-light; breakfast at ſeven, dine at noon, ſup at ſeven in the evening, and retire to reſt betwixt eight and nine.' Negombo was their next station, from which a day's journey, through a very rich country, brought them to Columbo. The first volume concludes with a brief account of the vegetables and animals of this island, and a detail of the process employed in collecting

collecting and preparing the cinnamon; from which it does not seem necessary to make any extract.

The second volume contains an account of the author's expedition to the sacred island and pagoda of Ramiseram, and of the pearl-fishery at Arripo. Annexed are extracts from the journals of some of the gentlemen of the establishment, and a sketch of the campaign against the king of Candy in 1803. A brief abstract of these articles may be acceptable to most of our readers.

Ramiséram, the holy island of Rama, is situate at the northern extremity of Ceylon, about twenty miles from the shore. It is a low flat island, about twenty miles in circumference, and may be considered as the most southerly pier of that series of shoals and coral rocks which, under the name of Rama's, or Adam's bridge, serves to connect Ceylon with the coast of Coromandel. The whole island is dedicated to the purposes of religion; no plough is allowed to break the soil; and no animal, either wild or tame, to be killed within its precincts. It is inhabited chiefly by priests, who are supported in luxury by the produce of certain lands in Coromandel, and the donations of pious individuals; and by immense crowds of pilgrims, jugglers, and beggars, who resort to it from all parts of India, to implore absolution for their sins, or to take advantage of the momentary charity of the richer penitents. It is provided with a great variety of large choultries, built with arches and pillars, by devout persons, for the accommodation of the pilgrims, and adorned with a multitude of beautiful temples, besides the great pagoda, which forms the chief object of curiosity and veneration. The roads are almost all most beautifully paved with smooth stones six feet in length, and shaded by rows of majestic trees, each surrounded with seats of hewn stone. All these, as well as the tanks or reservoirs of water, are kept with the most admirable order; and the houses of the inhabitants are much more substantial and comfortable than in any other part of India. There is no military establishment—no trade, toil or bustle over the whole island—but an appearance every where of opulence, security, and holy repose, that must be extremely interesting. The pagoda itself, which seems to be a vast structure, is not very clearly described by Mr Cordiner: some of our readers, however, may be able to make more of it than we can do.

'On entering the weſt gate, a low gallery, one hundred and forty-four feet in length, with three rows of pillars on each ſide, leads down the centre of the building, after which it branches off, in galleries ſimilarly conſtructed, to the right and left, each extending one hundred and fifty feet, then running from weſt to eaſt five hundred feet, and enclоſing an oblong rectangular ſpace: the two ends of the pagoda exactly correſpond. The gallery, at the ſame time, runs down the centre of the temple

temple ſeven hundred and eighty-eight feet; and entrances, of a like nature, leading from the north and ſouth, complete the figure of a croſs over the rectangular oblong ſpace. All the galleries have, on each ſide, triple rows of maſſy ſtone pillars, of highly laboured workmanſhip. Thoſe in the front line are the largeſt and moſt ſuperb, having a huge lion with the mouth wide open, ſculptured, in bas relief, above three diſtinct capitals, over which ſtand a ſcroll and a richly ornamented cornice. Statues of the ſize of life are attached to many of thoſe pillars, raiſed on pedeſtals, repreſenting gods, and departed heroes, who paid obeiſance, or performed pilgrimages to this temple. On each ſide of the galleries, ſtone pavements are raiſed to the height of three feet, on which the pillars are erected, with ſteps aſcending to them. The roofs of all the galleries are flat, compoſed of ſtones reaching acroſs from the projection of one cornice to that of the other, eighteen feet broad in the centre walk, and the ſame on each elevated ſide, ſo that every gallery is thirty-ſix feet wide; and the roof of the middle paſſage is raiſed thirty feet from the floor. The number of pillars within the temple amounts to two thouſand ſix hundred and twenty-eight. The edifice is encloſed, in an area, by a heavy ſtone wall twenty feet high, eight hundred and thirty feet from eaſt to weſt, and ſix hundred and twenty-five from north to ſouth.' II. 13, 14.

There are upwards of two hundred Brahmins attached to this temple; beſides inferior prieſts and ſervants without number. There is alſo a troop of dancing girls, 'who,' as Mr Cordiner delicately expreſſes it, 'are prohibited from marrying, though not bound down to a life of virginity.' The temple, though ſituate in a place of immemorial ſanctity, is, for the moſt part, of recent conſtruction, the antient fabric having been moſtly demoliſhed by the Mahometan conquerors.

The pearl fiſhery of Ceylon is carried on in the bay of Condaatchy, on the north ſide of the iſland, and extends over a range of fourteen banks, from twenty to thirty miles in length, and from one to two in breadth; the depth of the water from three to fifteen fathoms. The pearl oyſter is ſaid to arrive at maturity in ſeven or eight years, and to die ſoon after: no pearls are found in them till they are four or five years old, and then only of a ſmall ſize. Soon after their death, their whole ſubtance is waſhed away by the waters, and the banks where they abounded afford only an unprofitable heap of empty ſhells. It has hitherto been found impoſſible to tranſplant them from one part of the coaſt to another. The banks are ſurveyed in October, and thoſe which are judged fit for fiſhing are let out in lots in February thereafter: the fiſhing begins in March, and laſts for thirty days. In 1804 there were three hundred boats, each with two divers, employed. They dive by the help of a ſtone of ſixty pounds weight attached to the feet; and, when they reach the bottom,

throw themselves on their face, and heap every thing they can move into their basket: when it is full, they pull the rope as a signal to hale it up; and ascend, partly by its assistance, long before the basket can be drawn from the bottom. They are seldom under water more than one minute; and Mr Cordiner seems positive that they never have been known to exceed two minutes. Sometimes one boat will bring in 35,000 oysters, sometimes only 200 or 300.

The pearls are found in the fleshy part of the oyster, near the hinge, and generally in a heap, or cluster: 150 have been found in a single fish. Adventurers on a small scale open their oysters, of course, as they fish, or buy them; but the renters throw them all into great heaps, and permit them to rot and decay before they look at them. The whole of their putrid contents are then separated from the shells, and placed to dry on cloths in the sun. The dried stuff, in the form of a kind of earth, or sand, is then divided into small parcels, and handed successively to a series of persons, who spread it on plates of porcelain, or brass, and pick out all the pearls which it contains. Mr Cordiner examined the produce from 17,000 oysters, which did not weigh three quarters of a pound, and contained no perfect pearls of the first or second order. They are sold, without sorting, for about 80*l.* a pound weight. The yearly produce seems to be from 100,000*l.* to 150,000*l.* a year.

The account of the campaign against the Candians in 1803, is very clear and compendious. Our troops took possession of the country and capital with very little difficulty; but disease weakened them so prodigiously, that they soon found themselves unable to maintain their position; and, after being induced to capitulate, on condition of being allowed to return to Columbo, were treacherously massacred, with circumstances of the most atrocious cruelty. The account that is given of the capricious and murderous ferocity of the Candian sovereign, indeed, is almost beyond credibility; yet this savage inhabits a vast palace, enriched with all sorts of European luxuries. The walls of one room were completely covered with mirror glasses, in pieces seven feet high and four broad. His capital is situate in a plain of considerable extent, surrounded on all sides by woody and precipitous mountains. It consists of one main street, nearly two miles in length, very meanly built, and without any sort of fortification. The volume concludes with a long medical report on the the fever of the country; and a chapter selected, we know not for what reason, from old Robert Knox's account of Ceylon.

Upon the whole, we take our leave of Mr Cordiner in good humour. There is, to be sure, but a scanty allowance of original

nal information in his two quartos, and rather an excess of dull fine writing, as well as of compliments to the ladies and gentlemen of the settlement: but as he very honestly confesses in the title-page, that he was chaplain to the colony, all those things were to be expected; and the reader has no right to complain. He seems an honest good-natured man, with a laudable desire for information, and a taste for all kinds of trifling details. We congratulate him on his safe return from the tropics; and advise him to publish no more quartos.

ART. VI. *The Plays of Philip Massinger, with Notes critical and explanatory.* By W. Gifford Esq. 4 vol. 8vo. London.

IT rarely happens that any person, who has indulged himself in severe reflections and dogmatical assertions on various subjects, can pass through life without occasionally running foul of some of his own sentences. The first work that brought Mr Gifford's talents into public notice was the Baviad and Mæviad; a production which certainly displayed genius; but written in a style of satire so harsh and overbearing, that if the corrupt taste, which was spreading itself rapidly over the country, had not loudly called for animadversion, the public mind would probably have been disgusted by its asperity. The general object and aim of his satire was praiseworthy; but some passages seemed rather to have been dictated by moroseness, than by the fair spirit of enlightened censure. Of that nature we think the attack upon the harmless, if not laudable, amusement of Mr Kemble, who collected old plays, which would otherwise in a few years have been lost for ever.

> 'Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
> And, what they do not underſtand, adore;
> Buy at vaſt ſums the traſh of antient days,
> And draw on prodigality for praiſe.

'Though no great catalogue-hunter I love to look into ſuch marked ones as fall in my way. That of poor Dood's books amuſed me not a little. It exhibited many inſtances of *black-letter mania*; and, what is more to my purpoſe, a transfer of much traſh of antient days to the fortunate Mr Kemble. For example, Firſt Part of the Tragicall Raigne of Selimus Emperour of the Turks, 1l. 11s. 6d.' &c. &c. *Baviad*, v. 192.

For our part, we beheld with pleasure a distinguished actor expending a part of the hard-earned profits of his profession, in forming a collection, which may be beneficial to the stage. The

generality of mankind are apt to squander their money in a manner much less reputable to themselves, or advantageous to the public. It is probable that most of the old dramas, which form his collection, may have little intrinsic merit; that many even may be replete with the most ludicrous absurdities: but their importance arises from the assistance which they may afford in illustrating the obscure, the unintelligible, the corrupt passages of the best contemporary writers; and we conceive that, when Mr Gifford undertook his edition of Massinger, he must have repented him of that attack upon Mr Kemble, not only as unmerited, but as precluding himself from the advantage of consulting his collection; a liberty which would otherwise in all probability have been willingly granted, if not voluntarily offered. That Mr Gifford has felt the impropriety of that censure, we infer from the very high value which he now sets upon antient dramas; from the harshness with which he has handled Lord Lansdowne, in the notes to his introduction, for *not having printed* three manuscript old plays, which probably few persons would have purchased, and fewer read; and from his calling Mr Warburton a *fool*, for permitting his collection to be destroyed by the neglect, or rather by the officiousness of a servant. We must quote a part only of this long note, for we cannot afford space for all the invective that follows; but we think that those who will declaim at different times on both sides of a question, might at least assume a milder tone.

'When it is added that, together with these, 40 other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it will be readily allowed that English literature has seldom sustained a greater loss, than by the strange conduct of Mr Warburton, who, becoming master of those treasures which ages may not reproduce, lodges them, as he says, in the hands of an ignorant servant; and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to visit his hoards, finds that they have been burnt, from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper! It is time to bring on shore the book-hunting passenger in Locher's *Navis Stultifera*, and exchange him *for one more suitable to the rest of the cargo*. Tardy, however, as Mr Warburton was, it appears that he came in time to preserve three dramas from the general wreck;—the second Maid's tragedy, the Bugbears, and the Queen of Corsica. These, *it is said*, are now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne, where they will probably remain in safety till moths or damps or fires mingle their forgotten dust with that of their late companions. When it is considered at how trifling an expense a manuscript play may be placed beyond the reach of accident, *the withholding it from the press* will be allowed to prove *a strange indifference* to the antient literature of the country,' &c.

We regret, indeed, that these three plays were withheld (if so they were) from Mr Gifford's examination: we regret that Mr Kemble's

Kemble's library was closed against him by his own impetuosity,—on account of the benefit which might otherwise have accrued to his edition of Massinger. Under all these disadvantages, however, Mr Gifford has certainly produced a valuable edition of these dramas. That of Coxeter was very incorrect; and the idle liberties which Mr Mason had taken in altering the text of Massinger, and overturning the metre, were very numerous; and it required considerable acuteness and attention to restore it to its original purity. This, however, has been in a great degree effected by Mr Gifford's diligence in collating the text with the oldest editions, that had been altogether neglected by Mason. We are sorry, nevertheless, that it is not in our power to bestow the unqualified praise of accuracy, even upon this editor; who has fallen sometimes into errors, which should have made him more lenient to the mistakes of those who preceded him in this undertaking: and we regret that, instead of aiming at the fair fame which he might have gained by the production of a very improved edition, he should have made his notes the vehicle of satyrical animadversions upon the former editors, and appear to have been more anxious to exhibit the absurdities of other writers, than to enrich his publication with annotations which might have been useful to the reader. It would be difficult to bring together more errors than are contained in the following note by Mr Gifford; and they are the more striking as the note is almost superfluous.

> 'In those three memorable overthrows
> At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,
> The warlike Charalois, lost treasure, men, and life.'

'These were indeed memorable, since they were given *by ill-armed and undisciplined rustics* (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearless spirit of genuine liberty) *to armies superior to themselves in numbers*, and composed of regular troops from some of the most warlike nations in Europe. The overthrow of Granson took place, March 3d, 1476; that of Morat, June 22d in the same year; and that of Nancy, January 5th, 1477. In this, Charles (or, *as he is called from the Latin, Charalois*) Duke of Burgundy fell.'

How would Mr Gifford have handled Coxeter or Mason, if they had written *The battle of Agincourt, gained by Henry (or as he was called from the Greek* αλιος, *Wales) king of England?* Charolois, however, which Mr Gifford confounds with the Latin Carolus, was a county subject to the Duke of Burgundy; and the title of Comte de Charolois was borne by Charles till the death of his father in 1467, when he succeeded to the dukedom. The historical statement is not less inaccurate. Mr Gifford had a general impression that the Swiss were vigorous rustics, and had struggled boldly for their liberty; and, without referring to the particulars of their

contest with the Duke of Burgundy, he has passed this unmerited eulogy on their victories. In this instance, they cannot properly be said to have contended for liberty, excepting inasmuch as the liberty of any belligerent would be endangered by failure, as they were the first aggressors; and Charles gained no important advantages over them, if we except the capture of Granson, which was quickly wrested from him.

'Vouloit ledit Duc laiſſer repoſer ſon armée, qui eſtoit fort deſaite, tant a cauſe de Nuz, que par ce peu de guerre de Lorraine; et le demeurant vouloit il envoyer en garniſon, en aucunes places du Comté de Romont, comme auprès des villes de Berne et Fribourg auſquelles il vouloit faire la guerre, tant pour ce *qu'ils la lui avoient faite*, eſtant devant, Nuz, qu'auſſi *pour avoir aidé à lui oſter la Comté de Ferrete*, et parce qu'ils avoient oſté au dit Comté de Romont partie de ſa terre.' *Phil. de Comines, liv. 5. c. 1.*

Secondly, the statement of the relative forces, is directly contrary to the account given by the same very credible writer, who says that he had the circumstances from those who were present. At the battle of Granson, the Swiss army was inferior in numbers, but strongly posted. The Duke ill-advisedly advanced to dislodge them. The van, being unexpectedly attacked by the Swiss, was ordered to fall back; and the body of the army, mistaking their retreat for flight, was thrown into confusion, and fled without having been engaged. The Duke lost only 700 men; but his reputation suffered greatly. His own allies fell from him; and the forces of the old league and the new confederacy of Basle, Strasbourg, &c. were joined by those of the Duke of Lorraine and the imperial towns of Francfort, Neuremberg, &c. At the battle of Morat, the confederates were *superior in number, well equipped, and stronger in cavalry.* We quote again the same author.

'Leſdits ailliez, comme il fut dit par ceux, qui y eſtoient, pouvoient bien eſtre 31,000 hommes de pied, bien choiſis et bien armez, (c'eſt à ſcavoir 11,000 piques, 10,000 hallebardes, 10,000 couleurines) et 4000 hommes de cheval.'—'Le duc de Lorraine arriva vers leſdites alliances peu d'heures avant la bataille et avec peu de gens.'

He afterwards states, on the authority of the *Prince de Tarente*, who saw the Duke of Burgundy's army counted while it was passing a bridge, that it was well equipped; but it consisted of only 23,000 regulars, besides artillery, and those who attended the baggage.

'Qu'il avoit compté et fait compter l'armée en paſſant ſur un pont, et y avoit bien trouvé 23,000 hommes de ſoulde, ſans le reſte qui ſuivoit l'armée et qui eſtoit pour le fait de l'artillerie.'

The Duke lost in that action 8000 of the regular troops. We now come to the battle of Nancy. The allies were in force and the

the Duke's army, discouraged by defeat, and reduced to less than 4000 men, of which not above *twelve hundred* were effective. He gave battle in a fit of desperation, and was slain.

'J'ay entendu par ceux qui le penſoient ſcavoir, qu' ils n'avoient point en l'oſt quatre mille hommes; dont il n'y avoit que douze cens en eſtat pour combattre.'—'Le duc choiſit le pire, non obſtant toutes les remonſtrances qu'on lui avoit faites *du grand nombre des Alemans*, qui eſtoit avec ledit Duc de Lorraine, et auſſi de l'armée du Roi, logée près de lui; et conclud la bataille, *avec ce petit nombre de gens epouventez* qu'il avoit.'

We have dwelt upon this note, because we are always anxious to maintain historical truth; and because we cannot better exemplify the haste and inaccuracy with which Mr Gifford sometimes appears to write. It seems, from a note in vol. 4. p. 167, that he must have printed the first volumes, before he had even read through the author he was editing.

'This expreſſion reconciles me to a paſſage in the Parliament of Love, vol. 2. p. 291, of which, though copied with my beſt care, I was extremely doubtful. *It now appears*, that Maſſinger uſes *candour*, in both places, as ſynonymous with *honour*.'

We are far from wishing to reproach Mr Gifford with mistakes, to which men of genius, who write from recollection, are frequently liable; but it is our duty to repeat, and to urge strongly for his consideration in future, that those who can trespass on the public with such inaccuracies, should be very careful not to attack those who have preceded them with bitterness of language and harsh reprehension. Indeed, in some passages, Mr Gifford appears to have been irritated by so strong a spirit of impatience and anger against Coxeter and Mason, that we are inclined to think, if either of those unfortunate editors had been within his reach, he might have closed his arguments like George a Greene, in an anonymous old play,

'And for greater proof
Give my man leave to fetch for me my ſtaff;
I'll prove it good upon your carcaſes.'

From almost every page in Mr Gifford's edition, it appears, that his constant aim has not been simply to rectify what was inaccurate, to cast aside what was superfluous, and to add what might be necessary or useful for the information of the reader, but to build his own reputation on the ruin of that of his predecessors. This object is pursued with such assiduity, that he frequently falls into the very error which he would reprobate in them. For instance, in the Duke of Milan, we find this note.

'Scarabs, means beetles. *M. Maſon.* Very true; and beetles means ſcarabs.' Vol. I. p. 279.

Some unlearned readers might perhaps be thankful for Mr

Mason's explanation; but, if it was superfluous, how much less edifying must it be with such an additional comment! Again, under the line *Enjoying one that but to me 's a Dian*, we find,

'Dian, a contraction for Diana. *M. Maſon.* And ſo it is!' Vol. I. p. 315.

We may adduce another instance from the Virgin Martyr.

'As *angels* were no part of the Pagan theology, this ſhould *certainly* be augel, from the Italian augello, which means a bird, *M. Maſon.* It were to be wiſhed that critics would ſometimes apply to themſelves the advice which Gonneril gives to poor old Leer; *I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo*; we ſhould not then find ſo many *certainties.*'—'In Mandeville, the barbarous Herodotus of a barbarous age, there is an account of a people (probably the remains of the old Guebres) who expoſed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowles of the air. They reſerved however the ſculls, of which he ſays the ſon 'letethe make a cuppe, and thereof drynkethe he with gret devocioun, in remembraunce of the holy man that the *aungeles of God* han eten.' By this expreſſion (ſays Mr Hole) Mandeville poſſibly meant to inſinuate that they were conſidered as ſacred meſſengers. *No, ſurely*; aungeles of God was ſynonymous in Mandeville's vocabulary to fowles of the air.' Vol. I. p. 36.

We believe that many of our readers will disagree with that assertion, and think the harsh *assurance* of one editor nearly as objectionable as the quiet *certainty* of the other. Instances are however adduced, which prove Mr Mason's correction to have been unnecessary and improper: and, indeed, throughout the whole work, Mr Gifford deserves great commendation for restoring the text which had been injudiciously altered. Sometimes, however, his animosity against Mr Mason has induced him to reject scornfully his suggestions, though not devoid of ingenuity. For example in the Duke of Milan.

"To ſee thoſe chuffs, that every day may ſpend
A ſoldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raiſins."

'So all the old copies, and ſo indeed Coxeter's; but Mr Maſon, whoſe ſagacity nothing eſcapes, detected the poet's blunder, and for *third* ſuggeſted, nay, actually printed *thin.*—"This paſſage (quoth he) appears to be erroneous: the making a third meal of raiſins, if they had made two good meals before, would be no proof of penurioufneſs."—Seriouſly, was ever alteration ſo capricious? Was ever reaſoning ſo abſurd? Where is it ſaid that theſe chuffs had made two good meals before? Is not the whole tendency of the ſpeech to ſhow that they ſtarved themſelves in the midſt of abundance?' I. p. 279.

It is so undoubtedly; and, on that very account, did Mr Mason object to *third*: because, though perhaps not two *good meals*, it did imply that they had made *two before*, and that would not be much like starvation. The alteration is ingenious, and makes the sentence

sentence clearer. If *third* is the genuine reading, it may perhaps mean *principal*, considering the third meal as the most important.

With respect to the word *chuff*, Mr Gifford says, 'it is *always* used in a bad sense, and means *a coarse unmannerly clown*, at once sordid and wealthy.' That is a mistaken interpretation; the word, if ever, has not always that signification. In Decker's Hon. Wh. *Fustigo* says, 'Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff. *Viola.* I am married to a man that has wealth enough and wit enough. *Fustigo.* A linendraper, I was told, sister. *Viola.* Very true, a grave citizen. I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband.'—Afterwards, speak of him, *Pioratto* says, 'He, according to the mildness of his breast, entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time as much as a citizen might do.' We believe that the word has much more affinity to *citizen* than to *clown*.

In the Bondman (Scene I.) we find a proper interpretation of Mason's rejected with scorn as unintelligible.

"He's a man of strange and reserv'd parts."

'Strange here signifies distant. *M. Mason.* I do not pretend to know the meaning of distant parts. Massinger, however, is clear enough. Strange and reserved in his language, is strangely (*i. e.* singularly) reserved.' II. p. 8.

If Mr Gifford had found leisure even to open Johnson's Dictionary, (though a phrase so common ought perhaps to have been familiar to him), he would have seen under the word *strangeness*, that explanation which he could not *pretend* to furnish; (viz. 'uncommunicativeness, distance of behaviour; remoteness from common manners or notions, uncouthness.') And he might have read sundry quotations from Shakespeare, which we think it unnecessary to cite, for the purpose of showing that Mason's interpretation, though perhaps superfluous, was perfectly accurate.

Mr Gifford's irritation against the former editors, displays itself curiously in his note to a line in the Renegado; where, by an improper alteration of *caroch* into coach, the metre had been disturbed.

'If the reader would have a specimen of what can be done by a nice ear in editing an ancient poet, let him cast an eye on this line, as it stands in Coxeter and Mason. *Her footmen, her coach, her ushers, her pages.* Tumtiti, tumtiti,' &c. II. p. 133.

As Ennius has used 'taratantara' for the sound of a trumpet, Mr Gifford may perhaps be justified for expressing by 'tumtiti,' his sense of the error committed by the editors of Massinger. But looking upon this as a natural and involuntary exclamation, which had been forced from him by the exquisite sensibility of his ear, we were surprised at discovering that the gentlemen, who have been

been thus rebuked, might in other passages retort the '*tumtiti*' upon Mr Gifford with equal propriety. We will cite an instance from the City Madam, in Mr Gifford's edition.

'*Hoyſt.* I now repent I ever
Intended to be honeſt.
(*Enter Luke*) *Serj.* Here he comes
You had beſt tell ſo.
For. Worſhipful Sir,
You come in time to free us from theſe bandogs.'

To which we find the following note—

'Mr Maſon reads, "*Here he* comes; You had beſt *him* tell ſo." His falſe pointing made his barbarous interpolation neceſſary. The old copy is evidently right.' IV. p. 85.

Mr Mason made the interpolation solely for the purpose of supporting metre which was defective; and Mr Gifford's metrical sensibility must have quite deserted him, when he asserted that a dramatic verse hobbling with only nine syllables, was evidently right. There is undoubtedly an error in the passage; for Massinger is never deficient in his metre, which was very artificial; and, in his comedies, is particularly superabundant in unaccented syllables; but Mr Mason's interpolation is by no means satisfactory. The inversion is harsh, and does not accord with the author's style; and the words *Here he comes*, cannot stand well without a reference. Perhaps Massinger had written, 'Here he comes *that* you had best tell so.' In the very next scene, we find 'Here he comes *that* can best resolve you.'

We will produce from the same play a passage in which Mr Gifford has been guilty of an interpolation not less objectionable and more injurious to the sense; imagining that a foot was wanting to make the metre perfect, which does not appear to be the case.

"*Secret.* Dead doings, daughter.
Shav. Doings! ſufferings, mother:
[For poor] men have forgot what doing is,
And ſuch as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent as eunuchs."

'A foot is loſt in the original. I have ſubſtituted the words between brackets, in the hope of reſtoring the ſenſe of the paſſage.' IV. 49.

The sense, which was by no means dubious, is rather injured by the interpolation; and the construction is not improved by connecting the sentence with the foregoing exclamation. A simple attention in the division of the lines would have rectified the metre.

Doings? Sufferings!
Mother, men have forgot what doing is.

Mr

Mr Gifford has rectified many passages, in which the metre was absolutely destroyed by an improper division of the lines in Mason's edition; but, notwithstanding the indignation he displays upon such occasions, he has left many portentous lines, which might have been easily reduced, by the same process, within proper dimensions. For instance, in the Bashful Lover—

'I would we were so rid of them.
Oct. Why?
Goth. I fear one hath
The art of memory and will remember.'

'*One hath*' should be the commencement of the second, which will bear the addition. In the City Madam we encountered the following formidable verse.

'I once held you an upright honest man. I am honester now.'

'*I once held you*' ought to have been printed as the conclusion of the foregoing line. Though burthened by the addition, it will still come within the rules of Massinger's comic metre, which (as we before said) is purposely superabundant in unaccented syllables; a liberty which he adopted in imitation of the comic iambics, that admit anapæsts, and dactyles. The lines will stand thus,

'You are vé|ry péremp|tory, práy|you ſtáy;|I once héld|you
An úp|right hón|eſt mán. |I am hón|eſter nów.'

We could adduce many instances to show that the first verse, as we propose to read it, is conformable to Massinger's rules of comic versification. One line of similar structure will be sufficient.

'And púniſh|ment ó|vertáke him|when he leáſt|expéct|s|it.'

We have said that this structure of verse is artificial, and not arising from negligence, because he affects that extraordinary abundance of unaccented syllables in the comic parts, as diligently, as he avoids it in the tragedies and more dignified parts of his comedies. Few writers appear to have attended more to their versification than Massinger; and however inharmonious such lines may be esteemed, their metre has been perhaps as studiously arranged as the most melodious lines of his finer passages.

These observations upon Massinger's usual manner of accenting his verse, lead us to propose the alteration of a single word in a corrupt passage in the Unnatural Combat, where Mr Gifford is desirous of interpolating a whole line.

'But if we find, as moſt believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accurſed ſon,
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cauſe we know not) the moſt bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth; *all* compaſſion

Of

Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,
We ſit engaged to cenſure him with all
Extremity and rigour.' I. p. 137.

For *all*, Mr Mason reads *no*, which is scarcely an English construction—certainly not such English as Massinger would have written. Mr Gifford proposes to retain *all compassion*, and to insert *Of his years pass'd over, all consideration.* This, however, is too great an addition to be made without authority; and we think unnecessary. As far as we have observed, when *forth* is added to a verb, it throws the accent on *forth*; as in Massinger, 'Thus hollowly break forth'—'Put forth an inch of taper,' &c.; and, imagining that *all* was a mistake of the printer's, whose eye might have been fixed on the words '*with all*' in the verse below, we propose to read *without compassion*; which will restore the sense and the metre, according to the author's manner.

The strange inaccuracies of Mason, and his capricious deviations from the original text, might have furnished sufficient grounds of animadversion to satisfy an editor of moderate gall; but Mr Gifford could not make himself comfortable, without travelling out of the record to censure sundry other worthies, for the sake of a little variety. When the text does not furnish him with facilities for such pleasing excursions, a quotation from any other author, though perhaps not very apt, is sufficient to smooth the way for a little extraneous censure. In the notes to a Very Woman, a quotation is introduced from Ben Jonson.

'Rut is young phyſician to the family
That, letting God alone,' &c.

After which, we read the following observations, written undoubtedly, as the editor has justly observed, without any disposition to personal satire, and with a due sense of the impropriety of converting an antient writer into a libellist of modern characters.

'I have no propenſity to perſonal ſatire, nor do I think it juſt to convert an antient author into a libelliſt, by an appropriation of his deſcriptions to modern characters; yet I muſt, for once, be indulged in ſaying, that almoſt every word here delivered applies ſo forcibly to a late phyſician, that it requires ſome evidence to believe that the lines were written nearly two centuries ago. To leſſen the wonder, however, it may be obſerved, that, from the days of Dr Rutt to thoſe of Dr D——n, that deſcription of men, who, *letting God alone, aſcribe to nature more than her ſhare*, have been commonly *licentious, petulant, and obſcene buffoons.*' IV. p. 262.

In the passage just quoted, Mr Gifford has made it so evident to the public that he writes with every disposition to courtesy and gentleness, and that whatever may appear bitter in his observations is attributable to that irresistible impulse by which the effect must follow the cause, that we shall dismiss altogether this

part

part of our subject, and proceed to the more pleasing task of commendation, where we think it may be fairly bestowed.

We have already said, that Mr Gifford deserves high praise for the diligence with which he has restored the text to its original purity, by discarding the alterations and interpolations of the former editors. In whatever emendations he has proposed, the strictest attention has been paid to the style of the author; whereas Mason's alterations perpetually sin against it. His explanations of antiquated words are for the most part accurate and useful; and, in some instances, he has determined the meaning of expressions, which had not been heretofore properly understood. We shall quote two notes by Mr Gifford, which we think will give satisfaction to our readers.

" In *way of youth* I did enjoy one friend. "

' There is no paſſage in Shakeſpeare on which more has been written than the following one in Macbeth.

" I have lived long enough; my *way of life*
Is fallen into the ſere and yellow leaf. "

' For *way of life*, Johnſon would read *May of life*; in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Stevens, and others; and Mr Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares, that he " has now no doubt that Shakeſpeare wrote *May of life*, " which is alſo the " ſettled opinion " of Mr Davies! At a ſubſequent period, Stevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquieſced in the old reading, *way of life*, which he interprets, with Mr Maſon, " courſe or progreſs, " preciſely as Warburton, whom every *mouſing owl hawks at*, had done long before. Mr Malone follows in the ſame track; and if the words had ſignified what he ſuppoſed them to do, nothing more would be neceſſary on the ſubject. The fact however is, that theſe ingenious writers have miſtaken the phraſe, which is neither more nor leſs than a ſimple periphraſis for *life*; as *way of youth* in the text is for *youth*. A few examples will make this clear.

" If that when I was miſtreſs of myſelf,
And in my *way of youth*, pure and untainted,
The Emperor had vouchſafed, " &c. *Roman Actor*.

i. e. in my youth.

" So much nobler
Shall be your *way of juſtice*. " *Thierry and Theodoret*.

i. e. your juſtice.

" Thus ready for *the way of death or life*,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow. " *Pericles*.

i. e. for death or life.

" If all the art I have, or power can do it,
He ſhall be found, and ſuch a *way of juſtice*
Inflicted on him. " *Queen of Corinth*.

i. e. ſuch juſtice. " Probably, " ſay the editors, " we ſhould read *weight* of juſtice; *way* is very flat! "

" If

" If we can wipe out
The *way of your offences*, we are yours, Sir." *Valentinian.*

i. e. your offences. " To wipe out the way," the ſame editors again remark, " ſeems a ſtrange phraſe; *ſtain*, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: yet we ſhould not have ſubſtituted it," (they actually foiſt it into the text), " had we not been perſuaded that the old reading was corrupt!" And thus our beſt poets are edited!' &c. IV. p. 304.

We can only quote the latter part of an excellent note, explanatory of the expressions *cry aim* and *give aim*, which appear to have been greatly misunderstood. Coxeter had proposed to read, *cry, Ay me!* in the following passage.

' While you cry aim,
Like idle lookers on.' *Bondman*, p. 27.

Mr Gifford explains, that to *cry aim* was to *encourage*, to *give aim*, to *direct*.

' Thoſe who cried *aim!* ſtood by the archers; he who *gave it* was ſtationed near the butts, and pointed out, after the diſcharge, how wide or how ſhort the arrow fell of the mark. An example or two will make all this clear.

" It ill becomes this preſence to *cry aim!*
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions." *King John.*

i. e. to encourage.

" Before his face plotting his own abuſe,
To which himſelf *gives aim:*
While the broad arrow with forked head
Miſſes his brows but narrowly." *A Mad World my Maſters.*

i. e. directs.

" Now to be patient, were to play the pander
To the viceroy's baſe embraces, and *cry aim!*
While he by force," &c. *Renegado.*

i. e. encourage.

" This way I toil in vain, and *give* but *aim*
To infamy and ruin; he will fall;
My bleſſing cannot ſtay him." *The Roaring Girl.*

i. e. direct them.

' Standyng rather in his window to *crye aime!* than helpying any waye to part the fraye. *Fenton's Tragical Diſcourſes. i. e.* to encourage.

' I myſelf *gave aim* thus, &c. *Middleton's Spaniſh Gypſie. i. e.* directed' II. p. 27.

We regret that Mr Gifford has not offered to the public his own particular observations on the several plays of Massinger, which (although, like most editors, he is too partial to his author) we should have deemed highly interesting; for we have much respect for Mr Gifford's talents and discernments. Instead of meeting with such gratification, we are annoyed, at the end

of

of every drama, by certain dull and pious dissertations, which, if the name of Dr Ireland had not been subjoined to them, we should have been inclined to attribute to some itinerant preacher. It will not appear wonderful that we should have nearly fallen into that misconception, since the Doctor, apologizing for the task he had undertaken in criticizing Massinger, assures his readers, that '*no calling has been left for it.*' IV. p. 583. We quote a specimen of Dr Ireland's observations on the Fatal Dowry, the joint production of Field and Massinger, from which the Fair Penitent of Rowe was stolen without any acknowledgment. After stating, that it is doubted which passages should be attributed to Field, and which to Massinger, he adds,

'I pass with pleasure from this *uninteresting inquiry* to a great moral, which, after all the discussion bestowed upon this play, is as yet fresh and untouched. Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to Heaven; and, by the Divine will, the administration of it, for mortal purposes, is vested in the laws. To revenge our own cause, is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of Providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt, and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice there is virtue.' III. p. 475.

On the Virgin Martyr he observes—

'Certainly there is too much horror in this tragedy. The daughters of Theophilus are killed on the stage. Theophilus himself is racked; and Dorothea is dragged by her hair, kicked, tortured, and beheaded. Its popularity must therefore, in a considerable degree, be attributed to the interest occasioned by the contrary agencies of the two spirits; to *the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea*, at the conclusion of the piece, and the reappearance of Angelo in his proper character, *with the sacred fruits and flowers from the heavenly garden, and the crown of immortality for Theophilus.*' I. p. 124.

We are surprised that Mr Gifford should have condescended to print this passage; which would undoubtedly have excited his spleen, if it had fallen from Coxeter or Mason. We shall only observe, in the words of Mr Gifford, that the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea, 'with the poor helps of which the stage was then possessed, must have been somewhat worse than ridiculous.'—'Such was the poverty of the stage' (we again quote Mr Gifford), 'that it admitted of little variety. A plain curtain hung up in a corner, separated distant regions; and if a board were advanced with Milan or Florence written upon it, the delusion was complete. *A table, with pen and ink thrust in*, signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern. Instances

ces of this may be found in the margin of all our old plays, which seem to be copied from the prompter's books.' Introd. p. 76. We imagine, for our part, that the Virgin Martyr was probably indebted for much of its popularity to the very absurdities and ribaldry from which a modern audience would have most revolted; and in some degree, to the fine passages which are intermixed with such horrors and obscenity, and must have had a powerful effect on the hearers.

It is not our intention to enter minutely into the merits of Massinger's writings: they are valuable enough to have deserved an accurate edition, but we have neither leisure nor inclination to discuss them in detail. Mr Gifford will perhaps be offended at the little ceremony with which we treat his favourite dramatist. It is natural for men to imbibe a strong partiality for whatever has particularly occupied their attention. In painting, in music, in almost every artificial amusement, a certain degree of habit and skill is necessary for the discernment of real beauties; and it cannot be surprising, that the constant exercise of that factitious skill, applied to an individual object, should lead to a false perception of imaginary beauties. Hence it perpetually happens, that, after the assiduous contemplation of any object, the mind attaches itself to what it has minutely investigated, and gradually leans to sympathize with that from which it would have at first revolted. Had we, instead of reviewing Mr Gifford's production, toiled, like him, through a laborious collation of the text of the several editions, we should doubtless be more tender of Massinger's dramatical reputation. But although we are inclined, from these considerations, to attribute the excessive praise which Mr Gifford has lavished on Massinger, not so much to a faulty taste, as to an overweening fondness for the companion of his studious hours, we cannot but express our astonishment at some instances in his work of what we deem most unmerited approbation. In a note on the Renegado, Mr Gifford says,

'There is a paſſage in Tomkis's Albamazar, which would be admired even in the nobleſt ſcenes of Shakeſpeare.

'How ſlow the day ſlides on! when we deſire
Time 's haſte, he ſeems to loſe a match with lobſters;
And when we wiſh him ſtay, he imps his wings
With feathers plumed with thought.' II. p. 227.

We are not less at a loss to discover that preeminent beauty in the following passage, which should have called for such unqualified commendation as Mr Gifford bestows upon it.

'But wherefore came you in divided troops,
As if the miſtreſſes would not accept
Their ſervants' guardſhip, or the ſervants ſlighted
Refuſe to offer it? You all wear ſad looks:

On

On Perigol appears not that blunt mirth
Which his face uſed to promiſe; on Montroſe
There hangs a heavy dulneſs; Cleremond
Droops e'en to death, and Clarindore hath loſt
Much of his ſharpneſs; nay, theſe ladies too,
Whoſe ſparkling eyes did uſe to fire the court
With various inventions of delight,
Part with their ſplendour. What's the cauſe? from whence
Proceeds this alteration?'

'Let me call the reader's attention to the exquiſite melody of this ſpeech: nothing is forced, nothing is inverted. Plainneſs and ſimplicity are all the aids of which the poet has availed himſelf; yet a more perfect ſpecimen of flowing, elegant, and rythmical modulation is not to be found in the Engliſh language.' II. p. 244.

Massinger, in our unprejudiced (though perhaps mistaken) opinion, is an eloquent writer; but an indifferent dramatist. His comedies have no wit; his tragedies no propriety. In his Bondman (one of the best) Pisander the Theban disguises himself as a slave, and contrives to be sold to the father of Cleora of Syracuse, whom he loves in secret. When Timoleon has drawn forth all the force of Syracuse against an invading enemy, Pisander, for the sake of showing his own continence to his beloved Cleora, excites the slaves who remained in Syracuse to revolt, and in pure good humour to ravish all the wives and daughters, and scourge all the fops, who were left behind in the city. At the end of the play, when Timoleon returns with the army, Pisander, who is known to have been the mover of the rebellion, having discovered his name and quality, receives Cleora for his bride with the good-will of all the Syracusans; and the facetious ravishing of their wives and daughters is passed over lightly, as having been a wholesome lesson to the proud dames of Sicily.

There is not, according to the best of our recollection, a single pathetic scene in all the writings of Massinger; there is not a passage, amidst all the butchery which he displays, that can draw a tear of sympathy from the audience; and he appears to have been conscious of his inability to represent a tender emotion, which he has scarcely ever attempted. In the Unnatural Combat, a tragedy in which every horror that the mind can imagine has been accumulated, and which is by no means destitute of terrific beauties, two opportunities offered themselves for the representation of the deepest emotion and distress, and both are completely neglected. The one, where Theocrine hears that her father has killed her brother in single combat; the other, where Belgarde finds his beloved Theocrine (who had been ravished by a ruffian, and turned out half naked in a tempestuous night) lying dead beside her father. A more dreadful scene cannot be

conceived; but the only observations of Belgarde on the occasion are as follows:

'All that have eyes to weep
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.'

And afterwards,

'Here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd down Heaven's vengeance.'

With those few words from Belgarde, and a dry moral from his father, the play concludes. An author, who could dismiss such circumstances of distress, without aiming at a single expression of emotion, must have felt himself incompetent 'to ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears,' and have shrunk from the attempt. 'The gates of horror' he has set wide open.

Massinger's talents appear to have been better fitted by nature for heroic than dramatic writing: he excels in dignified scenes; he describes both character and passion with skill; but is unable to give them appropriate language and expression: he is eloquent, indeed, in every species of description; but his flowing, stately periods, are perhaps too lofty for the stage, and contribute to render his plays heavy and wearisome to the reader; while those of Beaumont and Fletcher, with equal faults, are far more diverting. We shall quote a few passages as specimens of Massinger's eloquent language.

'They have drawn together
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal ſpirit to dare, and power to do:
So near entrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counſel they can e'er be ſever'd,
Until it be determined by the ſword
Which hath the better cauſe: for the ſucceſs
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquiſh'd
Moſt miſerably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in ſuſpenſe, on whoſe fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious ſtand,
You cannot blame the Duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.' I. p. 240. *Duke of Milan.*

'This beauty, in the bloſſom of my youth,
When my firſt fire knew no adulterate incenſe,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondneſs;
In all the bravery my friends could ſhow me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the beſt language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken ſighs my ſick heart lent me,
I ſued and ſerv'd: long did I love this lady,

Long

Long was my travail, long my trade to win her:
With all the duty of my ſoul I ſerv'd her.'

IV. p. 315. *A Very Woman.*

The Virgin Martyr, which was the joint production of Decker and Massinger, and contains more horrors, more absurdities and obscurity, than most of these dramas, affords perhaps as many fine passages as any other; and the difference between the style of Decker and Massinger, is in many parts very distinguishable. Decker is less fluent and stately, hath more of conceit, and admits occasional rhymes. The following scene, between Dorothea and the attendant angel, is evidently from the pen of Decker, and written in his best manner.

'*Dor.* My book and taper.

'*Angelo.* Here, moſt holy miſtreſs.

'*Dor.* Thy voice ſends forth ſuch muſic, that I never
Was raviſh'd with a more celeſtial ſound.
Were every ſervant in the world like thee
So full of goodneſs, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art: get thee to reſt,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppreſt.

'*Ang.* No, my good lady, I could weary ſtars,
And force the watchful moon to loſe her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm ſinging with ſome quire in heaven,
So bleſt I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my moſt lov'd miſtreſs, do not bid
Your boy, ſo ſerviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart

'*Dor.* Be nigh me ſtill, then;
In golden letters down I'll ſet that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet ſuch worlds of comfort in thyſelf,
This little pretty body: when I coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy,
My ſweet-faced godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!
And when I took thee home, my moſt chaſte boſom
Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting ſince higher
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

'*Ang.* Proud am I, that my lady's modeſt eye
So likes ſo poor a ſervant.

'*Dor.* I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy father;
I would leave kingdoms, were I Queen of ſome,

To dwell with thy good father; for the ſon
Bewitching me ſo deeply with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my ſweet boy, ſhow me thy parents;
Be not aſhamed.

'*Ang.* I am not; I did never
Know who my mother was; but by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawn theſe eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven,' &c. I. p. 32.

After the death of Dorothea, who is tortured and beheaded on the ſtage, Theophilus, the brutal inſtrument of Dioclesian's perſecutions, is converted to Chriſtianity by the ſound of celeſtial muſic, and the reappearance of the attendant angel. The words of Angelo to Theophilus are very impreſſive.

'*Angelo.* Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou ſhaken with a Cæſar's voice,
Though thouſand deaths were in it.'

The ſcene that follows between Dioclesian and Theophilus, is undoubtedly Maſſinger's; and we cannot quote a better ſpecimen of his eloquence.

'*Diocl.* Why, they (i. e. *the Roman dames*) did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more. (i. e. *Dorothea.*)

'*Theoph.* They out of deſperation,
Or for vainglory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous ſons,
As the raſh Gracchi were; nor was this ſaint
A doating mother, as Cornelia was:
This loſt no huſband, in whoſe overthrow
Her wealth and honour ſunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but aiming
At an immortal crown, and in His cauſe
Who only can beſtow it, who ſent down
Legions of miniſtering angels to bear up
Her ſpotleſs ſoul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celeſtial muſic, equal to
The motion of the ſpheres; ſhe, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were preſent at her death; did you e'er hear
Such raviſhing ſounds?

'*Sapr.* Yet you ſaid then, 'twas witchcraft
And deviliſh illuſions.

'*Theoph.* I then heard it
With ſinful ears, and belch'd out blaſphemous words
Againſt his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him,

'*Diocl.*

'*Diocl.* Why, doſt thou now?
Or dar'ſt thou, in our hearing—
'*Theoph.* Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burſt with rage, ſhould they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies;
Yet I would ſpeak, and ſpeak again, and boldly,
I am a Chriſtian, and the powers you worſhip
But dreams of fools and madmen.
Max. Lay hands on him.
Diocl. Thou twice a child! for doating age ſo makes thee;
Thou couldſt not elſe, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almoſt paſt through, in this laſt moment
Deſtroy whate'er thou haſt done good or great.
Thy youth did promiſe much; and, grown a man
Thou mad'ſt it good, and with increaſe of years
Thy actions ſtill better'd; as the ſun
Thou did'ſt riſe gloriouſly, keptſt a conſtant courſe
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou ſhouldſt paſs with honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?' I. 113.

We shall now quote the description of the characters of the ſon and father in the Unnatural Combat.

'I have ſat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a ſyllable exchanged between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that inſtant would
Choke up his vital ſpirits; and now and then
A tear or two, as in deriſion of
The toughneſs of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which, but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his ſword,
He would murmur, but yet ſo as I oft heard him,
We ſhall meet, cruel father, yes we ſhall;
When I'll exact, for every womaniſh drop
Of ſorrow from theſe eyes, a ſtrict account
Of much more from thine heart.—
—Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A ſail's deſcried, all thoughts that do concern
Himſelf laid by, no lion pinch'd with hunger
Rouſes himſelf more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck: and there how wiſely
He gives directions, and how ſtout he is
In his executions, we to admiration

To dwell with thy good father; for the ſon
Bewitching me ſo deeply with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my ſweet boy, ſhow me thy parents;
Be not aſhamed.

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Know who my mother was; but by yon palace,
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Her wealth and honour ſunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but aiming
At an immortal crown, and in His cauſe
Who only can beſtow it, who ſent down
Legions of miniſtering angels to bear up
Her ſpotleſs ſoul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celeſtial muſic, equal to
The motion of the ſpheres; ſhe, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were preſent at her death; did you e'er hear
Such raviſhing ſounds?

'*Sapr.* Yet you ſaid then, 'twas witchcraft
And deviliſh illuſions.

'*Theoph.* I then heard it
With ſinful ears, and belch'd out blaſphemous words
Againſt his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him,

'*Diocl.*

' *Diocl.* Why, doſt thou now?
Or dar'ſt thou, in our hearing—
' *Theoph.* Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burſt with rage, ſhould they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies;
Yet I would ſpeak, and ſpeak again, and boldly,
I am a Chriſtian, and the powers you worſhip
But dreams of fools and madmen.
Max. Lay hands on him.
Diocl. Thou twice a child! for doating age ſo makes thee;
Thou couldſt not elſe, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almoſt paſt through, in this laſt moment
Deſtroy whate'er thou haſt done good or great.
Thy youth did promiſe much; and, grown a man
Thou mad'ſt it good, and with increaſe of years
Thy actions ſtill better'd; as the ſun
Thou did'ſt riſe glorioufly, keptſt a conſtant courſe
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou ſhouldſt paſs with honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?' I. 113.

We ſhall now quote the deſcription of the characters of the ſon and father in the Unnatural Combat.

' I have ſat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a ſyllable exchanged between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that inſtant would
Choke up his vital ſpirits; and now and then
A tear or two, as in deriſion of
The toughneſs of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which, but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his ſword,
He would murmur, but yet ſo as I oft heard him,
We ſhall meet, cruel father, yes we ſhall;
When I'll exact, for every womaniſh drop
Of ſorrow from theſe eyes, a ſtrict account
Of much more from thine heart.—
—Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A ſail's deſcried, all thoughts that do concern
Himſelf laid by, no lion pinch'd with hunger
Rouſes himſelf more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck: and there how wiſely
He gives directions, and how ſtout he is
In his executions, we to admiration

Have been eyewitneſſes. Yet he never minds
The booty when 'tis made ours; but, as if
The danger in the purchaſe of the prey
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known, he does retire himſelf
To his private contemplation; no joy
Expreſs'd by him for victory.' I. 146.

'I have known him (i. e. *the father*)
From his firſt youth, but never yet obſerved,
In all the paſſages of his life and fortunes
Virtues ſo mix'd with vices: valiant the world ſpeaks him,
But with that bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
But to maintain his prodigal expenſe,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flaſh; but, his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly.' I. 272.

The following passage from the Old Law, which was the joint work of Massinger, Rowley and Middleton, is eminently beautiful; though it may be questionable whether the lines should be attributed to him—the fourth line especially.

'Does the kind root bleed out its livelihood
In parent diſtribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is ſeen while he's unſeen;
And muſt not gratitude deſcend again
To comfort his old limbs in fruitleſs winter?
Improvident or at leaſt partial nature!
(Weak woman in this kind) who in thy laſt teeming
Forgetteſt ſtill the former, ever making
The burthen of thy laſt throes the deareſt darling!
O yet in noble man reform, reform it,
And make us better than thoſe vegetives,
Whoſe ſouls die with them. Nature, as thou art old,
If love and juſtice be not dead in thee,
Make ſome the pattern of thy piety,
Leſt all do turn unnaturally againſt thee,
And thou be blamed for our oblivious
And brutiſh reluctations!' IV. 472.

A play, entitled the Parliament of Love, (which is not to be found in the former editions of Massinger), has been printed from an old MS. by Mr Gifford, and is in parts imperfect. The editor informs us that 'it is beyond all possibility of doubt the genuine work of Massinger.' It is entered in the Master of the Revels' book with Massinger's name, but in the Stationers' book with Rowley's: and a play of the same name by W. Rowley was in the number of those destroyed by Mr Warburton's servant,

vant. The editor is very sparing of the grounds of his decided opinion; but the internal evidence is to us satisfactory; and, after perusing the play, we had not the least hesitation in assenting to the assertion, that it is undoubtedly the work of Massinger. His style is easily recognized throughout the whole. We cannot, however, equally assent to the praise which Mr Gifford's partiality has lavished on it. The language is good, but the play has little other merit. We shall extract from it one passage, which is a good specimen of Massinger's fluent and elegant versification.

'If I bring with me
One thought, but of ſubmiſſion and ſorrow,
Or nouriſh any hope, but that your goodneſs
May pleaſe to ſign my pardon, may I periſh
In your diſpleaſure! which to me is more
Than fear of hell hereafter. I confeſs
The violence I offered to your ſweetneſs
In my preſumption, with lips impure
To force a touch from yours, a greater crime,
Than if I ſhould have mix'd laſcivious flames
With thoſe chaſte fires that burn at Dian's altar.
That 'twas a plot of treaſon to your virtues
To think you could be tempted, or believe
You were not faſhion'd in a purer mould,
And made of purer clay, than other women.
Since you are then the Phœnix of your time,
And e'en now, while you bleſs the earth, partake
Of their angelical eſſence, imitate
Heaven's aptneſs to forgive, when mercy's ſued for,
And once more take me to your grace and favour.' II. 278.

In p. 252, we observe an error of the MS. (or perhaps of the press) which has escaped Mr Gifford's observation. 'I'll *not* out for a second,' should have been, 'I'll out for a second,' as appears clearly by reference to p. 268.

We have perhaps already transgressed the limits we had prescribed to ourselves in the discussion of the merits of Massinger's writings; and shall now dismiss this article, assuring Mr Gifford, that we are thankful to him for his edition, which is an acquisition to the public: and though we have held it our duty to censure his asperity against those who are beneath him in literary attainments, we respect his talents, and admire his industry.

ART. VII. *Bakerian Lecture on the Force of Percussion. By* William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S. From the Philosophical Transactions for 1806.

THOUGH Mechanics is the branch of science that boasts of the highest certainty next to Arithmetic and Geometry, some of its conclusions have been controverted, and have given rise to considerable debate. Of this sort are the propositions concerning the measure of the force of bodies in motion; where two very different opinions have been entertained, each professing to be supported by experiment and demonstration. In this quarter mechanics comes in contact with metaphysics; the idea of force or of power belongs to both; and the latter science seems, in consequence, to have imparted to the former a degree of uncertainty that corresponds not well with its ordinary character. Though the mathematics, both pure and mixt, are thus apt to contract a little obscurity, in the neighbourhood of a science more remarkable for the grandeur than the distinctness of its objects, they do not, on that account, suffer any lasting injury: discussion restores them, sooner or later, to their native purity, and puts them in possession of that evidence which marks the perfection of knowledge.

If we examine what has happened with respect to the angle of contact, the method of indivisibles, the geometry of infinites, &c. &c. we shall find, that this process has invariably taken place; and that, in the question concerning the force of percussion, the same thing is now exemplified; insomuch that it is no longer doubted that this force may, with perfect truth, be considered as proportional, either to the quantity of matter multiplied into the velocity, or to the quantity of matter multiplied into the square of the velocity, according to the nature of the effect which it is destined to produce.

The learned and ingenious author of the present dissertation, to whose inventive powers many different departments of science will always acknowledge their obligations, does not appear to have chosen the subject of his lecture with a view to discovery, or to the invention, either of any new experiment, or new argument, by which the truth was to be established; but with a view, which is hardly less important—to state the matter clearly, and, as he tells us himself, to consider which of the opinions respecting the force exerted by moving bodies is most conformable to the usual meaning of the word,—and to show, that the explanation given by Newton of the third law of motion, is in no respect favourable to those who, in their view of the question, have been called Newtonians.

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In entering on this discussion, Dr Wollaston has described an experiment, in which both the measures of force have their reality ascertained, in a manner very incontrovertible, but not a little paradoxical, at the same time.

'Let a ball of clay, or of any other ſoft and wholly inelaſtic ſubſtance, be ſuſpended at reſt, but free to move in any direction with the ſlighteſt impulſe; and let there be two pegs, ſimilar and equal in every reſpect, inſerted ſlightly into its oppoſite ſides. Let there be alſo two other bodies, A and B, of any magnitude, which are to each other in the proportion of 2 to 1, ſuſpended in ſuch a poſition, that when perfectly at reſt they ſhall be in contact with the extremities of the oppoſite pegs, without preſſing againſt them. Now, if theſe bodies were made to ſwing with motions ſo adapted, that, in falling from heights in the proportion of 1 to 4, they might ſtrike at the ſame inſtant against the pegs oppoſite to them, the ball of clay would not be moved from its place to either ſide; nevertheleſs, the peg impelled by the ſmaller body B, which has the double velocity, would be found to have penetrated twice as far as the peg impelled by A.'

'One ſide obſerving that the ball of clay remains unmoved, conſiders the proof indiſputable, that the action of the body A is equal to that of B, and that their forces are properly meaſured by their momenta, which are equal, becauſe their velocities are in the ſimple inverſe ratio of the bodies. Their opponents think it equally proved, by the unequal depths to which the pegs have penetrated, that the cauſes of theſe effects are unequal, as they find to be the caſe in their eſtimation of the forces by the ſquares of the velocities. One party is ſatisfied, that equal momenta can reſiſt equal preſſures during the ſame time: the other party attend to the ſpaces through which the ſame moving force is exerted; and finding them in the proportion of 2 to 1, are convinced that the *vis viva* of a body in motion is juſtly eſtimated by its magnitude and the ſquare of its velocity, jointly.'

The statement we would offer of the propositions on which these two different results depend, is the following—That if on a body there act any number of accelerating or retarding forces in succession, and if each force be multiplied into the time during which it acts, the sum of all these products will be proportional to the *velocity* acquired by the body; but if each force be multiplied into the distance over which the body moves while that force is acting on it, the sum of all these products will be proportional to the *square of the velocity* acquired by the body.

These two propositions are not only true, but they are necessarily connected with one another; and the second may easily be shown to be the unavoidable consequence of the first. This is actually done by Newton, in the 39th Prop. of the First Book of the *Principia*, one of the most useful in the whole theory of motion,

motion, and hardly different from the second of the propositions now enunciated.

The first demonstration, therefore, of the proposition on which the whole theory of the *vis viva* is actually founded, is the work of Newton himself; and whatever was his own opinion concerning the measurement of force, he was certainly in possession of the key to the solution of the difficulty, and of the true principle on which it was to be ultimately decided. The Newtonians who have engaged in this controversy, may not always have been aware, that the *Principia* contained the demonstration of all that was sound both in their own argument and in that of their adversaries; and may therefore, agreeably to Dr Wollaston's remark, have maintained propositions which the author of their philosophy would not have been inclined to support.

In considering the use made of the two different measures of force, in science or in art, Dr Wollaston has the following remark.

'The former conception of a quantity dependent on the continuance of a given *vis motiva* for a certain time, may have its use, when correctly applied, in certain philosophical considerations; but the latter idea of a quantity resulting from the same force, exerted through a determinate *space*, is of greater practical utility, as it occurs daily in the usual occupations of men; since any quantity of work performed is always appretiated by the extent of effect resulting from their exertions; for it is well known, that the raising of any great weight forty feet, would require four times as much labour as would be required to raise an equal weight to the height of ten feet; and that, in its slow descent, the former would produce four times the effect of the latter in continuing the motion of any kind of machine.'

Now, with the judgment here given as to the respective utility of the two measures of the force of moving bodies, we cannot entirely agree; though we differ from Dr Wollaston with considerable diffidence; and the more, that his opinion is supported by one of the greatest authorities in practical mechanics of which this or any other country can boast—the late Mr Smeaton. That excellent engineer, in a paper on the Collision of Bodies, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1782, and in a former one inserted in the same work for 1751, has given the name of Mechanical Power to that force in moving bodies, which is supposed proportional to their quantity of matter multiplied into the square of their velocities; and he has contended, that it is to this quantity that the effect of machines destined to produce motion is always proportional. In hydraulic engines, he endeavours to prove the truth of this maxim by a series of experiments, instituted with a degree of skill, ingenuity and exactness, altogether worthy of his high reputation. In deducing his conclusions

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from them, however, he has not observed, that his measure of mechanical *effect* is one that involves the very principle he is objecting to, and virtually supposes that *effect* to be represented by the quantity of matter moved, multiplied, not into the square, but into the simple power of its velocity. He defines (Experimental Inquiry, p. 6.) the measure of the effect of a machine to be the weight raised, multiplied into the height to which it is raised *in a given time*; so that, if the time is not given, the measure of the effect is the product of the weight raised, into the height to which it is raised, divided by the time. Now, this is the same thing with the weight raised, multiplied into the velocity simply. For if W be the weight raised, h the height to which it is moved in the time t, and v its velocity, the effect, by the preceding definition, is $\frac{W \times h}{t}$. But v being the velocity with which W moves, we have $h = vt$, and therefore $\frac{W \times h}{t} = \frac{W \times vt}{t}$ ... $W \times v$; and $W \times v$ is therefore equal to the effect. Thus, in the very outset of the investigation, the principle of the *vis viva*, or *mechanical power*, is in fact abandoned, in consequence of including time in the measure of the effect, without which, however, that measure would be imperfect, and of no use for many of the objects which mechanical contrivances have in view. This circumstance appears evidently not to have been observed by Mr Smeaton. Had he used the algebraic, instead of the ordinary language, such an oversight could not have happened. The *envelope* which the latter affords for such nice ideas as those of force or of power, is not transparent enough, if we may say so, to allow all their relations to be clearly perceived; and hence one of those relations, though not far removed from the surface, has escaped the eye of a very sagacious and penetrating observer.

This remark being admitted, we shall easily discover that Mr Smeaton's conclusions, which appear most hostile to what is called the Newtonian measure of force, are, in fact, perfectly consistent with it. This holds particularly as to the second of his general maxims, deduced from a comparison of experiments on undershot wheels, where the expense of water was the same, but the velocity different. That maxim is, that the expense of water being the same, the effect will be nearly as the height of the effective head, or (as it is expressed in maxim third) as the square of the velocity of the water. This conclusion seems, at first sight, quite in favour of the theory of mechanical force, as laid down by our author, and the other supporters of the *vis viva*; and yet we shall presently find, that it is perfectly conformable to the other theory, and to those reasonings of Desaguliers

and

and Maclaurin, which Mr Smeaton has censured, as leading to conclusions altogether wide of the truth.

Let c be the velocity of the stream, v that of the wheel, A the area of the part of the float-board immersed in the water, g the velocity which a heavy body acquires in one second when falling freely. Then $c - v$ will be the relative velocity of the stream and the wheel, or the velocity with which the water strikes the wheel; and if we take h, a fourth proportional to g^2, $(c-v)^2$ and $\frac{1}{2}g$, h will be the height from which a body must fall to acquire the velocity $c - v$, and will be equal to $\frac{(c-v)^2}{2g}$. Wherefore, by a prop. well known in Hydraulics, the circumference of the wheel is urged by the weight of a column of water, of which the section is A, and the height $\frac{(c-v)^2}{2g}$, and of which the solidity is therefore $A \times \frac{(c-v)^2}{2g}$. Thus far the investigation is applicable to all undershot wheels, and to all hydraulic engines of a similar construction. But to bring it to the case of those experiments in which the expenditure of the water was the same, let E be equal to that expenditure, that is, to the cubic inches delivered in one second, then $A = \frac{E}{c}$, and so the pressure of the water, or the intensity of the impelling power $= \frac{E}{2gc}(c-v)^2$.

Now, if the resistance overcome, or the weight raised, be $= W$, and its velocity u, then when the machine has attained a state of uniform motion, the momenta of the resisting and impelling forces must be equal; that is, $W \times u = \frac{E}{2gc}(c-v)^2 v$. The quantity $W \times u$ will therefore be a *maximum*, when $(c-v)^2 v$ is a *maximum*, the coefficient $\frac{E}{2gc}$ being constant, and v alone being variable. But $(c-v)^2 v$ is a *maximum*, as is easily shown, when $v = \frac{1}{3}c$, and therefore $W \times u$ is also a *maximum* in that case. Now, $W \times u$ has already been shown to be the measure of the effect of the machine; therefore, the effect of the machine is greatest when $v = \frac{1}{3}c$, that is, when the velocity of the wheel is one third of the velocity of the water which impels it. In that case, also, the quantity $\frac{E}{2gc}(c-v)^2 v$, which is always equal to the effect, becomes $\frac{E}{2gc} \times \frac{4c^2}{g} \times \frac{c}{3} = \frac{E}{2g} \times \frac{4c^2}{27}$; therefore the *maximum* of effect is proportional to c^3 or to the square of the velocity

velocity of the stream; which is precisely Mr Smeaton's third maxim, as deduced from his own experiments. In the same way might the truth of his fourth maxim, that, when the aperture of the sluice is given, and when the height of the head varies, the effect is as the cube of the velocity of the water, be deduced from the received principles of Hydraulics; and yet Mr Smeaton evidently considers both these maxims as inconsistent with those principles. Here, therefore, this ingenious man has evidently fallen into an error; and this he has done, either from not having thoroughly considered the measure which he himself had assigned to the *effect*, or from not clearly perceiving that when a machine comes to its state of uniform motion, it is not because the resisting and impelling powers are equal, but because their momenta are equal; that is to say, the resisting power multiplied into its velocity, equal to the impelling power multiplied into its velocity.

We have gone over the above investigation with more minuteness than a matter of so little difficulty may seem to require; because we wished that it might appear quite plain from what sources all the reasoning was derived, and that no part of it involved the idea of *mechanical power*, or of the *vis viva*. The only part of it that can be suspected of doing so, is the hydraulic proposition concerning the impulse of a fluid; but it is certain that this theorem, though one of those about which some difference of opinion has arisen, can be deduced in a satisfactory manner from the nature of fluids, without any appeal to the doctrine of the *vis viva*.

At the same time that the theorems, derived in the manner exemplified above, bring out results that agree with Mr Smeaton's experiments as to the proportion between effects arising from different impulses, yet it must be acknowledged that they do not agree well as to the absolute quantities. Thus, the greatest effect is assigned by the theory, in the case of undershot wheels, to that velocity of the wheel which is one third of the velocity of the stream. Mr Smeaton found, that the velocity which gives the greatest effect, is between $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$, but nearer to the latter. The theory gives the *maximum* load $\frac{4}{9}$ of the impelling power; Mr Smeaton's experiments make these quantities approach very near to equality. Whatever be the reason of a difference that falls out on the opposite side to what is usual, the practical result being more favourable than the theoretical, it certainly does not lye in any thing which the introduction of the *vis viva* would correct. Were we, for example, to suppose that the forces of the single particles of the fluid, to put the wheel in motion, are as the squares of the velocities, we should then have, for the expression of the impelling force, $(c - v)^3$ multiplied into some constant

stant coefficient, so that the greatest effect would be when $(c - v)^3 v$ was a *maximum*, which happens when $v = \frac{1}{4}c$, or when the velocity of the wheel is only one fourth of that of the stream. On this supposition, also, the effect would be as the fourth power of the velocity: both of which conclusions are perfectly inconsistent with Mr Smeaton's experiments, and with all the best established maxims in hydraulics. To whatever cause, therefore, the imperfection of the theory of the machines moved by water is to be ascribed, it is not to any thing that would be corrected by the introduction of a measure of force different from that which is commonly in use. If we are right in this conclusion, it is evident that a large class of machines, all those, namely, that are moved by the impulsion of fluids, are taken from the list of those of which the effect is best estimated by what Mr Smeaton has called Mechanical Force. We believe the same conclusion may be extended to many more; though we perfectly agree with Dr Wollaston, that when all that is to be determined is the quantity of effect that corresponds to a certain force, without any reference to time, the principle of the *vis viva* will afford the simplest and shortest way of determining that quantity.

There is, however, a consideration different from any that has been yet mentioned, which, if we mistake not, both in science and in art, will very much decide to what measure of force the mechanist must have recourse. The nature of the propositions on which those measures are founded, must be consulted; from whence it will appear whether the one or the other is most easily applicable to a given case.

The first method of measuring the force of percussion, is founded on this principle, that if the pressure or accelerating force, that acts uniformly during any interval of time, be multiplied into that time, and if the sum of all the products so formed be taken, that sum will be proportional to the simple power of the velocity communicated. Now, this theorem, in order that it may be used readily, requires that the relation between the forces and the time should be known; or, in other words, that we should be able readily to express the force in terms of the time, or the time in terms of the force; in either case, the determination of the velocity is reduced to a problem in the summation of series, or in the quadrature of curves, more or less difficult as the relation between the time and the force is more or less complicated.

Again, the second method of finding the velocity communicated by the successive impulses of an accelerating force, is by multiplying each force into the length of the line over which the body

body has moved while that force acted on it; and the sum of all these products will be proportional to the square of the velocity, and, of course, the square root of the said sum, to the velocity itself.

Now it is obvious, that in order to apply this theorem to any case, we must be able to express the forces in terms of the distances at which they act; for then the sum of the products described in the theorem will either be found by the summation of series, or the quadrature of curves; so that the thing wanted will be determined. The circumstance, therefore, which distinguishes the one of these kinds of dynamical problems from the other, is, whether the forces that produce the motion can be most easily expressed in terms of the time reckoned from a given instant, or in terms of the distance reckoned from a given point. Instances of both cases are easy to be given. Suppose it required to determine the velocity of a body accelerated or retarded by the action of a constant force, as heavy bodies are in their descent or ascent at the surface of the earth;—In this case, either of the two methods may be employed indifferently. The force being given, if it be multiplied into the time during which it acts, the product will be proportional to the velocity, according to the first proposition. And in the same way, if the given force be multiplied into the distance passed over, the square root of the product will be proportional to the velocity; and thus, in either way, may the velocity, with nearly equal facility, be determined. It must be determined in both ways to make the investigation complete; and it is a matter of indifference with which we begin.

But it is not so if the accelerating force is variable, and expressed by some function of the distance from a given point, (as gravitation really is when we take in a considerable range): the first step in the inquiry must be made by help of the second proposition, that is, by multiplying the force into the fluxion of the distance from the said point, and making the fluent (which will easily be found) equal to the square of the velocity. The velocity being thus expressed in terms of the distance, the time required for moving over a given distance will next be found. It is in this way that Newton has resolved the very problem here proposed, in the 39th proposition of the first book of the Principia, before referred to. It is therefore according as the *data* in any problem furnish means for integrating one or other of the formulas derived from the propositions above mentioned, that the one or the other must be employed in the solution of that problem.

In the use of this second method, however, there is a circumstance

stance that must be attended to that makes the theorem a little more complex than in the enunciation just given, and a little more embarrassing in the application. If the velocity treated of does not begin or end with the distance at which the action of the force begins or ends, it is not the square of the velocity generated that is proportional to the sum or area found by this theorem, but it is the difference between the square of the initial velocity, and the square of the velocity ultimately acquired that is proportional to that quantity.

Dr Wollaston has very distinctly pointed out those cases in practical mechanics, where the second method of estimating power is peculiarly applicable. They are those where the total effect to be produced, while a certain space is travelled over, is all that is required to be found, and where there is no question about the time. There are no doubt cases of this sort, and to such this method of investigation is well accommodated. When the artillerist would compute the effect of his shot, he looks only to the total amount; he is, in most cases, quite unconcerned about the time; and if he knows that, by doubling the velocity of the ball, he can sweep away four times as many men as before, he is nowise interested to discover by how many millionths of a second one of the victims of his destructive art may be destined to survive another. But it is not always that such indifference about time can accompany the exertions of human power. In most instances, time is a very material element in the estimation of an effect, or an event of any kind; and is, of all our resources, that which it most behoves us to economize. In the case of all engines which move with a moderate velocity, the time of producing the effect is of great consequence to be known; and whenever the effect is estimated, as Mr Smeaton has supposed, by the space over which the load is raised in a given time, there is, as we have shown, by the resisting force, or the weight raised, multiplied into its velocity, there the ordinary supposition, that force is proportional to velocity, is necessarily introduced. It is here, as we observed before, that the skilful engineer just named has been led into mistake, and has supposed that some of his experimental conclusions [redacted] to a theory with which they are in fact perfectly consistent. As the experiments themselves are extremely valuable, and made with a scrupulous attention to every circumstance that could secure their accuracy, it were to be wished that they should be subjected to a complete theoretical examination.

Another remark which we must be permitted to make is, that, even in the cases when it would seem to be sufficient to know that the power employed can produce a certain effect without any re-

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gard to time, yet some other circumstance must be tacitly taken into account, otherwise the information would be too vague and unlimited to be of much practical utility. When it is said, for example, that a bushel of good coals will give to a steam engine the power required to grind eleven bushels of wheat, this must always imply a rate of burning included within certain limits; for the fuel might be applied so slowly, that the steam generated would not be of strength sufficient to work the mill; or it might be made to burn so fast, that very little effect would be produced. In the same way, when Mr Smeaton says that if 1000 tons of water be let out on an overshot wheel, and descend through twenty feet, it will grind the same quantity of corn, at whatever rate it be expended, (Experimental Examination, p. 90.), the extreme cases of very great slowness, or very great rapidity, must surely be excepted. But if the extreme cases must be excepted, it is a proof that, even in the intermediate cases, the effect is not constant or invariable in its magnitude, though the differences may be inconsiderable: this, at least, is what one would be disposed to infer from that continuity in the variation of causes and effects, to which there is perhaps no exception, either among the works of nature or of art.

These are some of the difficulties that seem to stand in the way of the application of the principle of the *vis viva*, or of mechanical force, as the sole measure of the effect produced by machinery or power of any kind; and on account of them, the judgment pronounced by Mr Smeaton, and supported by Dr Wollaston, must be admitted, as appears to us, with considerable limitations. Another subject, of which Dr Wollaston takes notice in his lecture, is the incompatibility that some philosophers have believed to exist between the third law of motion, and what concerns the preservation of the *vis viva*; or, in other words, between the fact, that in all physical action the quantity of motion generated in any one direction is just equal to that which is lost in that same direction; and the other supposed fact, that after the action has taken place, the quantity of the *vis viva* (arising from multiplying each body into the square of its velocity) is the same that it was before. The supposition, however, that such an inconsistency exists, is entirely a miscon[illegible] we have no doubt that though some of the followers of Newton fell into this mistake, it is impossible that he himself should have done so. If the two suppositions just stated be reduced into equations, it will be found that, in order that they may be compatible with one another, in the case of two bodies, a third condition must belong to the motion of these bodies, viz. that their relative velocity, after their mutual action, must be the same that it was before it. This con-

dition does not neceſſarily take place in all inſtances of phyſical action; it does ſo, however, in many, as in the colliſion of elaſtic bodies; and then, of courſe, the quantity of the *vis viva* remains unchanged.

Laſtly, we muſt join with Dr Wollaſton in recommending the uſe of different terms for expreſſing the different modifications of power that are concerned in the production of mechanical effects. He has ſuggeſted two; but the purpoſes both of ſcience and of art ſeem to require that there ſhould be three, and each excluſively applied to its peculiar object. The controverſy to which we have ſo often referred, concerning *living* and *dead* forces, aroſe in a great meaſure from the want of appropriate language; and though the diſpute was not wholly verbal, it did moſt ſtrongly illuſtrate Bacon's maxim, *Credunt homines rationem ſuam verbis imperare; ſed fit etiam ut verba vim ſuam ſuper intellectum retorqueant & reflectant.*

Power, when of the ſimple kind that is immediately comparable to preſſure, or to the weight of a quieſcent body, we would call force, and would be ſcrupulouſly exact never to uſe the latter term but for this purpoſe. This would create little innovation in the language of mechanics: the terms centripetal force, centrifugal force, force of gravity, force of elaſticity, &c. would all remain as they now are. Next, to denote the power of Percuſſion or of a body in motion, when we ſpeak relatively to the effect produced by that power in a given time (which is proportional to the quantity of matter multiplied into the velocity), we muſt have a term different from the preceding. Dr Wollaſton propoſes the word *Momentum*; but as that term has been employed by many mechanical writers, to denote what, by operative men, is called *purchaſe*, or power relative to its effect in producing angular motion, it would perhaps be wrong to riſk the ambiguity ariſing from that circumſtance. This modification of power might therefore be called *Energy*, at leaſt till a better word ſhall be diſcovered.

The third and laſt modification of power, that which is meaſured by the force acting, and the length of the line which the body moves over while it is acted on, and which, as we have ſeen, is proportional to the quantity of matter multiplied into the ſquare of the velocity, Dr Wollaſton propoſes to call *Impetus*, a term that is perfectly unexceptionable.

Thus the generic term POWER would have its three principal modifications or ſpecies denoted by the words FORCE, ENERGY, and IMPETUS; and, by a rigorous adherence to this very ſimple nomenclature, there can be no doubt that the ſcience of Dynamics would be materially improved.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Poems.* By the Reverend George Crabbe. 8vo. pp. 260. London, 1807.

WE receive the proofs of Mr Crabbe's poetical existence, which are contained in this volume, with the same sort of feeling that would be excited by tidings of an antient friend, whom we no longer expected to hear of in this world. We rejoice in his resurrection; both for his sake, and for our own: but we feel also a certain movement of self-condemnation, for having been remiss in our inquiries after him, and somewhat too negligent of the honours which ought at any rate to have been paid to his memory.

It is now, we are afraid, upwards of twenty years since we were first struck with the vigour, originality, and truth of description of 'The Village;' and since we regretted that an author, who could write so well, should have written so little. From that time to the present, we have heard little of Mr Crabbe; and fear that he has been in a great measure lost sight of by the public, as well as by us. With a singular, and scarcely pardonable indifference to fame, he has remained, during this long interval, in patient or indolent repose; and, without making a single movement to maintain or advance the reputation he had acquired, has permitted others to usurp the attention which he was sure of commanding, and allowed himself to be nearly forgotten by a public, which reckons upon being reminded of all the claims which the living have on its favour. His former publications, though of distinguished merit, were perhaps too small in volume to remain long the objects of general attention, and seem, by some accident, to have been jostled aside in the crowd of more clamorous competitors.

Yet, though the name of Crabbe has not hitherto been very common in the mouths of our poetical critics, we believe there are few real lovers of poetry to whom some of his sentiments and descriptions are not secretly familiar. There is a truth and a force in many of his delineations of rustic life, which is calculated to sink deep into the memory; and, being confirmed by daily observation, they are recalled upon innumerable occasions, when the ideal pictures of more fanciful authors have lost all their interest. For ourselves at least, we profess to be indebted to Mr Crabbe for many of these strong impressions; and have known more than one of our unpoetical acquaintances who declared they could never pass by a parish workhouse, without thinking of the description of it they had read at school in the Poetical Extracts. The volume before us will renew, we trust, and extend many such impressions. It contains all the former productions of the author, with about double their bulk of new

matter; most of it in the same taste and manner of composition with the former, and some of a kind of which we have had no previous example in this author. The whole, however, is of no ordinary merit, and will be found, we have little doubt, a sufficient warrant for Mr Crabbe to take his place as one of the most original, nervous, and pathetic poets of the present century.

His characteristic, certainly, is force, and truth of description, joined for the most part to great selection and condensation of expression;—that kind of strength and originality which we meet with in Cowper, and that sort of diction and versification which we admire in Goldsmith. If he can be said to have imitated the manner of any author, it is Goldsmith, indeed, who has been the object of his imitation; and yet, his general train of thinking, and his views of society are so extremely opposite, that when 'The Village' was first published, it was commonly considered as an antidote or answer to the more captivating representations of 'the Deserted Village.' Compared with this celebrated author, he will be found, we think, to have more vigour and less delicacy; and, while he must be admitted to be inferior in the fine finish and uniform beauty of his composition, we cannot help considering him as superior, both in the variety and the truth of his pictures. Instead of that uniform tint of pensive tenderness which overspreads the whole poetry of Goldsmith, we find in Mr Crabbe many gleams of gaiety and humour. Though his habitual views of life are more gloomy than those of his rival, his poetical temperament seems far more cheerful; and when the occasions of sorrow and rebuke are gone by, he can collect himself for sarcastic pleasantry, or unbend in innocent playfulness. His diction, though generally pure and powerful, is sometimes harsh, and sometimes quaint; and he has occasionally admitted a couplet or two in a state so unfinished, as to give a character of inelegance to the passages in which they occur. With a taste less disciplined and less fastidious than that of Goldsmith, he has, in our apprehension, a keener eye for observation, and a readier hand for the delineation of what he has observed. There is less poetical keeping in his whole performance; but the groups of which it consists, are conceived, we think, with equal genius, and drawn with greater spirit as well as greater fidelity.

It is not quite fair, perhaps, thus to draw a detailed parallel between a living poet, and one whose reputation has been sealed by death, and by the immutable sentence of a surviving generation. Yet there are so few of his contemporaries to whom Mr Crabbe bears any resemblance, that we can scarcely explain our opinion of his merit, without comparing him to some of his predecessors. There is one set of writers, indeed, from whose works those of Mr Crabbe might receive all that elucidation which results

results from contrast, and from an entire opposition in all points of taste and opinion. We allude now to the Wordsworths, and the Southeys, and Coleridges, and all that misguided fraternity, that, with good intentions and extraordinary talents, are labouring to bring back our poetry to the fantastical oddity and puling childishness of Withers, Quarles, or Marvel. These gentlemen write a great deal about rustic life, as well as Mr Crabbe; and they even agree with him in dwelling much on its discomforts; but nothing can be more opposite than the views they take of the subject, or the manner in which they execute their representation of them.

Mr Crabbe exhibits the common people of England pretty much as they are, and as they must appear to every one who will take the trouble of examining into their condition; at the same time that he renders his sketches in a very high degree interesting and beautiful,- by selecting what is most fit for description,—by grouping them into such forms as must catch the attention or awake the memory,—and by scattering over the whole, such traits of moral sensibility, of sarcasm, and of useful reflection, as every one must feel to be natural, and own to be powerful. The gentlemen of the new school, on the other hand, scarcely ever condescend to take their subjects from any description of persons that are at all known to the common inhabitants of the world; but invent for themselves certain whimsical and unheard of beings, to whom they impute some fantastical combination of feelings, and labour to excite our sympathy for them, either by placing them in incredible situations, or by some strained and exaggerated moralization of a vague and tragical description. Mr Crabbe, in short, shows us something which we have all seen, or may see, in real life; and draws from it such feelings and such reflections as every human being must acknowledge that it is calculated to excite. He delights us by the truth, and vivid and picturesque beauty of his representations, and by the force and pathos of the sensations with which we feel that they ought to be connected. Mr Wordsworth and his associates show us something that mere observation never yet suggested to any one. They introduce us to beings whose existence was not previously suspected by the acutest observers of nature, and excite an interest for them, more by an eloquent and refined analysis of their own capricious feelings, than by any obvious or very intelligible ground of sympathy in their situation. The common sympathies of our nature, and our general knowledge of human character, do not enable us either to understand, or to enter into the feelings of their characters. They are unique specimens and varieties of our kind, and must be studied under a

separate classification. They have an idiosyncrasy, upon which all common occurrences operate in a peculiar manner; and those who are best acquainted with human nature, and with other poetry, are at a loss to comprehend the new system of feeling and of writing which is here introduced to their notice. Instead of the men and women of ordinary humanity, we have certain moody and capricious personages, made after the poet's own heart and fancy,—acting upon principles, and speaking in a language of their own. Thus, instead of employing the plain vulgar character, which may be read by all the world, these writers make use of a sort of cypher, which can only be learned with pains and study; and, dressing up all their persons in a kind of grotesque masquerade habit, they have given birth to a species of composition more fantastic and unnatural than a pastoral or an opera. Into this unnatural composition, however, they have introduced a great deal of science and beauty, and have put many natural thoughts and striking expressions into the mouths of their imaginary persons. By this means, and by the novelty of their manner, they have seduced many into a great admiration of their genius, and even made some willing to believe, that their conception of character is in itself just and natural, and that all preceding writers have been in an error with regard to that great element of poetry. Many, to be sure, found it impossible to understand either their precepts or their example; and, unable to recognize the traits of our common nature in the strange habiliments with which these ingenious persons had adorned it, gave up the attempt in despair; and, recurring to easier authors, looked on with mixed wonder and contempt, while they were collecting the suffrages of their admirers. Many, however, did understand a part; and, in their raised imaginations, fancied that they admired the whole: while others, who only guessed at a passage here and there, laboured, by their encomiums, to have it thought that there was nothing which passed their comprehension.

Those who are acquainted with the Lyrical Ballads, or the more recent publication of Mr Wordsworth, will scarcely deny the justice of this representation; but in order to vindicate it to such as do not enjoy that inestimable advantage, we must beg leave to make a few hasty references to the former, and by far the least exceptionable of these productions.

A village schoolmaster, for instance, is a pretty common poetical character. Goldsmith has drawn him inimitably; so has Shenstone, with the slight change of sex; and Mr Crabbe, in two passages, has followed their footsteps. Now, Mr Wordsworth has a village schoolmaster also—a personage who makes no small figure in three or four of his poems. But by what traits

is this worthy old gentleman delineated by the new poet? No pedantry—no innocent vanity of learning—no mixture of indulgence with the pride of power, and of poverty with the consciousness of rare acquirements. Every feature which belongs to the situation, or marks the character in common apprehension, is scornfully discarded by Mr Wordsworth, who represents this grey-haired rustic pedagogue as a sort of half crazy, sentimental person, overrun with fine feelings, constitutional merriment, and a most humorous melancholy. Here are the two stanzas in which this consistent and intelligible character is pourtrayed. The diction is at least as new as the conception.

'The ſighs which Mathew heard were ſighs
Of one tired out with *fear* and *madneſs*;
The tears which came to Mathew's eyes
Were tears of light—*the oil of gladneſs*.

Yet ſometimes, when the ſecret cup
Of ſtill and ſerious thought went round,
He ſeemed as if he *drank it up*,
He felt with ſpirit ſo profound.
Thou *foul*, of God's beſt *earthly mould*,' &c.

A frail damsel is a character common enough in all poems; and one upon which many fine and pathetic lines have been expended. Mr Wordsworth has written more than three hundred lines on that subject: but, instead of new images of tenderness, or delicate representation of intelligible feelings, he has contrived to tell us nothing whatever of the unfortunate fair one, but that her name is Martha Ray; and that she goes up to the top of a hill, in a red cloak, and cries 'Oh misery!' All the rest of the poem is filled with a description of an old thorn and a pond, and of the ſilly stories which the neighbouring old women told about them.

The sports of childhood, and the untimely death of promising youth, is also a common topic of poetry. Mr Wordsworth has made some blank verse about it; but, instead of the delightful and picturesque sketches with which so many authors of moderate talents have presented us on this inviting subject, all that he is pleased to communicate of the rustic child, is, that he used to amuse himself with shouting to the owls, and hearing them answer. To make amends for this brevity, the process of his mimicry is most accurately described.

——'With fingers interwoven, both hands
Preſs'd cloſely, palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an inſtrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the ſilent owls,
That they might anſwer him.'——

This is all we hear of him; and for the sake of this one accom-

plishment, we are told, that the author has frequently stood mute, and gazed on his grave for half an hour together!

Love, and the fantasies of lovers, have afforded an ample theme to poets of all ages. Mr Wordsworth, however, has thought fit to compose a piece, illustrating this copious subject, by one single thought. A lover trots away to see his mistress one fine evening, staring all the way at the moon: when he comes to her door,

> 'O mercy! to myself I cried,
> If Lucy should be dead!'

And there the poem ends!

Now, we leave it to any reader of common candour and discernment to say, whether these representations of character and sentiment are drawn from that eternal and universal standard of truth and nature, which every one is knowing enough to recognize, and no one great enough to depart from with impunity; or whether they are not formed, as we have described them, upon certain fantastic and affected peculiarities in the mind or fancy of the author, into which it is most improbable that many of his readers will enter, and which cannot, in some cases, be comprehended without much effort and explanation. Instead of multiplying instances of these wide and wilful aberrations from ordinary nature, it may be more satisfactory to produce the author's own admission of the narrowness of the plan upon which he writes, and of the very extraordinary circumstances which he himself sometimes thinks it necessary for his readers to keep in view, in order to understand the beauty or propriety of his delineations.

A pathetic tale of guilt or superstition may be told, we are apt to fancy, by the poet himself, in his general character of poet, with full as much effect as by any other person. An old nurse, at any rate, or a monk or parish clerk, is always at hand to give grace to such a narration. None of these, however, would satisfy Mr Wordsworth. He has written a long poem of this sort, in which he thinks it indispensably necessary to apprise the reader, that he has endeavoured to represent the language and sentiments of a particular character—of which character, he adds, 'the reader will have a general notion, if he has 'ever known a man, *a captain of a small trading vessel*, for example, 'who, being *past the middle age of life*, has retired upon *an annuity*, '*or small independent income*, to some *village*, or country town, of 'which he was *not a native*, or in which he had not been accus-'tomed to live.'

Now, we must be permitted to doubt, whether, among all the readers of Mr Wordsworth, there is a single individual who has had the happiness of knowing a person of this very peculiar

liar description; or who is capable of forming any sort of conjecture of the particular disposition and turn of thinking which such a combination of attributes would be apt to produce. To us, we will confess, the *annonce* appears as ludicrous and absurd, as it would be in the author of an ode or an epic to say, 'Of this piece the reader will necessarily form a very erroneous judgement, unless he is apprised, that it was written by a pale man in a green coat,—sitting cross-legged on an oaken stool,—with a scratch on his nose, and a spelling dictionary on the table.' *

From these childish and absurd affectations, we turn with pleasure to the manly sense and correct picturing of Mr Crabbe; and, after being dazzled and made giddy with the elaborate raptures and obscure originalities of these new artists, it is refreshing to meet

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* Some of our readers may have a curiosity to know in what manner this old annuitant captain expresses himself in the village of his adoption. For their gratification, we annex the two first stanzas of his story, in which, with all the attention we have been able to bestow, we have been utterly unable to detect any characteristic traits, either of a seaman, an annuitant, or a stranger in a country town. It is a style, on the contrary, which we should ascribe, without hesitation, to a certain poetical fraternity in the West of England, and which, we verily believe, never was, and never will be, used by any one out of that fraternity.

'There is a thorn—it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say,
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and gray.
Not higher than a two-years child,
It stands erect, this aged thorn;
No leaves it has, no thorny points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone,
With lichens it is overgrown.

'Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop.
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they were bent,
With plain and manifest intent,
To drag it to the ground;
And all had join'd in one endeavour,
To bury this poor thorn for ever.'

meet again with the nature and spirit of our old masters, in the nervous pages of the author now before us.

The poem that stands first in the volume, is that to which we have already alluded as having been first given to the public upwards of twenty years ago. It is so old, and has of late been so scarce, that it is probably new to many of our readers. We shall venture, therefore, to give a few extracts from it, as a specimen of Mr Crabbe's original style of composition. We have already hinted at the description of the Parish Workhouse; and insert it as an example of no common poetry.

'Their's is yon houſe that holds the pariſh poor,
Whoſe walls of mud ſcarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyleſs bed,
Forſaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happieſt they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here, too, the ſick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the ſcenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from ſome ſad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below.
Sad ye, oppreſt by ſome fantaſtic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repoſe;
Who preſs the downy couch, while ſlaves advance
With timid eye, to read the diſtant glance;
Who with ſad prayers the weary doctor teaſe,
To name the nameleſs ever-new diſeaſe;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lye,
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your lateſt breath,
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the ſloping ſides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are ſeen,
And lath and mud are all that lye between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarſely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempeſt, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,' &c. p. 12—14.

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The consequential apothecary, who gives an impatient attendance in these abodes of misery, is admirably described; but we pass to the last scene.

'Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games ſuſpend,
To ſee the bier that bears their antient friend;
For he was one in all their idle ſport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and ſtand
Silent and ſad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the pariſh poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the ſound;
The buſy prieſt, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire diſtreſt,
To think a poor man's bones ſhould lye unbleſt.' p. 16, 17.

The scope of the poem is to show, that the villagers of real life have no resemblance to the villagers of poetry; that poverty, in sober truth, is very uncomfortable; and vice by no means confined to the opulent. The following passage is powerful, and finely written.

'Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languiſhes with wealth?
Go then! and ſee them riſing with the ſun,
Through a long courſe of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the dog-ſtar's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them, leaning on their ſcythes, look o'er
The labour paſt, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate ſuns and ſhowers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguiſh for their age;
Through fens and marſhy moors their ſteps purſue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew.
There may you ſee the youth of ſlender frame
Contend with weakneſs, wearineſs, and ſhame;
Yet urg'd along, and proudly loath to yield,
He ſtrives to join his fellows of the field;
Till long-contending nature droops at laſt,
Declining health rejects his poor repaſt,
His cheerleſs ſpouſe the coming danger ſees,
And mutual murmurs urge the ſlow diſeaſe.
Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;

Or will you praiſe that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peaſants ſhare?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the miſery of a ſtinted meal;
Homely not wholeſome, plain not plenteous, ſuch
As you who praiſe would never deign to touch.
Ye gentle ſouls, who dream of rural eaſe,
Whom the ſmooth ſtream and ſmoother ſonnet pleaſe;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praiſes ſhare,
Go look within, and aſk if peace be there:
If peace be his—that drooping weary ſire,
Or their's, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or her's, that matron pale, whoſe trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand.' p. 8—10.

The following exhibits a fair specimen of the strokes of sarcasm, which the author, perhaps not very judiciously, intermingles with his description. He is speaking of the stern Justice who keeps the parish in awe.

'To him with anger or with ſhame repair
The injur'd peaſant and deluded fair.
Lo! at his throne the ſilent nymph appears,
Frail by her ſhape, but modeſt in her tears;
And while ſhe ſtands abaſh'd, with conſcious eye,
Some favourite female of her judge glides by;
Who views with ſcornful glance the ſtrumpet's fate,
And thanks the ſtars that made her keeper great:
Near her the ſwain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife;
But, while the faltering damſel takes her oath,
Conſents to wed, and ſo ſecures them both.' p. 24.

We shall only give one other extract from this poem; and we select the following fine description of that peculiar sort of barrenness which prevails along the sandy and thinly inhabited shores of the channel.

'Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning ſand appears,
Where the thin harveſt waves its wither'd ears;
There thiſtles ſtretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There, poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloſs paints the ſterile ſoil;
Hardy and high, above the ſlender ſheaf,
The ſlimy mallow waves her ſilky leaf;
O'er the young ſhoot the charlock throws a ſhade,
And claſping tares cling round the ſickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coaſts abound,
And a ſad ſplendour vainly ſhines around.' p. 5, 6.

The

The next poem, and the longest in the volume, is now presented for the first time to the public. It is dedicated, like the former, to the delineation of rural life and characters, and is entitled, 'The Village Register;' and, upon a very simple but singular plan, is divided into three parts, viz. Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials. After an introductory and general view of village manners, the Reverend author proceeds to present his readers with an account of all the remarkable baptisms, marriages and funerals, that appear on his register for the preceding year, with a sketch of the character and behaviour of the respective parties, and such reflections and exhortations as are suggested by the subject. The poem consists, therefore, of a series of portraits taken from the middling and lower ranks of rustic life, and delineated on occasions at once more common and more interesting, than any other that could well be imagined. They are selected, we think, with great judgment, and drawn with inimitable accuracy and strength of colouring. They are finished with much more minuteness and detail, indeed, than the more general pictures in 'The Village;' and, on this account, may appear occasionally deficient in comprehension, or in dignity. They are, no doubt, executed in some instances with a Chinese accuracy; and enter into details which many readers may pronounce tedious and unnecessary. Yet, there is a justness and force in the representation which is entitled to something more than indulgence; and though several of the groups are confessedly composed of low and disagreeable subjects, still, we think that some allowance is to be made for the author's plan of giving a full and exact view of village life, which could not possibly be accomplished without including those baser varieties. He aims at an important moral effect by this exhibition; and must not be defrauded either of that, or of the praise which is due to the coarser efforts of his pen, out of deference to the sickly delicacy of his more fastidious readers. We admit, however, that there is more carelessness, as well as more quaintness in this poem than in the other; and that he has now and then apparently heaped up circumstances rather to gratify his own taste for detail and accumulation, than to give any additional effect to his description. With this general observation, we beg the reader's attention to the following abstract and citations.

The poem begins with a general view, first of the industrious and contented villager, and then of the profligate and disorderly. The first compartment is not so striking as the last. Mr Crabbe, it seems, has a set of smugglers among his flock, who inhabit what is called the Street in his village. There is nothing comparable

parable to the following description, but some of the prose sketches of Mandeville.

' Here, in cabal, a diſputatious crew
Each evening meet; the ſot, the cheat, the ſhrew;
Riots are nightly heard,—the curſe, the cries
Of beaten wife, perverſe in her replies;
While ſhrieking children hold each threat'ning hand,
And ſometimes life and ſometimes food demand:
Boys in their firſt ſtol'n rags, to ſwear begin,
And girls, who know not ſex, are ſkill'd in gin:
Snarers and Smugglers here their gains divide,
Enſnaring females here their victims hide;
And here is one, the Sybil of the Row,
Who knows all ſecrets, or affects to know.
Between the road-way and the walls, offence
Invades all eyes and ſtrikes on every ſenſe;
There lye, obſcene, at every open door,
Heaps from the hearth and ſweepings from the floor.
There hungry dogs from hungry children ſteal;
There pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal;
There dropſied infants wail without redreſs,
And all is want and woe and wretchedneſs.
See! on the floor, what frowzy patches reſt!
What nauſeous fragments on yon fractur'd cheſt!
What downy-duſt beneath yon window-ſeat!
And round theſe poſts that ſerve this bed for feet;
This bed where all thoſe tatter'd garments lye,
Worn by each ſex, and now perforce thrown by.
See! as we gaze, an infant lifts its head,
Left by neglect and burrow'd in that bed;
The mother-goſſip has the love ſuppreſt,
An infant's cry once waken'd in her breaſt,' &c. &c.

' Here are no wheels for either wool or flax,
But packs of cards,—made up of ſundry packs:
There are no books, but ballads on the wall,
Are ſome abuſive, and indecent all;
Piſtols are here, unpair'd; with nets and hooks,
Of every kind, for rivers, ponds, and brooks;
An ample flaſk that nightly rovers fill,
With recent poiſon from the Dutchman's ſtill;
A box of tools with wires of various ſize,
Frocks, wigs, and hats, for night or day diſguiſe,
And bludgeons ſtout to gain or guard a prize.
To every houſe belongs a ſpace of ground,
Of equal ſize, once fenc'd with paling round;
That paling now by ſlothful waſte deſtroy'd,
Dead gorſe and ſtumps of elder fill the void;

Save

Save in the centre-ſpot whoſe walls of clay,
Hide ſots and ſtriplings at their drink and play;
Within, a board, beneath a til'd retreat,
Allures the bubble and maintains the cheat;
Where heavy ale in ſpots like varniſh ſhows,
Where chalky tallies yet remain in rows;
Black pipes and broken jugs the ſeats defile,
The walls and windows, rhymes and reck'nings vile;
Prints of the meaneſt kind diſgrace the door,
And cards in curſes torn, lye fragments on the floor.
Here his poor bird, th' inhuman cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel, and clips his golden wings;
With ſpicy food, th' impatient ſpirit feeds,
And ſhouts and curſes as the battle bleeds:
Struck through the brain, depriv'd of both his eyes,
The vanquiſh'd bird muſt combat till he dies;
Muſt faintly peck at his victorious foe,
And reel and ſtagger at each feeble blow;
When fall'n, the ſavage graſps his dabbled plumes,
His blood-ſtain'd arms, for other deaths aſſumes;
And damns the craven-fowl, that loſt his ſtake,
And only bled and periſh'd for his ſake.' p. 40—44.

Mr Crabbe now opens his chronicle; and the first babe that appears on the list is a natural child of the miller's daughter. This damsel fell in love with a sailor; but her father refused his consent, and no priest would unite them without it. The poor girl yielded to her passion; and her lover went to sea, to seek a portion for his bride.

'Then came the days of ſhame, the grievous night,
The varying look, the wandering appetite;
The joy aſſum'd, while ſorrow dimm'd the eyes,
The forc'd ſad ſmiles that follow'd ſudden ſighs,
And every art, long us'd, but us'd in vain,
To hide thy progreſs, Nature, and thy pain.
Day after day were paſt in grief and pain,
Week after week, nor came the youth again;
Her boy was born—no lads nor laſſes came
To grace the rite or give the child a name;
Nor grave conceited nurſe, of office proud,
Bore the young chriſtian, roaring through the crowd;
In a ſmall chamber was my office done,
Where blinks through paper'd panes, the ſetting ſun;
Where noiſy ſparrows, perch'd on penthouſe near,
Chirp tuneleſs joy, and mock the frequent tear.'
'Throughout the lanes, ſhe glides at evening's cloſe,
There ſoftly lulls her infant to repoſe;
Then ſits and gazes but with viewleſs look,

As

As gilds the moon the rimpling of the brook;
Then ſings her veſpers, but in voice ſo low,
She hears their murmurs as the waters flow;
And ſhe too murmurs and begins to find
The ſolemn wanderings of a wounded mind;
Viſions of terror, views of woe ſucceed,
The mind's impatience, to the body's need.' p. 47—49.

We pass the rest of the Baptisms; and proceed to the more interesting chapter of Marriages. The first pair here is an old snug bachelor, who, in the first days of dotage, had married his maid-servant. The reverend Mr Crabbe is very facetious on this match; and not very scrupulously delicate. We can only venture to insert a line or two of his animated address to this rustic Benedict.

'Fie, Nathan! fie! to let a ſprightly jade
Leer on thy bed, then aſk thee how 'twas made,
And lingering walk around at head and feet,
To ſee thy nightly comforts all complete;
Then waiting ſeek—nor what ſhe ſaid ſhe ſought,
And bid a penny for her maſter's thought.' p. 71.

The following picture, we think, is perfect, in that style of drawing.

'Next at our altar ſtood a luckleſs pair,
Brought by ſtrong paſſions and a warrant there;
By long rent cloak, hung looſely, ſtrove the bride,
From ev'ry eye, what all perceiv'd, to hide;
While the boy-bridegroom, ſhuffling in his pace,
Now hid awhile, and then expos'd his face;
As ſhame alternately with anger ſtrove,
The brain, confus'd with muddy ale, to move;
In haſte and ſtammering he perform'd his part,
And look'd the rage that rankled in his heart;
(So will each lover inly curſe his fate,
Too ſoon made happy, and made wiſe too late;)—
I ſaw his features take a ſavage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come;
Low ſpake the laſs, and lifp'd and mine'd the while;
Look'd on the lad and ſtrove to ſmile;
With ſoft'ned ſpeech and humbled tone ſhe ſtrove
To ſtir the embers of departed love;
While he a tyrant, frowning walk'd before,
Felt the poor purſe, and ſought the public door,
She ſadly following in ſubmiſſion went,
And ſaw the final ſhilling ſoully ſpent;
Then to her father's but the pair withdrew,
And bade to love and comfort long adieu!—' p. 74, 75.

The next bridal is that of Phœbe Dawson, the most innocent and

and beautiful of all the village maidens. We give the following pretty description of her courtship.

'Now, through the lane, up hill and cross the green,
(Seen but by few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, pensive, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roy'd they, many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank, and trifled at each stile;
Where as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;
There he pronounc'd adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—sooth'd—intreated—forc'd away;
He would of coldness, though indulg'd, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had requir'd before.' p. 76—77.

This is the taking side of the picture; at the end of two years, here is the reverse. Nothing can be more touching than the quiet suffering and solitary hysterics of this illfated young woman.

'Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown, loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arm sustains,
And seems in patience, striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnotic'd from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain,
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with [illegible] makes;
For not alone that infant [illegible],
But nearer cause, maternal fear, alarms;
With water burthen'd, then she seeks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till in mid-green she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
From whence her slender foot with pain she takes,' &c.

'And now her path, but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;—
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,

She bares her boſom to the wind, and ſits,
And ſobbing ſtruggles with the riſing fits;
In vain—they come—ſhe feels th' inflating grief,
That ſhuts the ſwelling boſom from relief;
That ſpeaks in feeble cries a ſoul diſtreſt,
Or the ſad laugh that cannot be repreſt;
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty ſupplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature ſhe obeys,
Not led by profit, not allur'd by praiſe;
And waiting long, till theſe contentions ceaſe,
She ſpeaks of comfort, and departs in peace.' p. 77—78.

The ardent lover, it ſeems, turned out a brutal husband.

'If preſent, railing, till he ſaw her pain'd;
If abſent, ſpending what their labours gain'd:
Till that fair form in want and ſickneſs pin'd,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.' p. 79.

It may add to the interest which some readers will take in this simple story, to be told, that it was the last piece of poetry that was read to Mr Fox during his fatal illness; and that he examined and made some remarks on the manuscript of it a few days before his death.

We are obliged to pass over the rest of the Marriages, though some of them are extremely characteristic and beautiful, and to proceed to the Burials. Here we have a great variety of portraits,—the old drunken innkeeper,—the buſtling farmer's wife,—the infant,—and next the lady of the manor. The following description of her deserted mansion is striking; and in the good old taste of Pope and Dryden.

——————'Forſaken ſtood the hall,
Worms ate the floors, the tap'ſtry fled the wall;
No fire, the kitchen's cheerleſs grate diſplay'd;
No cheerful light, the long-cloſ'd ſaſh convey'd!
The crawling worm that turns a ſummer fly,
Here ſpun his ſhroud and laid him up to die
The winter-death:—upon the bed of ſtate,
The bat ſhrill-ſhrieking, woo'd his flickering mate:
To empty rooms, the curious came no more,
From empty cellars, turn'd the angry poor,
And ſurly beggars curs'd the ever-bolted door.
To one ſmall room, the ſteward found his way,
Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay.' p. 104, 105.

The old maid follows next to the shades of mortality. The description of her house, furniture and person, is admirable, and affords a fine specimen of Mr Crabbe's most minute finishing; but it is too long for extracting. We rather present our readers with a part of the character of Isaac Ashford.

'Next

'Next to theſe ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peaſant, Iſaac Aſhford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unqueſtion'd, and his ſoul ſerene:
Of no man's preſence, Iſaac felt afraid;
At no man's queſtion, Iſaac look'd diſmay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no diſgrace;' &c.
'Were others joyful, he look'd ſmiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Yet far was he from ſtoic-pride remov'd;
He felt, with many, and he warmly lov'd:
I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And an old neighbour for offence was tried;
The ſtill tears, ſtealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can ſpeak,' &c. p. 111, 112.

The rest of the character is drawn with equal spirit; but we can only make room for the author's final commemoration of him.

'I feel his abſence in the hours of prayer,
And view his ſeat, and ſigh for Iſaac there;
I ſee, no more, thoſe white locks thinly ſpread,
Round the bald poliſh of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance, on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the ſight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Miſter Aſhford ſoften'd to a ſmile;
No more that meek, that ſuppliant look in prayer,
Nor that pure faith, that gave it force—are there:- - -
But he is bleſt, and I lament no more,
A wiſe good man contented to be poor.' p. 114.

After this there is a fine and very poetical picture of a moody wandering madman; and then a case more ordinary, but not less touching.

'Then died lamented, in the ſtrength of life,
A valued mother and a faithful wife;
Call'd not away, when time had loos'd each hold
On the fond heart, and each deſire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt faſt-bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping ſpirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loos'd from life's charm, and willing to depart;—
But all her ties, the ſtrong invader broke,
In all their ſtrength, by one tremendous ſtroke!
Sudden and ſwift the eager peſt came on,
And all was terror, till all hope was gone;

Was ſilent terror, where that hope grew weak,
Look'd on the ſick, and was aſham'd to ſpeak.—' p. 117, 118.

The funeral is described in terms as simple and as moving. We can only insert the close.

' Curious and ſad, upon the freſh dug hill,
The village lads ſtood melancholy ſtill;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arriv'd at home, how then they gaz'd around,
In every place, where ſhe—no more, was found;—
The ſeat at table, ſhe was wont to fill,
The fire-ſide chair, ſtill ſet, but vacant ſtill;
The garden walks, a labour all her own;
The lattic'd bower with trailing ſhrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew, ſhe fill'd with all her race,
Each place of hers was now a ſacred place.' &c. p. 119.

We then bury the village midwife, superseded in her old age by a volatile doctor; then a ſurly ruſtic miſanthrope; and, last of all, the reverend author's antient sexton, whose chronicle of his various pastors is given rather at too great length. The poem ends with a simple recapitulation.

We think this the most important of the new pieces in the volume; and have extended our account of it so much, that we can afford to say but little of the others. 'The Library' and 'the Newspaper' are republications. They are written with a good deal of terseness, sarcasm, and beauty; but the subjects are not very interesting, and they will rather be approved, we think, than admired or delighted in. We are not much taken either with 'the Birth of Flattery.' With many nervous lines and ingenious allusions, it has ſomething of the languor which ſeems inſeparable from an allegory which exceeds the length of an epigram.

'Sir Euſtace Grey' is quite unlike any of the preceding compoſitions. It is written in a ſort of lyric meaſure, and is intended to repreſent the perturbed fancies of the moſt terrible inſanity ſettling by degrees into a ſort of devotional enthuſiaſm. The opening ſtanza, ſpoken by a viſitor in the madhouſe, is very ſtriking.

' I'll know no more;—the heart is torn
By views of woe, we cannot heal;
Long ſhall I ſee theſe things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs ſhall feel;
As each upon the mind, ſhall ſteal;
That wan projector's myſtic ſtyle,
That lumpiſh idiot leering by,
That peeviſh idler's ceaſeleſs wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd ſmile,
While ſtruggling for the full-drawn ſigh!—
I'll know no more.' p. 217.

There

There is great force, both of language and conception, in the wild narrative Sir Eustace gives of his frenzy; though we are not sure whether there is not something too elaborate, and too much worked up, in the picture. We give only one image, which we think is original. He supposed himself hurried along by two tormenting dæmons—

'Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain;
Where nothing fed, nor breath'd, nor grew,
But Silence rul'd the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of Time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how,
Condemn'd for untold years to stay;
Yet years were not;—one dreadful *now*,
Endur'd no change of night or day;
The same mild evening's sleeping ray,
Shone softly-solemn and serene,
And all that time, I gaz'd away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.' p. 226.

'The Hall of Justice,' or the story of the Gypsy Convict, is another experiment of Mr Crabbe's. It is very nervous—very shocking—and very powerfully represented. The woman is accused of stealing, and tells her story in impetuous and lofty language.

'My crime! this sick'ning child to feed,
I seiz'd the food, your witness saw;
I knew your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law.'—

'But I have griefs of other kind,
Troubles and sorrows more severe;
Give me to ease my tortur'd mind,
Lend to my woes a patient ear;
And let me—if I may not find
A friend to help—find one to hear.

My mother dead, my father lost,
I wander'd with a vagrant crew;
A common care, a common cost,
Their sorrows and their sins I knew;

With them, on want and error forc'd,
Like them, I baſe and guilty grew.

So through the land, I wandering went,
And little found of grief or joy;
But loſt my boſom's ſweet content,
When firſt I lov'd the gypſy-boy.

A ſturdy youth he was and tall,
His looks would all his ſoul declare,
His piercing eyes were deep and ſmall,
And ſtrongly curl'd his raven hair.

Yes, Aaron had each manly charm,
All in the May of youthful pride,
He ſcarcely fear'd his father's arm,
And every other arm defied.—
Oft when they grew in anger warm,
(Whom will not love and power divide?)
I roſe, their wrathful ſouls to calm,
Not yet in ſinful combat tried.' p. 240—242.

The father felon falls in love with the betrothed of his son, whom he despatches on some distant errand. The consummation of his horrid passion is told in these powerful stanzas.

'The night was dark, the lanes were deep,
And one by one they took their way;
He bade me lay me down and ſleep,
I only wept, and wiſh'd for day.

Accurſed be the love he bore,—
Accurſed was the force he us'd,—
So let him of his God implore
For mercy, and be ſo refus'd!' p. 243.

It is painful to follow the story out. The son returns, and privately murders his father, and then marries his widow. The profligate barbarity of the life led by these outcasts, is forcibly expressed by the simple narrative of the lines that follow.

'I brought a lovely daughter forth,
His father's child in Aaron's bed;
He took her from me in his wrath,
"Where is my child?"—'Thy child is dead.'

'Twas falſe—we wander'd far and wide,
Through town and country, field and fen,
Till Aaron fighting, fell and died,
And I became a wife again.' p. 248.

We have not room to give the sequel of this dreadful ballad. It certainly is not pleasing reading; but it is written with very unusual power of language, and shows Mr Crabbe to have great

mastery

mastery over the tragic passions of pity and horror. The volume closes with some verses of no great value in praise of Women.

We part with regret from Mr Crabbe; but we hope to meet with him again. If his muse, to be sure, is prolific only once in twenty-four years, we can scarcely expect to live long enough to pass our judgment on the progeny; but we trust, that a larger portion of public favour than has hitherto been dealt to him, will encourage him to greater efforts; and that he will soon appear again among the worthy supporters of the old poetical establishment, and come in time to surpass the revolutionists in fast firing as well as in weight of metal.

ART. IX. *Considerations on the Policy of communicating the Knowledge of Christianity to the Natives in India.* By a late Resident in Bengal. London. Hatchard, 1807.

An Address to the Chairman of the East India Company, occasioned by Mr Twining's Letter to that Gentleman. By the Rev. John Owen. London. Hatchard.

A Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, on the Danger of interfering in the Religious Opinions of the Natives of India. By Thomas Twining. London. Ridgeway.

Vindication of the Hindoos. By a Bengal Officer. London. Rodwell.

Letter to John Scott Waring. London. Hatchard.

Cunningham's Christianity in India. London. Hatchard.

Answer to Major Scott Waring. Extracted from the Christian Observer.

Observations on the present State of the East India Company. By Major Scott Waring. Ridgeway. London.

AT two o'clock in the morning, July the 10th, 1806, the European barracks, at Vellore, containing then four complete companies of the 69th regiment, were surrounded by two battalions of Sepoys in the Company's service, who poured in an heavy fire of musketry, at every door and window, upon the soldiers: at the same time, the European sentries, the soldiers at the main-guard, and the sick in the hospital, were put to death; the

officers houses were ransacked, and every body found in them murdered. Upon the arrival of the 19th Light Dragoons under Colonel Gillespie, the Sepoys were immediately attacked; 600 cut down upon the spot; and 200 taken from their hiding-places, and shot. There perished, of the four European companies, about 164, besides officers; and many British officers of the native troops were murdered by the insurgents.

Subsequent to this explosion, there was a mutiny at Nundydroog; and, in one day, 450 Mahomedan Sepoys were disarmed, and turned out of the fort, on the ground of an intended massacre. It appeared, also, from the information of the commanding officer at Tritchinopoly, that, at that period, a spirit of disaffection had manifested itself at Bangalore, and other places; and seemed to gain ground in every direction. On the 3d of December 1806, the Government of Madras issued the following proclamation.

'A PROCLAMATION.

'The Right Hon. the Governor in Council, having observed that, in some late instances, an extraordinary degree of agitation has prevailed among several corps of the native army of this coast, it has been his Lordship's particular endeavour to ascertain the motives which may have led to conduct so different from that which formerly distinguished the native army. From this inquiry, it has appeared that many persons of evil intention have endeavoured, for malicious purposes, to impress upon the native troops a belief that it is the wish of the British Government to convert them by forcible means to Christianity; and his Lordship in Council has observed with concern, that such malicious reports have been believed by many of the native troops.

'The Right Hon. the Governor in Council, therefore, deems it proper, in this public manner, to repeat to the native troops his assurance, that the same respect which has been invariably shown by the British Government for their religion and for their customs, will be always continued; and that no interruption will be given to any native, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, in the practice of his religious ceremonies.

'His Lordship in Council desires that the native troops will not give belief to the idle rumours which are circulated by enemies of their happiness, who endeavour, with the basest designs, to weaken the confidence of the troops in the British Government. His Lordship in Council desires that the native troops will remember the constant attention and humanity which have been shown by the British Government, in providing for their comfort, by augmenting the pay of the native officers and Sepoys; by allowing liberal pensions to those who have done their duty faithfully; by making ample provision for the families of those who may have died in battle; and by receiving their children into the service of the Honourable Company, to be treated with the same care and bounty as their fathers had experienced.

'The Right Hon. the Governor in Council trusts, that the native troops,

troops, remembering these circumstances, will be sensible of the happiness of their situation, which is greater than what the troops of any other part of the world enjoy; and that they will continue to observe the same good conduct for which they were distinguished in the days of General Lawrence, of Sir Eyre Coote, and of other renowned heroes.

'The native troops must at the same time be sensible, that if they should fail in the duties of their allegiance, and should show themselves disobedient to their officers, their conduct will not fail to receive merited punishment, as the British Government is not less prepared to punish the guilty, than to protect and distinguish those who are deserving of its favour.

'It is directed that this paper be translated with care into the Tamul, Telinga, and Hindoostany languages; and that copies of it be circulated to each native battalion, of which the European officers are enjoined and ordered to be careful in making it known to every native officer and Sepoy under his command.

'It is also directed, that copies of the paper be circulated to all the Magistrates and Collectors under this Government, for the purpose of being fully understood in all parts of the country.

'Published by order of the Right Hon. the Governor in Council.

G. BUCHAN, Chief Secretary to Government.

'*Dated in Fort St George, 3d Dec.* 1806.'

Scott Waring's Preface, iii—v.

So late as March 1807, three months after the date of this proclamation, so universal was the dread of a general revolt among the native troops, that the British officers attached to the native troops, constantly slept with loaded pistols under their pillows.

It appears that an attempt had been made by the military men at Madras, to change the shape of the Sepoy turban into something resembling the helmet of the light infantry of Europe, and to prevent the native troops from wearing, on their foreheads, the marks characteristic of their various castes. The sons of the late Tippoo, with many noble Mussulmans deprived of office at that time, resided in the fortress of Vellore, and in all probability contributed very materially to excite, or to inflame those suspicions of designs against their religion, which are mentioned in the proclamation of the Madras Government, and generally known to have been a principal cause of the insurrection at Vellore. It was this insurrection which first gave birth to the question upon missions to India; and before we deliver any opinion upon the subject itself, it will be necessary to state what had been done in former periods towards disseminating the truths of the Gospel in India, and what new exertions had been made about the period at which this event took place.

More than a century has elapsed since the first Protestant missionaries appeared in India. Two young divines, selected by the University

University of Halle, were sent out in this capacity by the King of Denmark, and arrived at the Danish settlement of Tranquebar in 1706. The mission thus begun, has been ever since continued, and has been assisted by the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge established in this country. The same society has, for many years, employed German missionaries of the Lutheran persuasion, for propagating the doctrines of Christianity among the natives of India. In 1799, their number was six; it is now reduced to five.

The Scriptures translated into the Tamulic language, which is vernacular in the southern parts of the peninsula, have, for more than half a century, been printed at the Tranquebar press, for the use of Danish missionaries and their converts. A printing press, indeed, was established at that place by the two first Danish missionaries; and, in 1714, the Gospel of St Matthew, translated into the dialect of Malabar, was printed there. Not a line of the Scriptures, in any of the languages current on the coast, had issued from the Bengal press on September 13. 1806.

It does appear, however, about the period of the mutiny at Vellore, and a few years previous to it, that the number of the missionaries on the coast had been increased. In 1804, the *Missionary Society*, a recent institution, sent a new mission to the coast of Coromandel; from whose papers, we think it right to lay before our readers the following extracts. *

'*March* 31*ſt*, 1805.—Waited on A. B. He ſays *Government ſeems to be very willing to forward our views.* We may ſtay at Madras as long as we pleaſe; and when we intend to go into the country, on our application to the Governor by letter, he would iſſue orders for granting us paſſports, which would ſuperſede the neceſſity of a public petition.—Lord's Day.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. p. 365.

In a letter from Brother Ringletaube to Brother Cran, he thus expresses himself.

'The paſſports Government has promiſed you are ſo valuable, that I ſhould not think a journey too troubleſome to obtain one for myſelf, if I could not get it through your interference. In hopes that your application will ſuffice to obtain one for me, I encloſe you my Graveſend paſſport, that will give you the particulars concerning my perſon.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. p. 369.

They

* There are ſix ſocieties in England for converting Heathens to the Chriſtian religion. Society for *Miſſions to Africa and the Eaſt*; of which Meſſrs Wilberforce, Grant, Parry, and Thorntons, are the principal encouragers. 2. Methodiſt Society for Miſſions. 3. Anabaptiſt Society for Miſſions. 4. Miſſionary Society. 5. Society for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge. 6. Moravian Miſſions. They all publiſh their proceedings.

They obtain their passports from Government; and the plan and objects of their mission are printed, free of expense, at the Government press.

'1805. *June* 27. Dr —— sent for one of us to consult with him on particular business. He accordingly went. The Doctor told him, that he had read the publications which the Brethren lately brought from England, and was so much delighted with the report of the Directors, that he wished 200 or more copies of it were printed, together with an introduction, giving an account of the rise and progress of the Missionary Society, in order to be distributed in the different settlements in India. He offered *to print them at the Government press free of expense.* On his return, we consulted with our two brethren on the subject, and resolved to accept the Doctor's favour. We have begun to prepare it for the press.' *Transf. of Miss. Society*, II. p. 394.

In page 89th of the 18th Number, Vol. III, the Missionaries write thus to the Society in London, about a fortnight before the massacre at Vellore.

'Every encouragement is offered us by the established government of the country. Hitherto they have granted us every request, whether solicited by ourselves or others. Their permission to come to this place; their allowing us an acknowledgment for preaching in the fort, which sanctions us in our work; together with the grant which they have lately given us to hold a large spot of ground every way suited for missionary labours, are objects of the last importance, and remove every impediment which might be apprehended from this source. We trust not to an arm of flesh; but when we reflect on these things, we cannot but behold the loving kindness of the Lord.

In a letter of the same date, we learn, from Brother Ringletaube, the following fact.

'The Dewan of Travancore sent me word, that if I despatched one of our Christians to him, he would give me leave to build a church at Magilandy. Accordingly, I shall send in a short time. For this important service, our society is indebted alone to Colonel ——, without *whose determined and fearless interposition, none of their missionaries would have been able to set a foot in that country.*'

In page 381, Vol. II, Dr Kerr, one of the chaplains on the Madras establishment, baptizes a Mussulman who had applied to him for that purpose: upon the first application, it appears that Dr Kerr hesitated; but upon the Mussulman threatening to rise against him on the Day of Judgment, Dr Kerr complies.

It appears that in the Tinevelly district, about a year before the Massacre of Vellore, not only riots, but very serious persecutions of the converted natives had taken place, from the jealousy evinced by the Hindoos and Mussulmen at the progress of the gospel.

"Rev. Sir,—I thought you sufficiently acquainted with the late vexations of the Christians in those parts, arising from the blind zeal of the Heathens

Heathens and Mahometans, the latter viewing with a jealous eye the progreſs of the Goſpel, and trying to deſtroy, or at leaſt to clog it, by all the crafty means in their power. I therefore did not chuſe to trouble you; but as no ſtop has been put to thoſe grievances, things go on from bad to worſe, as you will ſee from what has happened at Hickadoe; the Catechiſt has providentially eſcaped from that outrageous attempt, by the aſſiſtance of ten or twelve of our Chriſtians, and has made good his flight to Palamcotta; whilſt the exaſperated mob, coming from Padeckepalloe hovered round the village, plundering the houſes of the Chriſtians and ill-treating their families, by kicking, flogging and other bad uſage; theſe monſters not even forbearing to attack, ſtrip, rob, and miſerably beat the Catechiſt Jeſuadian, who, partly from illneſs, and partly through fear, had ſhut himſelf up in his houſe. I have heard various accounts of this ſad event; but yeſterday the Catechiſt himſelf called on me, and told me the truth of it. From what he ſays, it is plain that the Manikar of Wayrom, (a Black peace-officer of that place) has contrived the whole affair, with a view to vex the Chriſtians. I doubt not that theſe facts have been reported to the Rev. Mr K. by the Country-prieſt; and if I mention them to you, it is with a view to ſhow in what a forlorn ſtate the poor Chriſtians hereabout are, and how deſirable a thing it would be, if the Rev. Mr Ringeltaube were to come hither as ſoon as poſſible; then tranquillity would be reſtored, and future moleſtations prevented. I requeſt you to communicate this letter to him with my compliments. I am, Sir, &c. *Manapaar, June* 8, 1805."

"This Letter left a deep impreſſion on my mind, eſpecially when I received a fuller account of the troubles of the Chriſtians. By the Black underlings of the collectors, they are frequently driven from their homes, put in the ſtocks, and expoſed for a fortnight together to the heat of the raging ſun, and the chilling dews of the night, all becauſe there is no European Miſſionary to bring their complaints to the ear of Government, who, I am happy to add, have never been deficient in their duty of procuring redreſs, where the Chriſtians have had to complain of real injuries. One of the moſt trying caſes, mentioned in a poſtſcript of the above letter, is that of Chriſtians being flogged, till they conſent to hold the torches to the Heathen Idols. The letter ſays, "the Catechiſt of Colleſigrapatnam, has informed me that the above Manikar has forced a Chriſtian, of the Villally caſt, who attends at our church, to ſweep the temple of the Idol. A ſevere flogging was given on this occaſion." —From ſuch facts, the poſtſcript continues, "you may gueſs at the deplorable ſituation of our fellow-believers, as long as every Manikar thinks he has a right to do them what violence he pleaſes."

"It muſt be obſerved, to the glory of that Saviour, who is ſtrong in weakneſs, that many of the Neophytes in that diſtrict, have withſtood all theſe fiery trials with firmneſs. Many alſo, it is to be lamented, have fallen off in the evil day, and at leaſt ſo far yielded to the importunity of their perſecutors, as again to daub their faces and bodies with paint and aſhes, after the manner of the Heathen. How great this fall-

ing

ing off has been, I am not yet able to judge. But I am happy to add, that the Board of Revenue has iſſued the ſtricteſt orders againſt all unprovoked perſecution.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. 431—433.

The following quotations evince how far from indifferent the natives are to the progreſs of the Chriſtian religion in the Eaſt.

'1805, Oct. 10.—A reſpectable Brahmin in the Company's employ called on us. We endeavoured to point out to him the important object of our coming to India, and mentioned ſome of the great and glorious truths of the Goſpel, which we wiſhed to impart in the native language. He ſeemed much hurt, and told us the Gentoo religion was of a divine origin, as well as the Chriſtian;—that heaven was like a palace which has many doors, at which people may enter;—that variety is pleaſing to God, &c.—and a number of other arguments which we hear every day. On taking leave, he ſaid, "the Company has got the country, (for the Engliſh are very clever), and, perhaps, they may ſucceed in depriving the Brahmins of their power, and let you have it."

'November 16th.—Received a letter from the Rev. Dr Taylor; we are happy to find he is ſafely arrived at Calcutta, and that our Baptiſt Brethren are labouring with increaſing ſucceſs. The natives around us are aſtoniſhed to hear this news. It is bad news to the Brahmins, who ſeem unable to account for it; they ſay the world is going to ruin.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. 442. & 446.

'While living in the town, our houſe was watched by the natives from morning to night, to ſee if any perſons came to converſe about religion. This prevented many from coming, who have been very deſirous of hearing *of the good way*.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, No. 18. p. 87.

'If Heathen, of great influence and connexions, or Brahmins, were inclined to join the Chriſtian Church, it would probably cauſe commotions, and even rebellions, either to prevent them from it, or to endanger their life. In former years, we had ſome inſtances of this kind at Tranquebar; where they were protected by the aſſiſtance of government. If ſuch inſtances ſhould happen now in our preſent times, we don't know what the conſequence would be.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. 185.

This laſt extract is contained in a letter from Daniſh Miſſionaries at Tranquebar to the Directors of the Miſſionary Society in London.

It is hardly fair to contend, after these extracts, that no ſymptoms of jealouſy upon the ſubject of religion had been evinced on the coaſt, except in the caſe of the inſurrection at Vellore; or that no greater activity than common had prevailed among the miſſionaries. We are very far, however, from attributing that inſurrection exclusively, or even principally, to any apprehenſions from the zeal of the miſſionaries. The rumour of that zeal might probably have more readily diſpoſed the minds of the troops for the corrupt influence exercised upon them; but we have no doubt

that

that the massacre was principally owing to an adroit use made by the sons of Tippoo, and the high Mussulmen living in the fortress, of the abominable military foppery of our own people.

After this short sketch of what has been lately passing on the coast, we shall attempt to give a similar account of missionary proceedings in Bengal; and it appears to us, it will be more satisfactory to do so as much as possible in the words of the missionaries themselves. In our extracts from their publications, we shall endeavour to show the character and style of the men employed in these missions, the extent of their success, or rather of their failure, and the general impression made upon the people by their efforts for the dissemination of the Gospel.

It will be necessary to premise, that the missions in Bengal, of which the public have heard so much of late years, are the missions of anabaptist dissenters, whose peculiar and distinguishing tenet it is, to baptize the members of their church by plunging them into the water when they are grown up, instead of sprinkling them with water when they are young. Among the subscribers to this society, we perceive the respectable name of the Deputy Chairman of the East India Company, who, in the common routine of office, will succeed to the chair of that Company at the ensuing election. The Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the East India Company, are also both of them trustees to another religious society for *missions to Africa and the East.*

The first Number of the *Anabaptist Missions*, informs us that the origin of the Society will be found in *the workings of Brother Carey's mind, whose heart appears to have been set upon the conversion of the Heathen in* 1786, *before he came to reside at Moulton.* (No. 1. p. 1.) These workings produced a sermon at Northampton, and the sermon a subscription to convert 420 millions of Pagans. Of the subscription we have the following account. 'Information is come from Brother Carey, that a gentleman from Northumberland had promised to send him 20*l.* for the Society, and to subscribe four guineas annually.'

'At this meeting at Northampton two other friends subscribed, and paid two guineas a piece, two more one guinea each, and another half a guinea, making six guineas and a half in all. And such members as were present of the first subscribers, paid their subscriptions into the hands of the treasurer; who proposed to put the sum now received into the hands of a banker, who will pay interest for the same.' *Baptist Miss. Soc.* No. I. p. 5.

In their first proceedings they are a good deal guided by Brother Thomas, who has been in Bengal before, and who lays before the Society an history of his life and adventures, from which we make the following extract.

'On

'On my arrival at Calcutta, I ſought for religious people, but found none. At laſt, how was I rejoiced to hear that a very religious man was coming to dine with me, at a houſe in Calcutta; a man who would not omit his cloſet-hours, of a morning or evening, at ſea or on land, for all the world. I concealed my impatience as well as I could, till the joyful moment came: and a moment it was; for I ſoon heard him take the Lord's name in vain, and it was like a cold dagger, with which I received repeated ſtabs in the courſe of half an hour's converſation: and he was ready to kick me when I ſpoke of ſome things commonly believed by other hypocrites, concerning our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and with fury put an end to our converſation, by ſaying, I was a mad enthuſiaſt to ſuppoſe that Jeſus Chriſt had any thing to do in the creation of the world, who was born only ſeventeen hundred years ago. When I returned, he went home in the ſame ſhip, and I found him a ſtrict obſerver of devotional hours, but an enemy to all religion, and horribly looſe, vain, and intemperate in his life and converſation.

'After this *I advertiſed for a chriſtian;* and that I may not be miſunderſtood, I ſhall ſubjoin a copy of the advertiſement, from the India Gazette of November 1. 1783, which now lies before me.' *Baptiſt Miſ. Soc.* No. I. p. 14, 15.

Brother Thomas relates the conversion of an Hindoo on the Malabar coast to the Society.

'A certain man on the Malabar coaſt, had enquired of various devotees and prieſts, how he might make atonement for his ſins; and at laſt he was directed to drive iron ſpikes, ſufficiently blunted, through his ſandals, and on theſe ſpikes he was to place his naked feet, and walk (if I miſtake not) 250 coſs, that is about 480 miles. If, through loſs of blood, or weakneſs of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and ſtrength. He undertook the journey; and while he halted under a large ſhady tree where the goſpel was ſometimes preached, one of the miſſionaries came, and preached in his hearing from theſe words, *The blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin.* While he was preaching, the man roſe up, threw off his torturing ſandals, and cried out aloud, '*This is what I want!*'' *Baptiſt Miſ. Soc.* No. I. 29.

On June 13. 1793, the miſſionaries ſet ſail, carrying with them letters to three ſuppoſed converts of Brother Thomas, Parbotee, Ram Ram Boſhoo, and Mohun Chund. Upon their arrival in India, they found, to their inexpreſſible mortification, that Ram Ram had relapſed into Paganiſm; and we ſhall preſent our readers with a picture of the preſent and worldly miſery to which an Hindoo is ſubjected, who becomes a convert to the Chriſtian religion. Every body knows, that the population of Hindoſtan is divided into caſts, or claſſes of perſons, and that when a man loſes his caſt, he is ſhunned by his wife, children, friends, and relations; that it is conſidered as an abomination to lodge or eat with him; and that he is a wanderer and an outcaſt upon the earth. Caſt can be loſt by a variety of

means,

means, and the Protestant missionaries have always made the loss of it a previous requisite to admission into the Christian church.

'On our arrival at Calcutta, we found poor Ram Boſhoo waiting for us; but, to our great grief, he has been bowing down to idols again. When Mr T. left India, he went from place to place; but, forſaken by the Hindoos, and neglected by the Europeans, he was ſeized with a flux and fever. In this ſtate, he ſays, "I had nothing to ſupport me or my family; a relation offered to ſave me from periſhing for want of neceſſaries, on condition of my bowing to the idol; I knew that the Roman Catholic Chriſtians worſhipped idols; I thought they might be commanded to honour images in ſome part of the bible which I had not ſeen; I heſitated, and complied: but I love Chriſtianity ſtill." *Bapt. Miſ. Soc.* vol. I. p. 64, 65.

'*Jan.* 8. 1794. We thought to write you long before this, but our hearts have been burthened with cares and ſorrows. It was very afflicting to hear of Ram Boſhoo's great perſecution and fall. Deſerted by Engliſhmen, and perſecuted by his own countrymen, he was nigh unto death. The natives gathered in bodies, and threw duſt in the air as he paſſed along the ſtreets in Calcutta. At laſt one of his relations offered him an aſylum on condition of his bowing down to their idols.' *Ib.* p. 78.

Brother Carey's Piety at Sea.

'Brother Carey, while very ſea ſick, and leaning over the ſhip to relieve his ſtomach from that very oppreſſive complaint, ſaid his mind was even then filled with conſolation in contemplating the wonderful goodneſs of God.' *Ibid.* p. 76.

Extracts from Brother Carey's and Brother Thomas's Journals, at Sea and by Land.

'1793 June 16. Lord's-day. A little recovered from my ſickneſs; met for prayer and exhortation in my cabin; had a diſpute with a French deiſt.' *Ibid.* p. 158.

'—— 30. Lord's-day. A pleaſant and profitable day: our congregation compoſed of ten perſons.' *Ibid.* p. 159.

'July 7. Another pleaſant and profitable Lord's-day; our congregation increaſed with one. Had much ſweet enjoyment with God.' *Ibid.*

'1794. Jan. 26. Lord's-day. Found much pleaſure in reading Edwards's *Sermon on the juſtice of God in the damnation of ſinners.*' *Ibid.* p. 165.

'April 6. Had ſome ſweetneſs to-day, eſpecially in reading Edwards's Sermon.' *Ibid.* p. 171.

'June 8. This evening reached Bowlea, where we lay to for the Sabbath. Felt thankful that God had preſerved us, and wondered at his regard for ſo mean a creature. I was enabled to wreſtle with God in prayer for many of my dear friends in England.' *Ibid.* p. 179.

'—— 16. This day I preached twice at Malda, where Mr Thomas met me. Had much enjoyment; and though our congregation did not exceed *fifteen*, yet the pleaſure I felt in having my tongue once more ſet at liberty, I can hardly deſcribe. Was enabled to be faithful, and felt a ſweet affection for immortal ſouls.' *Ibid.* p. 180.

'1796,

'1796. Feb. 6. I am now in my ſtudy; and oh, it is a ſweet place, becauſe of the preſence of God with the vileſt of men. It is at the top of the houſe; I have but one window in it.' *Bapt. Miſ.* Vol. I. p. 295.

'The work to which God has ſet his hand will infallibly proſper. Chriſt has begun to bombard this ſtrong and ancient fortreſs, and will aſſuredly carry it.' *Ibid.* p. 328.

'More miſſionaries I think *abſolutely neceſſary* to the ſupport of the intereſt. Should any natives join us, they would become outcaſt immediately, and muſt be, conſequently, ſupported by us. The miſſionaries on the coaſt are to this day obliged to provide for thoſe who join them, as I learnt from a letter ſent to brother Thomas by a ſon of one of the miſſionaries.' *Ibid.* p. 334.

In the laſt extract, our readers will perceive a new difficulty attendant upon the progress of Christianity in the East. The convert must not only be subjected to degradation, but his degradation is so complete, and his means of providing for himself so entirely destroyed, that he must be fed by his instructor. The slightest success in Hindostan would eat up the revenues of the East India Company.

Three years after their arrival, these zealous and most active missionaries give the following account of their success.

'I bleſs God, our proſpect is conſiderably brightened up, and our hopes are more enlarged than at any period ſince the commencement of the miſſion, owing to very pleaſing appearances of the goſpel having been made effectual to FOUR poor labouring Muſſulmans, who have been ſetting their faces towards Zion ever ſince the month of Auguſt laſt. I hope their baptiſm will not be much longer deferred; and that might encourage Mohun Chund, Parbottee, and Caſſi Naut, (who laſt year appeared to ſet out in the ways of God) to declare for the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by an open profeſſion of their faith in him.* *Seven* of the natives; *we hope*, are indeed converted. *Ibid.* I. p. 345-6.

Effects of preaching to an Hindoo Congregation.

'I then told them, that if they could not tell *me*, I would tell *them*; and that God, who had permitted the Hindoos to ſink into a ſea of darkneſs, had at length commiſerated them; and ſent me and my colleagues to preach life to them. I then told them of Chriſt, his death, his perſon, his love, his being the ſurety of ſinners, his power to ſave, &c. and exhorted them earneſtly and affectionately to come to him. Effects were various; one man came before I had well done, and wanted to ſell ſtockings to me.' *Ibid.* p. 357.

Extracts from Journals.

'After worſhip, I received notice that the printing-preſs was juſt arrived at the Ghât from Calcutta. Retired, and thanked God for furniſhing us with a preſs.' *Ibid.* p. 469.

Success in the Sixth Year.

'We lament that ſeveral who did run well, are now hindered. We have faint hopes of a few, and pretty ſtrong *hopes* of *one* or *two*; but if

I ſay more, it muſt either be a dull recital of our journeying to one place or another to preach the goſpel, or ſomething elſe relating to ourſelves, of which I ought to be the laſt to ſpeak.' *Bap. Miſ.* I. p. 488.

Extracts from Mr Ward's Journal, a new Anabaptist Missionary sent out in 1799.

Mr Ward admires the Captain.

'Several of our friends who have been ſick, begin to look up. This evening we had a moſt precious hour at prayer. Captain Wickes read from the 12th verſe of the 33d of Exodus, and then joined in prayer. Our hearts were all warmed. We ſhook hands with our dear Captain, and, in deſign, claſped him to our boſoms. *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 2.

Mr Ward is frightened by a Privateer.

'*June* 11. Held our conference this evening. A veſſel is ſtill purſuing us, which the Captain believes to be a Frenchman. I feel ſome alarm: conſiderable alarm. Oh Lord, be thou our defender! The veſſel ſeems to gain upon us. (Quarter paſt eleven at night.) There is no doubt of the veſſel being a French privateer: when we changed our tack, ſhe changed hers. We have, ſince dark, changed into our old courſe; ſo that poſſibly we ſhall loſe her. Brethren G. and B. have engaged in prayer: we have read Luther's pſalm, and our minds are pretty well compoſed. Our guns are all loaded, and the Captain ſeems very low. All hands are at the guns, and the matches are lighted. I go to the end of the ſhip. I can juſt ſee the veſſel, though it is very foggy. A ball whizzes over my head, and makes me tremble. I go down, and go to prayer with our friends. *Ibid.* p. 3, 4.

Mr Ward feels a regard for the Sailors.

'*July* 12. I never felt ſo much for any men as for our ſailors; a tenderneſs which could weep over them. Oh, Jeſus! let thy blood cover ſome of them! A ſweet prayer-meeting. Verily God is here.' *Ibid.* p. 7.

Mr Ward sees an American Vessel, and longs to preach to the Sailors.

'*Sept* 27. An American veſſel is along-ſide, and the Captain is ſpeaking to their Captain through his trumpet. How pleaſant to talk to a friend! I have been looking at them through the glaſs: the ſailors ſit in a group, and are making their obſervations upon us. I long to go and preach to them.' *Ibid.* p. 11.

Feelings of the Natives upon hearing their Religion attacked.

'1800. *Feb.* 25. Brother C. had ſome converſation with one of the Muſſulmans, who aſked, upon his denying the divine miſſion of Mahommed, what was to become of Muſſulmans and Hindoos! Brother C. expreſſed his fears that they would all be loſt. The man ſeemed as if he would have torn him in pieces.' *Ibid.* p. 51.

'*Mar.* 30. The people ſeem quite anxious to get the hymns which we give away. The Brahmans are rather uneaſy. *The Governor* adviſed his Brahmans to ſend their children to learn Engliſh. They replied, that we ſeemed to take pains to make the natives Chriſtians; and they were afraid that, their children being of tender age, would make them a more eaſy conqueſt.' *Ibid.* p. 58.

'*April*

'*April* 27. Lord's-day. One Brahman ſaid, he had no occaſion for a hymn, for they were all over the country. He could go into any houſe and read one.' *Ibid.* p. 61.

'*May* 9. Brother Fountain was this evening at Buddabarry. At the cloſe, the Brahmans having collected a number of boys, they ſet up a great ſhout, and followed the brethren out of the village with noiſe and ſhoutings.' *Ibid.*

'—— 16. Brother Carey and I were at Buddabarry this evening. No ſooner had we begun, than a Brahman went round to all the reſt that were preſent, and endeavoured to pull them away.' *Ibid.* p. 62.

'—— 30. This evening at Buddabarry, the man mentioned in my journal of March 14th, inſulted brother Carey. He aſked why we came; and ſaid, if we could employ the natives as carpenters, blackſmiths, &c. it would be very well; but that they did not *want our holineſs*. In exact conformity with this ſentiment, our Brahman told brother Thomas when here, "That he did not want the favour of God." *Ibid.* p. 63.

'*June* 22. *Lord's-day.* A brahman has been ſeveral times to diſturb the children, and to curſe Jeſus Chriſt! Another brahman complained to brother Carey that, by our ſchool and printing, we were now teaching the goſpel to their children from their infancy.' *Ibid.* p. 65.

'*June* 29. *Lord's-day.* This evening, a brahman went round amongſt the people who were collected to hear brother Carey, to perſuade them not to accept of our papers. Thus "darkneſs ſtruggles with the light."' *Ibid.* p. 66.

'It was deemed adviſable to print 2000 copies of the New Teſtament, and alſo 500 additional copies of Matthew for immediate diſtribution; to which are annexed, ſome of the moſt remarkable prophecies in the Old Teſtament reſpecting Chriſt. Theſe are now diſtributing, together with copies of ſeveral evangelical hymns, and a very earneſt and pertinent addreſs to the natives, reſpecting the goſpel. It was written by Ram Boſhoo, and contains a hundred lines in Bengallee verſe. We hear that theſe papers are read with much attention, and that apprehenſions are riſing in the minds of ſome of the brahmans whereunto theſe things may grow.' *Ibid.* p. 69.

'We have printed ſeveral ſmall pieces in Bengalee, which have had a large circulation.' *Ibid.* p. 77.

Mr Fountain's gratitude to Hervey.

'When I was about eighteen or nineteen years of age *Hervey's Meditations* fell into my hands. Till then I had read nothing but my bible and the prayer-book. This uſhered me as it were into a new world! It expanded my mind, and excited a thirſt after knowledge: and this was not all; I derived ſpiritual as well as intellectual advantages from it. I ſhall bleſs God for this book while I live upon earth, *and when I get to heaven I will thank dear Hervey himſelf.*' *Bap. Miſſ.* II. p. 90.

Hatred of the Natives to the Gospel.

'*Jan.* 27. The inveterate hatred that the brahmans every where ſhow to the goſpel, and the very name of Jeſus, in which they are joined by many lewd fellows of the baſer ſort, requires no common degree of ſelf-poſſeſſion, caution, and prudence. The ſeeming failure of ſome we hoped well of is a ſource of conſiderable anxiety and grief.' *Bap. Miſſ.* II. p. 110.

'*Aug.* 31. *Lord's-day.* We have the honour of printing the firſt book that was ever printed in Bengallee; and this is the firſt piece in which brahmans have been oppoſed, perhaps for thouſands of years. All their books are filled with accounts to eſtabliſh brahmaniſm, and raiſe brahmans to the ſeat of God. Hence they are believed to be inferior gods. All the waters of ſalvation in the country are ſuppoſed to meet in the foot of a brahman. It is reckoned they have the keys of heaven and hell, and have power over ſickneſs and health, life and death. O pray that brahmaniſm may come down! *Ibid.* p. 111.

'*Oct.* 3. Brother Marſhman having directed the children in the Bengallee ſchool to write out a piece, written by brother Fountain (a kind of catechiſm), the ſchoolmaſter reported yeſterday that all the boys would leave the ſchool rather than write it; that it was deſigned to make them loſe caſt, and make them *Feringas*; that is, perſons who have deſcended from thoſe who were formerly converted by the papiſts, and who are to this day held in the greateſt contempt by the Hindoos. From this you may gather how much contempt a converted native would meet with. *Ibid.* p. 113, 114.

'*Oct.* 26. *Lord's-day. Bharratt* told brother Carey to-day what the people talked among themſelves—"Formerly, ſay they, here were no white people amongſt us. Now the Engliſh have taken the country, and it is getting full of whites. Now alſo the white men's ſhaſter is publiſhing. Is it not going to be fulfilled which is written in our ſhaſters, that *all ſhall be of one caſt;* and will not this caſt be the goſpel?"' *Ibid.* p. 115.

'*Nov.* 7. He alſo attempted repeatedly to introduce Chriſt and him crucified; but they would immediately manifeſt the utmoſt diſlike of the very name of him. Nay, in their turn they commended Creeſhnoo, and invited brother C. to believe in him.' *Ibid.* p. 118.

'*Dec.* 23. This forenoon Gokool came to tell us that Kriſtno and his whole family were in confinement! Aſtoniſhing news! It ſeems the whole neighbourhood, as ſoon as it was noiſed abroad that theſe people had loſt caſt, was in an uproar. It is ſaid that two thouſand people were aſſembled, pouring their anathemas on theſe new converts.' *Ibid.* p. 125.

'*Jan.* 12. The brahmans and the young people ſhow every degree of contempt; and the name of Chriſt is become a by-word, like the name *methodiſt* in England formerly.' *Ibid.* p. 130.

'*Sept.* 15. I then took occaſion to tell them that the brahmans only wanted their money, and cared nothing about their ſalvation. To this they readily aſſented.' *Ibid.* p. 134.

'*Nov.*

'*Nov.* 23. *Lord's-day.* Went with brother Carey to the new pagoda, at the upper end of the town. About ten brahmans attended. They behaved in the moſt ſcoffing and blaſphemous manner, treating the name of Chriſt with the greateſt ſcorn; nor did they diſcontinue their ridicule while brother Carey prayed with them. No name amongſt men ſeems ſo offenſive to them as that of our adorable REDEEMER!' *Ibid.* p. 138.

'*Dec.* 24. The governor had the goodneſs to call on us in the courſe of the day, and deſired us to ſecure the girl, at leaſt within our walls, for a few days, as he was perſuaded the people round the country were ſo exaſperated at Kriſtno's embracing the goſpel, that he could not anſwer for their ſafety. A number of the mob might come from twenty miles diſtant in the night, *and murder them all*, without the perpetrators being diſcovered. He believed, that had they obtained the girl, they would have murdered her before the morning, and thought they had been doing God ſervice!' *Ibid.* p. 143, 144.

'*Jan.* 30. After ſpeaking about ten minutes, a rude fellow began to be very abuſive, and with the help of a few boys, raiſed ſuch a clamour that nothing could be heard. At length, ſeeing no hope of their becoming quiet, I retired to the other part of the town. They followed, hallooing and crying, "Hurree boll!" (an exclamation in honour of Veeſhno.) They at laſt began to pelt me with ſtones and dirt. One of the men, who knew the houſe to which brother Carey was gone, adviſed me to accompany him thither, ſaying, that theſe people would not hear our words. Going with him, I met brother C. We were not a little pleaſed that the devil had begun to beſtir himſelf, inferring from hence that he ſuſpected danger.' *Ibid.* p. 148, 149.

Feelings of an Hindoo boy upon the eve of converſion.

'*Nov.* 18. One of the boys of the ſchool, called Benjamin, is under conſiderable concern: indeed there is a general ſtir amongſt our children, which affords us great encouragement. The following are ſome of the expreſſions uſed in prayer by poor *Benjamin*—

"Oh Lord, the day of judgment is coming: the ſun, and moon, and ſtars will all fall down. Oh, what ſhall I do in the day of judgment! Thou wilt break me to pieces. [literal] The Lord Jeſus Chriſt was ſo good as to die for us poor ſouls: Lord keep us all this day! Oh hell! Gnaſhing, and beating, and beating! One hour weeping, another gnaſhing! We ſhall ſtay there for ever! I am going to hell: I am going to hell! Oh Lord, give me a new heart; give me a new heart, and waſh away all my ſins! Give me a new heart, that I may praiſe Him, that I may obey Him, that I may ſpeak the truth, that I may never do evil things! Oh, I have many times ſinned againſt thee, many times broken thy commandments, oh many times; and what ſhall I do in the day of judgment!' p. 162, 163.

Alarm of the natives at the preaching of the goſpel.

'From ſeveral parts of Calcutta he hears of people's attention being excited by reading the papers which we have ſcattered among them.

Many begin to wonder that they never heard theſe things before, ſince the Engliſh have been ſo long in the country.' *Ibid.* p. 223.

'Many of the natives have expreſſed their aſtoniſhment at ſeeing the converted Hindoos ſit and eat with Europeans. It is what they thought would never come to paſs. The prieſts are much alarmed for their tottering fabric, and rack their inventions to prop it up. They do not like the inſtitution of the college in Calcutta, and that their ſacred ſhaſters ſhould be explored by the unhallowed eyes of Europeans.' *Ibid.* p. 233.

'Indeed, by the diſtribution of many copies of the ſcriptures, and of ſome thouſands of ſmall tracts, a ſpirit of inquiry has been excited to a degree unknown at any former period.' *Ibid.* p. 236.

'As he and Kriſtno walked through the ſtreet, the natives cried out, "What will this joiner do? (meaning Kriſtno.) Will he deſtroy the caſt of us all? Is this brahman going to be a Feringa?" *Ibid.* p. 245.

Account of ſucceſs in 1802—*Tenth year of the miſſion.*

'Wherever we have gone we have uniformly found, that *ſo long as people did not underſtand the import of our meſſage, they appeared to liſten: but the moment they underſtood ſomething of it, they either became indifferent, or began to ridicule. This in general has been our reception.*' *Ibid.* p. 273.

Hatred of the natives.

'*Sept.* 27. This forenoon three of the people arrived from Ponchetalokpool, who ſeemed very happy to ſee us. They inform us that the brahmans had raiſed a great perſecution againſt them; and when they ſet out on their journey hither, the mob aſſembled to hiſs them away. After brother Marſham had left that part of the country, they hung him in effigy, and ſome of the printed papers which he had diſtributed amongſt them.' *Ibid.* p. 314.

Difficulty which the Miſſion experiences from not being able to get the converts ſhaved.

'Several perſons there ſeem willing to be baptized; but if they ſhould, the village barber, forſooth, will not ſhave them! When a native loſes caſt, or becomes unclean, his barber and his prieſt will not come near him; and as they are accuſtomed to ſhave the head nearly all over, and cannot well perform this buſineſs themſelves, it becomes a ſerious inconvenience.' *Ibid.* p. 372.

Hatred of the natives.

'*Apr.* 24. Lord's day. Brother Chamberlain preached at home, and Ward at Calcutta: brother Carey was amongſt the brethren, and preached at night. Kriſtno Priſaud, Ram Roteen and others, were at Buddabatty, where they met with violent oppoſition. They were ſet upon as Feringahs, as deſtroyers of the caſt, as having eaten fowls, eggs, &c. As they attempted to return, the mob began to beat them, putting their hands on the back of their necks, and puſhing them forward; and one man, even a civil officer, grazed the point of a ſpear againſt the body of Kriſtno Priſaud. When they ſaw that they could not make our friends angry by ſuch treatment, they ſaid, You *ſalla*; you will not

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be angry, will you? They then insulted them again, threw cow-dung mixed in gonga water at them; talked of making them a necklace of old shoes; beat Neeloo with Ram Roteen's shoe, &c.; and declared that if they ever came again, they would make an end of them.' *Ibid.* p. 378.

A plan for procuring an order from Government to shave the converts.

'After concluding with prayer, Bhorud Ghose, Sookur, and Toribot Bichefs, took me into the field, and told me that their minds were quite decided; there was no neceſſity for exhorting them. There was only one thing that kept them from being baptized in the name of Jeſus Chriſt. Loſing caſt in a large town like Serampore was a very different thing from loſing caſt in their village. If they declared themſelves chriſtians, the barber of their village would no longer ſhave them; and, without ſhaving their heads and their beards, they could not live. If an order could be obtained from the magiſtrate of the diſtrict for the barber to ſhave Chriſtians as well as others, they would be immediately baptized.' *Ibid.* p. 397.

We meet in these proceedings with the account of two Hindoos who had set up as Gods, *Dulol* and *Ram Dass*. The missionaries, conceiving this schism from the religion of the Hindoos, to be a very favourable opening for them, wait upon the two deities. With Dulol, who seems to be a very shrewd fellow, they are utterly unsuccessful; and the following is an extract from the account of their conference with Ram Dass.

'After much altercation, I told him he might put the matter out of all doubt as to himſelf: he had only to come as a poor, repenting, ſuppliant ſinner, and he would be ſaved, whatever became of *others*. To this he gave no other anſwer than a ſmile of contempt. I then aſked him in what way the ſins of theſe his followers would be removed; urging it as a matter of the laſt importance, as he knew that they were all ſinners, and muſt ſtand before the righteous bar of God? After much evaſion, he replied that he had fire in his belly, which would deſtroy the ſins of all his followers!' *Ibid.* p. 401.

A Brahman converted.

'*Dec.* 11. Lord's day. A brahmàn came from Nuddea. After talking to him about the goſpel, which he ſaid he was very willing to embrace, we ſent him to Kriſtno's. He ate with them without heſitation, but diſcovered ſuch a thirſt for Bengalee rum, as gave them a diſguſt.

'*Dec.* 13. This morning *the brahman decamped ſuddenly.*' *Ibid.* p. 424.

Extent of Printing.

'Sept. 12. We are building an addition to our printing-office, where we employ ſeventeen printers, and five bookbinders.—The brahman from near Bootan, gives ſome hope that he has received the truth in love.' *Ibid.* p. 483.

'The news of Jesus Christ, and of the church at Serampore, seems to have gone much further than I expected: it appears to be known to a few in most villages.' *Ibid.* p. 487.

Hatred to the Gospel.

"The cast (says Mr W.) is the great millstone round the necks of these people. Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave Yesoo Kreest's people!' *Ibid.* p. 493.

Success greater by importunity in prayer.

'With respect to their *success*, there are several particulars attending it worthy of notice. One is, that *it was preceded by a spirit of importunate prayer.* The brethren had all along committed their cause to God: but in the autumn of 1800, they had a special weekly prayer-meeting for a blessing on the work of the mission. At these assemblies Mr Thomas, who was then present on a visit, seems to have been more than usually strengthened to wrestle for a blessing: and writing to a friend in America, he speaks of "the holy unction appearing on *all the missionaries*, especially of late; and of times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, being solemn, frequent, and lasting." In connecting these things, we cannot but remember that previous to the out-pouring of the Spirit in the days of Pentecost, the disciples "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." *Bap. Mis. Pref.* Vol. III. p. vii.

What this success is, we shall see by the following extract.

'The whole number baptized in Bengal since the year 1795, is *forty-eight.* Over many of these we rejoice with great joy; for others we tremble, and over some we are compelled to weep.' *Ibid.* p. 21, 22.

Hatred to the Gospel.

'*April* 2. This morning, several of our chief printing servants presented a petition, desiring they might have some relief, as they were compelled, in our Bengalee worship, to hear so many blasphemies against their gods! Brother Carey and I had a strong contention with them in the printing-office, and invited them to argue the point with Petumber, as his sermon had given them offence; but they declined it; though we told them that they were ten, and he was only one; that they were brahmans, and he was only a sooder!' *Ibid.* p. 36.

'The enmity against the gospel and its professors is universal. One of our baptized Hindoos wanted to rent a house; after going out two or three days, and wandering all the town over, he at last persuaded a woman to let him have a house; but though she was herself a Feringa, yet when she heard that he was a brahman who had become a Christian, she insulted him, and drove him away; so that we are indeed made the offscouring of all things.' *Bap. Mis.* Vol. III. p. 38.

'I was sitting among our native brethren, at the Bengalee school, hearing them read and explain a portion of the word in turn; when an aged, grey-headed brahman, well-dressed, came in; and standing before me, said, with joined hands, and a supplicating tone of voice, "Sahib! I am come to ask an alms." Beginning to weep, he repeated these words

words haſtily; "I am come to aſk an . . . an alms." He continued ſtanding, with his hands in a ſupplicating poſture, weeping. I deſired him to ſay what alms; and told him, that by his looks, it did not ſeem as if he wanted any relief. At length, being preſſed, he aſked me to give him his ſon, pointing with his hand into the midſt of our native brethren. I aſked which was his ſon? He pointed to a young brahman, named Soroop; and ſetting up a plaintive cry, ſaid, that was his ſon. We tried to comfort him, and at laſt prevailed upon him to come and ſit down upon the veranda. Here he began to weep again; and ſaid that the young man's mother was dying with grief.' *Ibid.* p. 43.

'This evening Buxoo, a brother, who is ſervant with us, and Soroop, went to a market in the neighbourhood, where they were diſcovered to be *Yeſoo Khreeſtare Loke*, (Jeſus Chriſt's people.) The whole market was all in a hubbub: they clapped their hands, and threw duſt at them. Buxoo was changing a rupee for cowries, when the diſturbance began; and in the ſcuffle, the man ran away with the rupee without giving the cowries.' *Ibid.* p. 55.

'Nov. 24. This day Hawnye and Ram Kunt returned from their village. They relate that our brother Fotick, who lives in the ſame village, was lately ſeized by the chief Bengalee man there; dragged from his houſe; his face, eyes and ears clogged with cow-dung, his hands tied—and in this ſtate confined ſeveral hours. They alſo tore to pieces all the papers, and the copy of the teſtament, which they found in Fotick's houſe. A relation of theſe perſecutors being dead, they did not moleſt Hawnye and Ram Kunt; but the townsfolk would not hear about the goſpel: they only inſulted them for becoming Chriſtians.' *Ibid.* p. 57.

'*Cutwa on the Ganges, Sept.* 3. 1804.—This place is about ſeventy miles from Serampore, by the Hoogley river. Here I have procured a ſpot of ground, perhaps about two acres, pleaſantly ſituated by two tanks, and a fine grove of mango trees, at a ſmall diſtance from the town. It was with difficulty I procured a ſpot. I was forced to leave one, after I had made a beginning, through the violent oppoſition of the people. Coming to this, oppoſition ceaſed; and therefore I called it REHOBOTH; for Jehovah hath made room for us. Here I have raiſed a ſpacious bungalo.' *Ibid.* p. 59.

It would perhaps be more prudent to leave the queſtion of ſending miſſions to India to the effect of theſe extracts, which appear to us to be quite deciſive, both as to the danger of inſurrection from the proſecution of the ſcheme, the utter unfitneſs of the perſons employed in it, and the complete hopeleſsneſs of the attempt while purſued under ſuch circumſtances as now exiſt. But, as the Evangelical party who have got poſſeſſion of our Eaſtern empire, have brought forward a great deal of argument upon the queſtion, it may be neceſſary to make to it ſome ſort of reply.

We admit it to be the general duty of Chriſtian people to diſ-

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ſeminate their religion among the Pagan nations who are ſubjected to their empire: it is true they have not the aid of miracles; but it is their duty to attempt ſuch converſion by the earneſt and abundant employment of the beſt human means in their power. We believe that we are in poſſeſſion of a revealed religion; that we are exclusively in poſſeſſion of a revealed religion; and that the poſſeſſion of that religion can alone confer immortality, and beſt confer preſent happineſs. This religion, too, teaches us the duties of general benevolence: and how, under ſuch a ſyſtem, the converſion of Heathens can be a matter of indifference, we profeſs not to be able to underſtand. *

So

* The extent of this conceſſion, will, however, neceſſarily depend upon the doctrines held by different ſects and different individuals in the Chriſtian world. If it be ſettled, that a future exiſtence, or an happy future exiſtence, is denied to Heathens who have never even heard of the Chriſtian faith, then the duty of attempting to convert ſeems to be very imperious. If, on the contrary, the better rule be, that no man will be puniſhed for not availing himſelf of the opportunities which he has never enjoyed, then the caſe is very materially altered. We do not preſume to give any decided opinion on theſe ſubjects; but when we conſider for how many centuries after the Chriſtian æra Providence allowed the greater part of the human race to live and die, without any poſſibility of their attaining to the knowledge of theſe ſacred truths, by means of any human exertion, we muſt be ſatisfied, that the rapid or ſpeedy converſion of the whole world to Chriſtianity forms no part of the ſcheme of its Almighty Governor; and that it can be no offence in his eyes, that we do not deſert our domeſtic duties, and expoſe the lives and worldly happineſs of multitudes of our countrymen to hazard, in order to attempt this converſion, under circumſtances the moſt untoward and unpromiſing. In this caſe, as in moſt others, we are diſpoſed to think, that the relative importance of the duties enjoined to us, may be ſafely eſtimated from the facilities which Providence holds out for their performance, and the certainty of the rewards with which they are to be attended. Why does a conſcientious Director of the Eaſt India Company maintain his ſon or his father in affluence, when, with the ſame money, he might relieve the wants of five hundred paupers in China or Peru? or why does he dedicate to their amuſement and delight, thoſe hours and intellectual exertions, by which he might *poſſibly* illuminate the ignorance of a kraal of Hottentots, or reform the profligacy of an Areoy coterie in Otaheite. The only anſwer which can be given to this is, that our parents and children are nearer to us than the people of India or China; that the good we can do to them, if ſmaller in amount, is more certain, and the gratification to be derived from it more conſtant and ſecure. Therefore it is that we ſay, that our duties to our families, to our neighbours, and to our country, are *ſet before us* by God himſelf; and that we are not at liberty to

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So much for the general rule, now for the exceptions.

No man (not an anabaptist) will, we presume, contend that it is our duty to preach the natives into an insurrection, or to lay before them so fully, and emphatically the scheme of the gospel, as to make them rise up in the dead of the night and shoot their instructors through the head. If conversion be the greatest of all objects, the possession of the country to be converted, is the only mean in this instance by which that conversion can be accomplished; for we have no right to look for a miraculous conversion of the Hindoos; and it would be little short of a miracle, if General *Oudinot* was to display the same spirit as the *serious* part of the Directors of the East India Company. Even for missionary purposes, therefore, the utmost discretion is necessary; and if we wish to teach the natives a better religion, we must take care to do it in a manner which will not inspire them with a passion for political change, or we shall inevitably lose our disciples altogether. To us it appears quite clear, from the extracts before us, that neither Hindoo nor Mahometan are at all indifferent to the attacks made upon their religion; the arrogance, and the irritability of the Mahomedan are universally acknowledged; and we put it to our readers, whether the Brahmans seem in these extracts to show the smallest disposition to behold the encroachments upon their religion with passiveness and unconcern. A missionary who converted only a few of the refuse of society, might live for ever in peace in India, and receive his salary from his fanatical masters for pompous predictions of universal conversion, transmitted by the ships of the season; but, if he had any marked success among the natives, it could not fail to excite much more dangerous specimens of jealousy and discontent than those which we have extracted from the Anabaptist Journal. How is it in human nature, that a Brahman should be indifferent to encroachments upon his religion? His reputation, his dignity, and in great measure his wealth, depend upon the preservation of the present superstitions; and why is it to be supposed that motives which are so powerful with all other human beings, are inoperative with him alone? If the Brahmans, however, are disposed to excite a rebellion in support of their own influence, no man, who knows

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desert them, in order to gain a remote chance of conferring greater benefits on strangers at a distance. The application of all this to the subject of missions is obvious and decisive; and, laying the hazards of the experiment out of the question, we have no hesitation in saying, that there is scarcely a parish in England or Ireland, in which the zeal and activity of any one of these Indian apostles would not have done more good,—repressed more immorality, and awakened more devotion,—than can be expected from their joint efforts in the populous regions of Asia.

knows any thing of India, can doubt that they have it in their power to effect it.

It is in vain to say, that these attempts to diffuse christianity, do not originate from the government in India. The omnipotence of government in the East is well known to the natives; if government does not prohibit, it tolerates; if it tolerates the conversion of the natives, the suspicion may be easily formed that it encourages that conversion. If the Brahmans do not believe this themselves, they may easily persuade the common people that such is the fact; nor are there wanting, besides the activity of these new missionaries, many other circumstances to corroborate such a rumour. Under the auspices of the College at Fort William, the scriptures are in a course of translation into the languages of almost the whole continent of oriental India, and we perceive that in aid of this object, the Bible Society has voted a very magnificent subscription. The three principal chaplains of our Indian settlements are (as might be expected) of principles exactly corresponding with the enthusiasm of their employers at home; and their zeal upon the subject of religion, has shone and burnt with the most exemplary fury. These circumstances, if they do not really impose upon the minds of the leading natives, may give them a very powerful handle for misrepresenting the intentions of government to the lower orders.

We see from the massacre of Vellore, what a powerful engine attachment to religion may be rendered in Hindostan. The rumours might all have been false; but that event shows they were tremendously powerful when excited. The object, therefore, is not only, not to do any thing violent and unjust upon subjects of religion, but not to give any strong colour to jealous and disaffected natives for misrepresenting your intentions.

All these observations have tenfold force, when applied to an empire which rests so entirely upon opinion. If physical force could be called in to stop the progress of error, we could afford to be misrepresented for a season; but 30,000 white men living in the midst of 70 millions sable subjects, must be always in the right, or at least never represented as grossly in the wrong. Attention to the prejudicies of the subject, is wise in all governments, but quite indispensable in a government constituted as our empire in India is constituted; where an uninterrupted series of dexterous conduct is not only necessary to our prosperity, but to our existence.

Those reasonings are entitled to a little more consideration, at a period when the French threaten our existence in India by open force, and by every species of intrigue with the native powers. In all governments, every thing takes its tone from the head: fanaticism has got into the government at home; fanaticism will lead

lead to promotion abroad. The civil servant in India will not only not dare to exercise his own judgement, in checking the indiscretions of ignorant missionaries; but he will strive to recommend himself to his holy masters in Leadenhall Street, by imitating Brother Cran and Brother Ringletaube, and by every species of fanatical excess. Methodism at home is no unprofitable game to play. In the East it will soon be the infallible road to promotion. This is the great evil; if the management was in the hands of men who were as discreet and wise in their devotion, as they are in matters of temporal welfare, the desire of putting an end to missions might be premature, and indecorous. But, the misfortune is, the men who wield the instrument, ought not, in common sense and propriety, to be trusted with it for a single instant. Upon this subject they are quite insane, and ungovernable; they would deliberately, piously, and conscientiously expose our whole Eastern empire to destruction, for the sake of converting half a dozen Brahmans, who, after stuffing themselves with rum and rice, and borrowing money from the missionaries, would run away, and cover the gospel and its professors with every species of impious ridicule and abuse.

Upon the whole, it appears to us hardly possible to push the business of proselytism in India to any length, without incurring the utmost risk of losing our empire. The danger is more tremendous, because it may be so sudden; religious fears are a very probable cause of disaffection in the troops; if the troops are generally disaffected, our Indian empire may be lost to us as suddenly as a frigate or a fort; and that empire is governed by men who, we are very much afraid, would feel proud to lose it in such a cause.

'But I think it my duty to make a solemn appeal, to all who ſtill retain the fear of God, and who admit, that religion, and the courſe of conduct which it preſcribes, are not to be baniſhed from the affairs of nations, now when the political ſky, ſo long overcaſt, has become more lowering and black than ever, whether this is a period for augmenting the weight of our national ſins and provocations, by an *excluſive* TOLERATION *of idolatry*; a crime which, unleſs the Bible be a forgery, has actually drawn forth the heaviest denunciations of vengeance, and the moſt fearful inflictions of the divine diſpleaſure.'—*Conſiderations on Communicating the Knowledge of Chriſtianity to the Natives of India*, p. 98.

Can it be credited, that this is an extract from a pamphlet generally supposed to be written by a noble Lord at the Board of Controul, from whose official interference, the public might have expected a corrective to the pious temerity of others?

The other leaders of the party, indeed, make at present great professions of toleration, and express the strongest abhorrence of using violence to the natives. This does very well for a beginning; but

but we have little confidence in such declarations. We believe their fingers itch to be at the stone and clay gods of the Hindoos; and that, in common with the noble Controuler, they attribute a great part of our national calamities to these ugly images of deities on the other side of the world. We again repeat, that upon such subjects, the best and ablest men, if once tinged by fanaticism, are *not to be trusted for a single moment.*

2dly, Another reason for giving up the task of conversion, is the want of success. In India, religion extends its empire over the minutest actions of life. It is not merely a law for moral conduct, and for occasional worship; but it dictates to a man his trade, his dress, his food, and his whole behaviour. His religion also punishes a violation of its exactions, not by eternal and future punishments, but by present infamy. If an Hindoo is irreligious, or, in other words, if he loses his cast, he is deserted by father, mother, wife, child, and kindred, and becomes instantly a solitary wanderer upon the earth: to touch him, to receive him, to eat with him, is a pollution producing a similar loss of cast; and the state of such a degraded man is worse than death itself. To these evils an Hindoo must expose himself, before he becomes a Christian; and this difficulty must a missionary overcome, before he can expect the smallest success; a difficulty which, it is quite clear, that they themselves, after a short residence in India, consider to be insuperable.

As a proof of the tenacious manner in which the Hindoos cling to their religious prejudices, we shall state two or three very short anecdotes, to which any person who has resided in India might easily produce many parallels.

'In the year 1766, the late Lord Clive and Mr Verelst employed the whole influence of Government to restore a Hindoo to his cast, who had forfeited it, not by any neglect of his own, but by having been compelled, by a most unpardonable act of violence, to swallow a drop of cow broth. The Brahmins, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, were very anxious to comply with the wishes of Government; the principal men among them met once at Kishnagur, and once at Calcutta; but after consultations, and an examination of their most antient records, they declared to Lord Clive, that as there was no precedent to justify the act, they found it *impossible* to restore the unfortunate man to his cast, and he died soon after of a broken heart.' *Scott Waring's Preface*, p. lvi.

It is the custom of the Hindoos, to expose dying people upon the banks of the Ganges. There is something peculiarly holy in that river; and it sooths the agonies of death, to look upon its waters in the last moments. A party of English were coming down in a boat, and perceived upon the bank a pious Hindoo, in a state of the last imbecility,—about to be drowned by the rising

of the tide, after the most approved and orthodox manner of their religion. They had the curiosity to land; and as they perceived some more signs of life than were at first apparent, a young Englishman poured down his throat the greatest part of a bottle of lavender-water, which he happened to have in his pocket. The effects of such a stimulus, applied to a stomach accustomed to nothing stronger than water, were instantaneous, and powerful. The Hindoo revived sufficiently to admit of his being conveyed to the boat, was carried to Calcutta, and perfectly recovered. He had drank, however, in the company of Europeans —no matter whether voluntarily or involuntarily;—the offence was committed; he lost cast, was turned away from his home, and avoided, of course, by every relation, and friend. The poor man came before the Police, making the bitterest complaints upon being restored to life; and for three years the burden of supporting him fell upon the mistaken Samaritan, who had rescued him from death. During that period, scarcely a day elapsed in which the degraded resurgent did not appear before the European, and curse him with the bitterest curses—as the cause of all his misery and desolation. At the end of that period he fell ill, and of course was not again thwarted in his passion for dying. The writer of this article vouches for the truth of this anecdote; and many persons who were at Calcutta at the time, must have a distinct recollection of the fact, which excited a great deal of conversation and amusement, mingled with compassion.

It is this institution of casts, which has preserved India in the same state in which it existed in the days of Alexander, and which would leave it without the slightest change in habits and manners, if we were to abandon the country to-morrow. We are astonished to observe the *late resident* in Bengal speaking of the fifteen millions of Mahomedans in India as converts from the Hindoos; an opinion, in support of which he does not offer the shadow of an argument, except by asking, whether the Mahomedans have the Tartar face? and if not, how they can be the descendants of the first conquerors of India? Probably, not altogether: But does this writer imagine, that the Mahometan empire could exist in Hindostan for 700 years, without the intrusion of Persians, Arabians, and every species of Mussulman adventurers from every part of the East, which had embraced the religion of Mahomet? And let them come from what quarter they would, could they ally themselves to Hindoo women, without producing, in their descendants, an approximation to the Hindoo features? Dr Robertson, who has investigated this subject with the greatest care, and looked into all the authorities, is expressly of an opposite opinion; and considers the Mussulman inhabitants

inhabitants of Hindostan to be merely the descendants of Mahometan adventurers, and not coverts from the Hindoo faith.

'The armies' (says Orme), 'which made the first conquests for the heads of the respective dynasties, or for other invaders, left behind them numbers of Mahomedans, who, seduced by a finer climate, and a richer country, forgot their own.

'The Mahomedan princes of India naturally gave a preference to the service of men of their own religion, who, from whatever country they came, were of a more vigorous constitution than the stoutest of the subjected nation. This preference has continually encouraged adventurers from Tartary, Persia and Arabia, to seek their fortunes under a government from which they were sure of receiving greater encouragement than they could expect at home. From these origins, time has formed in India a mighty nation of near ten millions of Mahomedans.' *Orme's Indostan*, I. p. 24.

Precisely similar to this is the opinion of Dr Robertson, Note xl. *Indian Disquisition.*

As to the religion of the Ceylonese, from which the Bengal *resident* would infer the facility of making converts of the Hindoos; it is to be observed, that the religion of Boudhou, in antient times, extended from the north of Tartary to Ceylon, from the Indus to Siam, and (if Foe and Boudhou are the same persons) over China. That, of the two religions of Boudhou and Bramá, the one was the parent of the other, there can be very little doubt; but the comparative antiquity of the two is so very disputed a point, that it is quite unfair to state the case of the Ceylonese as an instance of conversion from the Hindoo religion to any other: And even if the religion of Bramá is the most ancient of the two, it is still to be proved, that the Ceylonese professed that religion before they changed it for their present faith. In point of fact, however, the boasted Christianity of the Ceylonese is proved, by the testimony of the missionaries themselves, to be little better than nominal. The following extract from one of their own communications, dated Columbo, 1805, will set this matter in its true light.

'The elders, deacons, and some of the members of the Dutch congregation, came to see us, and we paid them a visit in return, and made a little inquiry concerning the state of the church on this island, which is, in one word, *miserable!* One hundred thousand of those who are called Christians (because they are baptized) need not go back to heathenism, for *they never have been any thing else but heathens*, worshippers of Budda; they have been induced, for worldly reasons, to be baptized. O Lord, have mercy on the poor inhabitants of this populous island!' *Transf. Miss. Soc.* II. 265.

What success the Syrian Christians had in making converts

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in what degree they have gained their numbers, by victories over the native superstition, or lost their original numbers by the idolatrous examples to which for so many centuries they have been exposed; are points wrapt up in so much obscurity, that no kind of inference, as to the facility of converting the natives, can be drawn from them. Their present number is supposed to be about 150,000.

It would be of no use to quote the example of Japan and China, even if the progress of the faith in these empires had been much greater than it is. We do not say, it is difficult to convert the Japanese, or the Chinese, but the Hindoos. We are not saying, it is difficult to convert human creatures; but difficult to convert human creatures with such institutions. To mention the example of other nations who have them not, is to pass over the material objection, and to answer others which are merely imaginary, and have never been made.

3dly, The duty of conversion is less plain, and less imperious, when conversion exposes the convert to great present misery. An African, or an Otaheite proselyte, might not perhaps be less honoured by his countrymen if he became a Christian: an Hindoo is instantly subjected to the most perfect degradation. A change of faith might increase the immediate happiness of any other individual; it annihilates for ever all the *human* comforts which an Hindoo enjoys. The eternal happiness which you proffer him, is therefore less attractive to him than to any other heathen, by the life of misery with which he purchases it.

Nothing is more precarious than our empire in India. Suppose we were to be driven out of it to-morrow, and to leave behind us twenty thousand converted Hindoos; it is most probable they would relapse into heathenism; but their original station in society could not be regained. The duty of making converts, therefore, among such a people, as it arises from the general duty of benevolence, is less strong than it would be in many other cases; because, situated as we are, it is quite certain we shall expose them to a great deal of misery, and not quite certain we shall do them any future good.

4thly, Conversion is no duty at all, if it merely destroys the old religion, without really and effectually teaching the new one. Brother Ringletaube may write home that he makes a Christian, when, in reality, he ought only to state that he has destroyed an Hindoo. Foolish and imperfect as the religion of an *Hindoo* is, it is at least some restraint upon the intemperance of human passions. It is better a Brahman should be respected, than that nobody should be respected. An Hindoo had better believe, that a deity, with an hundred legs and arms, will reward and punish

nish him hereafter, than that he is not to be punished at all. Now, when you have destroyed the faith of the Hindoo, are you quite sure that you will graft upon his mind fresh principles of action, and make him any thing more than a nominal Christian?

You have 30,000 Europeans in India, and 60 millions of other subjects. If proselytism were to go on as rapidly as the most visionary Anabaptist could dream or desire, in what manner are these people to be taught the genuine truth and practices of Christianity? Where are the clergy to come from? Who is to defray the expense of the establishment? and who can foresee the immense and perilous difficulties of bending the laws, manners, and institutions of a country, to the dictates of a new religion? If it were easy to persuade the Hindoos that their own religion was folly, it would be infinitely difficult effectually to teach them any other. They would tumble their own idols into the river, and you would build them no churches: you would destroy all their present motives for doing right and avoiding wrong, without being able to fix upon their minds the more sublime motives by which you profess to be actuated. What a missionary will do hereafter with the heart of a convert, is a matter of doubt and speculation. He is quite certain, however, that he must accustom the man to see himself considered as infamous; and good principles can hardly be exposed to a ruder shock. Whoever has seen much of Hindoo Christians must have perceived, that the man who bears that name is very commonly nothing more than a drunken reprobate, who conceives himself at liberty to eat and drink any thing he pleases,—and annexes hardly any other meaning to the name of Christianity. Such sort of converts may swell the list of names, and gratify the puerile pride of a missionary; but what real, discreet Christian can wish to see such Christianity prevail? But it will be urged, if the present converts should become worse Hindoos, and very indifferent Christians, still the next generation will do better; and by degrees, and at the expiration of half a century, or a century, true Christianity may prevail. We may apply to such sort of Jacobin converters, what Mr Burke said of the Jacobin politicians in his time—'To such men, a whole generation of human beings are of no more consequence than a frog in an air-pump.' For the distant prospect of doing, what most probably, after all, they will never be able to effect, there is no degree of present misery and horror to which they will not expose the subjects of their experiment.

As the duty of making proselytes springs from the duty of benevolence, there is a priority of choice in conversion. The great-

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est zeal should plainly be directed to the most desperate misery and ignorance. Now, in comparison to many other nations who are equally ignorant of the truths of christianity, the Hindoos are a civilized and a moral people. That they have remained in the same state for so many centuries, is at once a proof, that the institutions which established that state could not be highly unfavourable to human happiness. After all that has been said of the vices of the Hindoos, we believe that an Hindoo is more mild and sober than most Europeans, and as honest and chaste. In astronomy the Hindoos have certainly made very high advances; —some, and not an unimportant progress in many sciences. As manufacturers, they are extremely ingenious—and as agriculturists, industrious. Christianity would improve them; (whom would it not improve?) But if christianity cannot be extended to all, there are many other nations who want it more.*

The Hindoos have some very savage customs, which it would be desirable to abolish. Some swing on hooks, some run kimes through their hands, and widows burn themselves to death: but these follies (even the last), are quite voluntary on the part of the sufferers. We dislike all misery, voluntary or involuntary; but the difference between the torments which a man chooses, and those which he endures from the choice of others, is very great. It is a considerable wretchedness that men and women should be shut up in religious houses; but it is only an object of legislative interference, when such incarceration is compulsory. Monasteries and nunneries with us would be harmless institutions; because the moment a devotee found he had acted like a fool, he might avail himself of the discovery, and run away; and so may an Hindoo, if he repents of his resolution of running hooks into his flesh.

The duties of conversion appear to be of less importance, when it is impossible to procure proper persons to undertake them, and when such religious embassies, in consequence, devolve upon the lowest of the people. Who wishes to see scrofula and atheism cured by a single sermon in Bengal? who wishes to see the religious hoy riding at anchor in the Hoogly river? or shoals of jumpers exhibiting their nimble piety before the learned Brahmins of Benares? This madness is disgusting and dangerous enough at home:—Why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinion of the gospel? The wise and

* We are here, of course, arguing the question only in a wordly point of view. This is one point of view in which it must be placed, though certainly the lowest and least important.

rational part of the christian ministry find they have enough to do at home to combat with passions unfavourable to human happiness, and to make men act up to their professions. But if a tinker is a devout man, he infallibly sets off for the East. Let any man read the Anabaptist missions;—can he do so, without deeming such men pernicious and extravagant in their own country; and without feeling that they are benefiting us much more by their absence, than the Hindoos by their advice?

It is somewhat strange, in a duty which is stated by one party to be so clear and so indispensable, that no man of moderation and good sense can be found to perform it. And if no other instruments remain but visionary enthusiasts, some doubt may be honestly raised whether it is not better to drop the scheme entirely.

Shortly stated, then, our argument is this.—We see not the slightest prospect of success;—we see much danger in making the attempt;—and we doubt if the conversion of the Hindoos would ever be more than nominal. If it is a duty of general benevolence to convert the Heathen, it is less duty to convert the Hindoos than any other people, because they are already highly civilized, and because you must infallibly subject them to infamy and present degradation. The instruments employed for these purposes, are calculated to bring ridicule and disgrace upon the gospel; and in the discretion of those at home, whom we consider as their patrons, we have not the smallest reliance; but on the contrary, we are convinced they would behold the loss of our Indian empire, not with the humility of men convinced of erroneous views and projects, but with the pride, the exultation, and the alacrity of martyrs.

Of the books which have handled this subject on either side, we have little to say. Major Scott Waring's book is the best against the Missions; but he wants arrangement and prudence. The late resident writes well; but is miserably fanatical towards the conclusion. Mr Cunningham has been diligent in looking into books upon the subject; and, though an *evangelical* gentleman, is not uncharitable to those who differ from him in opinion. There is a passage in the publication of his Reverend Brother Mr Owen, which, had we been less accustomed than we have been of late to this kind of writing, would appear to be quite incredible.

'I have not pointed out the comparative indifference, upon Mr Twining's principles, between one religion and another, to the welfare of a people; nor the impossibility, on those principles, of India being Christianized by any human means, so long as it shall remain under the dominion of the Company; *nor the alternative to which Providence is by consequence reduced, of either giving up that country to everlasting superstition,*

tion, or of working some miracle in order to accomplish its conversion.' *Owen's Address*, p. 28.

This is really beyond any thing we ever remember to have read. The Hoy, the Cock-fight, and the religious Newspaper, are pure reason, when compared to it.—The idea of *reducing Providence to an alternative!!* and, by a motion at the India House, carried by ballot! We would not insinuate, in the most distant manner, that Mr Owen is not a gentlemen of the most sincere piety; but the misfortune is, all extra superfine persons accustom themselves to a familiar phraseology upon the most sacred subjects, which is quite shocking to the common and inferior orders of Christians.—*Providence reduced to an alternative!!!!!* Let it be remembered, this phrase comes from a member of a religious party who are loud in their complaints of being confounded with enthusiasts and fanatics.

We cannot conclude without the most pointed reprobation of the low mischief of the Christian Observer; a publication which appears to have no other method of discussing a question fairly open to discussion, than that of accusing their antagonists of infidelity. No art can be more unmanly, or, if its consequences are foreseen, more wicked.—If this publication had been the work of a single individual, we might have passed it over in silent disgust; but as it is looked upon as the organ of a great political religious party in this country, we think it right to notice the very unworthy manner in which they are attempting to extend their influence. For ourselves, if there were a fair prospect of carrying the gospel into regions where it was before unknown,—if such a project did not expose the best possessions of the country to extreme danger,—and if it was in the hands of men who were discreet, as well as devout, we should consider it to be a scheme of true piety, benevolence and wisdom: but the baseness and malignity of fanaticism shall never prevent us from attacking its arrogance, its ignorance, and its activity. For what vice can be more tremendous than that which, while it wears the outward appearance of religion, destroys the happiness of man, and dishonours the name of God?

ART. X. *The History of the House of Austria, from the Foundation of the Monarchy by Rodolph of Hapsburgh, to the Death of Leopold II.* By William Coxe, Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 Vol. in 3. London, 1807.

THERE are few who can be ignorant of the persevering industry with which Mr Coxe has illustrated our English annals of the last century. His memoirs of Sir Robert and of Lord

Walpole, however deficient they may justly be deemed in the higher excellences of history, are incomparably more valuable, from the authentic documents which they contain, than any similar compositions relating to that period. It has been, as is well known, the good fortune of Mr Coxe to have obtained access to many of the principal repositories of historical evidence in this country: treasures which it is not easy to unlock, without considerable patience and steadiness. It is this which has given him that superiority to which we alluded, above his fellow-labourers in the vineyard; and this advantage he appears in no small degree to have preserved, as to part, at least, of the present publication. Of his printed authorities, a great proportion are works never translated from the German, and consequently shut up from the great majority of British students; or Latin treatises, too scarce to be readily met with in any of our public libraries. Of a not less valuable class of materials, unpublished manuscripts, Mr Coxe gives the following account.

'The manuscript authorities commence with the accession of Charles VI.; and as a bare catalogue would fill several pages, I shall only mention the principal.

'I have had the singular good fortune to obtain access to the papers of most of the British ministers at the court of Vienna, from 1714 to 1792. These are,—

'I. The letters of General Stanhope, Lord Cobham, General Cadogan, and Sir Luke Schaub, who were sent to Vienna to negociate the barrier treaty—in the Walpole papers.

'II. The papers of St Saphorin, a native of Switzerland, who was British agent at Vienna from 1720 to 1728—in the Walpole, Townshend, Hardwicke, and Waldegrave papers.

'III. The despatches of Lord Waldegrave, during his embassy, from 1728 to 1730—in the Waldegrave papers.

'IV. The diplomatic correspondence of Sir Thomas Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham, during his long residence at Vienna, from 1730 to 1748; as well as at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was plenipotentiary—in the Grantham papers.

'V. The despatches of Mr Keith, during his residence as British minister at Vienna, from 1747 to 1758.

'VI. But the documents of all others the most important, and without which I could not have completed the latter part of the history, are contained in the papers of his son Sir Robert Murray Keith, which commence in 1772, terminate at the close of 1791, and comprise the latter part of the reign of Maria Teresa and those of Joseph and Leopold.

'For the use of these two invaluable collections, I am indebted to Mrs Murray Keith, the only surviving sister of Sir Robert Keith, by the intervention of my noble friend the Earl of Hardwicke, whose

hardly

uninterrupted kindneſs I cannot acknowledge in terms ſufficiently grateful.

'VII. Beſides theſe documents procured at Vienna, I have had recourſe to the extenſive correſpondence of the miniſters at home, or ambaſſadors in foreign courts, contained in the Oxford, Walpole, Townſhend, Hardwicke, Hoare, Harrington, and other collections, which are enumerated in the prefaces to the memoirs of Sir Robert and Lord Walpole.

'VIII. Other papers of recent date, delicacy precludes me from particularizing.'

He then talks in rather a magnificent tone of his oral information, the ſources of which, like other great men, he refuſes to ſpecify; but, after myſteriouſly hinting at intelligence derived 'from numerous perſons in high ſtations, both at home and abroad,' throws down his gauntlet of defiance in the following terms.

'Thoſe who are converſant with the ſecret hiſtory and diplomatic correſpondence of the times, will be convinced of the authenticity and extent of my information; and the reader, to whom I cannot diſcloſe all my authorities, will, I truſt, give me that credit for integrity and good faith which I have hitherto maintained.'

There is ſomething diverting enough in this ſelf-important language, which displays itſelf in ſeveral parts of Mr Coxe's preface, and leads the reader to expect a much worſe book than he will find. It has chanced, likewiſe, that, as men pique themſelves moſt upon thoſe accompliſhments which the world does not diſcover, the information which 'perſons in high ſtations both at home and abroad' have communicated to Mr Coxe, has proved either too ſacred to be imparted to the public, or ſo trifling as not to be diſtinguiſhed from ordinary intelligence; ſince there is hardly a fact which Mr Coxe has actually made known to us upon verbal teſtimony. *

The ſame boaſtful ſtrain predominates in the following paragraph.

'Commerce may enrich, the arts may civilize, ſcience may illuminate a people; but theſe bleſſings can only owe their ſafety and ſtability to military force. War, therefore, to the regret of every milder virtue,

* We muſt make one exception. It is aſſerted, vol. III. p. 603, that the American plenipotentiaries at Paris in 1782, ſigned the ſeparate preliminaries with Lord St Helens, in conſequence of a diſcovery made to them, that Vergennes was organizing a plan to ſow ſuch diſſenſion among the United States, as 'would have almoſt reduced the country to its original wildneſs and barbariſm.' No authority is given for this important fact, which *may* have been derived from the eminent perſon to whom it would beſt be known.

tue, muſt form the principal ſubject of hiſtory. For this reaſon, I have paid peculiar attention to military tranſactions; and truſt I have treated this ſubject in a different manner from preceding writers. From the examination of military details, I have been enabled to place many points of hiſtory, and many characters, in a new and perſpicuous light; and I have ſhown to the Engliſh reader the importance of an efficient military force, pointed out the manner in which it has been employed with effect, and diſplayed the intent, the value, and the neceſſity of continental alliances.'

We will not say how far Mr Coxe's professional habits may be supposed to fit him for placing military details in the most perspicuous light; because, in this age of war and patriotism, we have met with military dilettanti in coats of every hue: but we can assure the reader, that after perusing these three volumes, we can discover nothing that justifies Mr Coxe's assumption of merit upon this head; and that, so far as we can perceive, the battles of the great Frederic might have been related as well by the clergyman of any country town, even before he had consecrated the colours for the volunteers, and dined at the ordinary with the inspecting officer. As little is it the truth, that he has displayed the value of continental alliances; when, on the contrary, the best written and most detailed part of the work relates to a war, that of the Austrian sussession, in which our continental schemes were peculiarly ill-concerted, unprosperous and unavailing.

It has been the distinguishing praise of several eminent writers whom the eighteenth century produced, that they rescued the historic page from insignificant details, and fixed our attention upon those leading and comprehensive views, which render the knowledge of past times an exercise of reason, and a school of philosophy. The usefulness indeed of history may be considered under a double aspect; as it unfolds the causes and results of political changes; and as it points out the moral character of nations in different stages of society. So far as it relates to ages far distant from the present, the latter is commonly its most valuable function. We cannot always learn satisfactotily; and it imports us but little to learn, what were the character and motives of action of a prince who lived five hundred years ago; to what dexterity he owed his success, or by what imprudence he was baffled: but, it can never be uninteresting to trace the features of human nature at any period, and to estimate the weight of any considerable portion of our species in the scale of prosperity or of refinement. From such investigations Mr Coxe has shrunk altogether. Perhaps he has deemed more lightly of their importance: but, in our judgment, this is a great and unpardonable

able defect in his history; and we speak of it with the more severity, because he has done nothing, where he had the opportunity of doing a great deal. The state of Germany during the middle ages, has been very little touched by those who have thrown most light upon philosophical history, as to other parts of Europe. But the whole system of society which then prevailed, is passed over without notice by Mr Coxe; nor has he even deigned to dwell a moment upon that peculiar civil constitution, without some knowledge of which his pages must often appear quite unintelligible to an uninformed reader.

We anticipate his apology, that he does not write the history of Germany, but of the House of Austria. Such a defence we reject. No man has a right to fill three quarto volumes with the history of the House of Austria, or of any other house whatsoever. It is not with families, but with nations; not with sovereigns, but with subjects, that the dignity of history converses. Separately considered, the House of Austria has no more claim to our attention, than any private family in Europe. On what ground indeed could it prefer such a claim? Has it produced a series of princes, distinguished for their military skill, their cultivation of letters, or the benefits they have conferred upon their country? The very reverse is the truth. Few families have been less productive of great men. An extreme obstinacy, an intolerant bigotry, an absurd pride, an ambition alike without principle and judgment, have been their characteristics. It is surely very disgraceful to historians, especially in a foreign country, to descant upon the genealogies and marriage-alliances of such a race; while not a word is given to the condition of those millions which gave to the House of Austria all the importance which it possesses in the eyes of the merest antiquary in Christendom. There is certainly a good reason why Mr Coxe should have denominated his work the History of the House of Austria. It is, that the dominions of that family, consisting of separate states and kingdoms, have never borne any general appellation. But he seems to have had no other view, than to follow the fortunes of the family itself, and to treat every other part of history as subordinate. For he declares himself, in his preface, to have meditated the design of tracing the Spanish, as well as the German branch, from the time of Charles the Fifth; and to have abandoned the scheme, simply on account of the extent to which it would have swelled his publication,—as if the mere affinity of blood between two royal families, would have given sufficient unity of design to a work comprising the history of two different nations.

It is this preposterous method of considering all things as accessary to the fate of a single family, which constitutes the principal

cipal defect of these volumes. Another a good deal allied to it, is a more partial bias towards the individuals of that House, than can be quite justified. But, bating these exceptions, this is a publication of very great value. It might perhaps have been more judicious to omit the earlier part, and confine the narrative to that period which is most generally interesting, and the authorities relating to which are most original. But taking the work at its present extent of plan, we will undertake to say, that, long as it is, there is not much that could well have been spared. On the contrary, we have already pointed at topics, the investigation of which would have rendered it still longer. There is little of superfluous detail; and that little is chiefly found in biographical anecdotes of the Austrian family. As little could be subtracted from his language as from his narrative; the style is flowing and unembarrassed; sometimes perhaps a little vulgar, and never rising to good writing; but free from *verbiage* and poetical tropes.

The founder of the House of Austria, as is well known, was Rodolph, Count of Hapsbourg, who was elected to the imperial crown in 1273. His family, if not quite so illustrious as some others of that age, may be traced for several centuries; and his dominions in Alsace and Switzerland, most of which remained to his descendants, till their late downfall, were not quite inconsiderable. But it appears to have been the policy of the German aristocracy of that period, whom the ambition of the House of Suabia had kept in a perpetual conflict, to select an Emperor not sufficiently powerful to alarm their jealousy. Hitherto the imperial sceptre had been entrusted to the most leading families of Germany, and, during the continuance of the male line, it had commonly been suffered to pass, without much unwillingness, according to hereditary succession. But after the extinction of the Suabian dynasty, both these rules were infringed. Obscure and insignificant princes were sometimes elevated to the throne; and it became, for more than a century, a sort of principle among the assertors of Germanic freedom, that the son should not succeed his father in the empire. This rule, indeed, which was strenuously encouraged by the Popes, frequently gave way to the influence of the reigning sovereign; but it led, at almost every election, to violent conflicts among the competitors, and frequently to protracted hostility. The imperial prerogatives of Charlemagne, had dwindled away through civil discord, and the growth of powerful feudatories: the right of nominating his successor, which had originally belonged to the whole body of freemen, and been afterwards exercised by the princes alone, was in the 13th century, through one of those silent revolutions which can hardly be traced in history, confined to three ecclesiastical

astical and four secular electors. Such was the condition of the imperial authority, when Rodolph of Hapsbourg, a man of eminent valour and prudence, and long distinguished in the warfare of his own neighbourhood, was invested with it. But though his personal merits were great, he owed to some fortunate circumstances the opportunity of founding the most illustrious family in Europe. Fallen as the authority of the Emperors was, they retained the right of conferring the investiture of imperial fiefs, escheated for want of heirs. To this prerogative some of the principal houses in Germany are indebted for their grandeur; but none more eminently than that of Austria. That fertile country which lies upon the Danube, between the Inn and Presburg, had been erected into a Margraviate in the 10th century, and a Dukedom in the 11th, in favour of the family of Bamberg. Upon their failure, it reverted to the empire, and was granted by Frederic the Second to one of his own family; who, in the wane of the House of Suabia, was unable to protect his fief from the arms of Attocar, a powerful king of Bohemia. The prowess of the Emperor Rodolph was first displayed against this Attocar, who was certainly a formidable adversary, though not, as Mr Coxe calls him, the most powerful prince of Europe. He was assuredly far less so, than either Philip the Hardy, or Edward the First. Such however as he was, he made very little resistance; and was easily despoiled of the Austrian territories, which Rodolph conferred upon his son Albert.

Upon the death of Rodolph, civil wars broke out in Germany; and though Albert ultimately succeeded in obtaining the imperial crown, upon his death by assassination in 1308, it passed into another family. For above a century from this time, the House of Austria was in its dark quarter: but Mr Coxe has compiled a narrative of its transactions during that period, which, if it may not always be deemed of the highest interest and importance, is original, we believe, to the English reader, and worthy of being laid before him. There is some confusion, but which could not be avoided, that arises from following the several reigning branches into which the descendants of Rodolph were speedily divided By an ill-judged policy, very common in Germany during the 14th and 15th centuries, of partitioning principalities among all the sons of a family, the great houses of the empire were sometimes reduced to insignificance. Saxony was divided into two branches, one reigning at Wittenburg, the other at Lauenburg. Brandenburg, Brunswick, Misnia, were in a similar manner split into petty principalities. The illustrious line of Bavaria, independently of the Palatine branch which it had very early sent forth, fell into three subordinate ramifications during the 15th century.

century. It is marvellous that none of the ambitious princes of Germany should have felt the absurdity of thus weakening their hereditary influence. Like children, they built houses of cards, to destroy them. Ambition becomes a very unintelligible thing, when we see a Frederic the Second, or an Albert of Austria, demolishing the fabric they had been labouring all their lives to establish. By such repeated divisions, the strength of the Austrian House was shattered, and its stem spread into three branches; one of which reigned in Austria, another in Styria and the adjacent countries, and a third in the Tyrol.

The marriage of Albert the Fifth with the daughter of the Emperor Sigismund, inspired the Austrian family with pretensions to the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, as well as of the empire. The former, they were never able to maintain: but Mr Coxe has taken the opportunity of entering into the history of those two nations of high-spirited freemen, who preserved, more for their glory than their happiness, the primitive constitution of most European states; an elective monarchy, and an insubordinate class of nobles. Albert, however, was chosen king of the Romans in 1437, and was succeeded soon afterwards by his cousin Frederic III, who, during an inglorious reign of half a century, was often an exile from his own dominions, and wandered from one imperial city to another:—so abased was the House of Austria, within a few years of the time when it was to overshadow the rest of Europe. But its hereditary dominions were reunited before the death of Frederic; and the singular concurrence of three most fortunate marriages, of the son, grandson, and great grandson of Frederic, with the three heiresses of Burgundy, of Spain, and of Hungary and Bohemia, rendered, within half a century, the descendants of this poor and despised prince, masters of an empire little inferior to that of Charlemagne.

The accession of Maximilian, which is the precise point where the twilight of the middle ages terminates, and the sunshine of modern history commences, leads even Mr Coxe, who is not prodigal of general reflections, to somewhat like a comprehensive sketch of the state of Europe at that time. But here, where all his exertions should have been commanded, we find him particularly deficient. The reader, who expects to find the several states of Europe, which were now brought for the first time into competition, balanced in the scale together, will be disappointed by a succinct detail of their several reigning families, and a few common facts of their history. Even these are not always accurate. 'In the commencement of the 8th century, we are told, page 318, the Saracens or Moors conquered from the Gothic sovereigns, who succeeded to the Roman domination, the greater part of Spain, confined

confined the Christians to the mountains of Biscay and *Andalusia*, and established the kingdoms of Cordova, Seville, Toledo, and Grenada. But in the 9th century, the Christians emerging from their fastnesses, founded the kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Arragon, and Navarre, and confined the Mahometans to Grenada.' The word Andalusia is probably misprinted for Asturias; but it might naturally be inferred from this passage, that the Moorish kingdoms enumerated were all founded in the 8th century, and the Christian in the 9th; whereas several of each did not exist till long afterwards. In the next page, Ferdinand is said to have added Sicily to his other dominions: that island had, however, appertained to the kingdom of Arragon for 200 years before his time.

We do not understand upon what grounds it is asserted, that the invention of gunpowder, and the discovery of printing, were disadvantageous to Maximilian. It appears evident, on the contrary, that the use of the former, and what was connected with it, the introduction of regular armies, tended to aggrandize all the principal powers in Europe at the expense of smaller independent states. When Mr Coxe tells us, that Maximilian, through this cause, failed in his efforts to regain the preponderance of his family, and recover the territorial dependencies of the empire, he seems to have forgotten even his own former pages. The House of Austria had never preponderated in Germany; in fact, it had never excited so much jealousy as during his reign. As to the imperial dependences in Italy, they had been neglected for a great length of time; and though Maximilian was not very successful in his attempts to regain them, yet, in consequence, and not in spite, of the recent changes in the art of war, he made a much greater figure in Europe, than any Emperor since the days of Frederic the Second. Nor had the art of printing any perceptible effect to his disadvantage. The diffusion of knowledge has not always been favourable to liberty; and certainly the imperial authority over Germany was far greater in the ages which immediately succeeded that discovery, than in those that went before.

An endeavour has been made by Mr Coxe to elevate the character of Maximilian. But, if he possessed some talents, his light and versatile temper seems to exclude him from the class of respectable sovereigns. Few contemporary writers speak of him but with scorn. His reign, however, forms an epoch in the history of Germany, as well as in the system of Europe. The peculiar form which the feudal constitution assumed in that country, tended to the most opposite results in different stages of society. During the interval between the Carlovingian dynasty, and his accession, it seemed to be framed rather for the purpose of aggravating the evils of natural society, than of imposing the

restraints

restraints of government upon lawless depravity. By means of a most complicated system of polity, formed of clashing rights and interests, not yet explained by long usage, or modified by judicial principles, there were never wanting pretences or provocations for internal warfare. Law, itself, was compelled not only to tolerate, but to sanction the outrages which it could not repel. The celebrated *jus diffidationis*, established by Barbarossa, permitted every man to wage private war against his neighbour, on three days notice of his determination. Regulations were prescribed to render this savage custom as little ruinous as possible to the country. At certain periods, public truces were proclaimed, during which no one was at liberty to prosecute his quarrel by arms. These were called for more frequently during the 15th century, which is represented by historians as the most unfortunate period of the empire; not perhaps that it was really such, but because the increase of civilization made the furies of internal war appear more intolerable. During these ages of bitterness, the peace of the empire was scarcely disturbed from without. Like the dogs of Scylla, the princes of Germany spent their rage in tearing the bowels of their mother; and gained scarce a trophy during 700 years, but at the expense of the slaughter of their countrymen, and the desolation of their native land.

The establishment of a perpetual public peace, and its security by a permanent judicial tribunal, the imperial chamber, under Maximilian, gave rise to a new era in the Germanic constitution, since which it has been as favourable to tranquillity and justice, as it was previously instrumental to outrage and dissension. That constitution has now passed away, and will probably never revive. There was much in it, which was ill fitted to the present time; and much, which liberal philosophy could not approve. But, in justice to the departed, be it said, that its unwieldy machinery, which threw a ridicule upon its operations in external war, so effectually maintained the peace of Germany, that it was only twice broken during 300 years: once by religious animosities, against which no constitution could guard; and once by the sudden aggrandizement of the ambitious and enterprizing house of Brandenburg.

The reign of Charles the Vth, perhaps from a caution about treading the same ground as Robertson, is given rather scantily by Mr Coxe. The progress of the reformation is the only feature of this period which detains him: and here his zeal as a protestant, is suffered to overpower his usual bias towards the House of Austria. With the resignation of Charles the Vth, the first volume closes.

Before

Before we proceed any further, we will notice two or three errors in this portion of the work.

P. 99. 'Baldwin, Elector of Cologne.' This should be of Treves. In the same page somebody is compared to Tydeus in *Lucan:* meaning, probably, Statius.

P. 191. 'The Turks were originally derived from a small tribe inhabiting the country between the Caspian and the Euxine.' We believe this to be a very unfounded assertion. The next is full as much so, that 'they were conquered by the Saracens.' A line or two afterwards, we read of the *Seleucidan* dynasty of these said Turks; a name rather startling, but which, we humbly submit, may have been mistaken for Seljukian. In the same page we find 'Iconium, or Room, an inland town of Caramania.' *Room*, we apprehend, is the name of a country, not a town; and imports that part of Asia Minor, which was conquered from the *Romans;* that is, the Emperors of Constantinople.

We could add a few more inaccuracies of the same kind, but they are not very material; and we believe Mr Coxe, upon the whole, to be as little open as most men, to minute criticism.

The reign of Ferdinand the Ist, is written with much perspicuity and copiousness, but with too little indignation at his perfidious and arbitrary proceedings in Hungary and Bohemia. In the former kingdom, the House of Austria reaped little fruit from their intolerance and disregard of national rights. For a century and a half, at least two thirds of the country were possessed either by the Turks, or by successful insurgents;—by the Bathoris, the Gabors, the Tekelis, and the Ragotzkis: men whose courage and love of freedom have given splendour to their barbarous names, in the most polished countries of Europe. In Bohemia, the court of Vienna was ultimately triumphant. So striking a passage is quoted by Mr Coxe from Pelzel, (an author new to us, and probably to our readers, who seems to have written within the last 40 years,) that we cannot help making an extract from it. It relates indeed to the age of Ferdinand the II but the abolition of public rights was then only perfected, wh had commenced under Ferdinand the I. Mr Coxe has the merit of having rendered this passage with great spirit.

'The records of history scarcely furnish a similar example of such a change as Bohemia underwent during the reign of Ferdinand II. In 1620, the monks, and a few of the nobility only excepted, the whole country was entirely protestant; at the death of Ferdinand it was, in appearance at least, catholic. Till the battle of the White Mountain, the states enjoyed more privileges than the parliament of England; they enacted laws, imposed taxes, contracted alliances, declared war and peace, and chose or confirmed their kings; but they now lost all those

privileges.

privileges. Previous to that period, the Bohemians were considered as a warlike nation, and had often won military fame. The annals of history recorded—"the Bohemians took the field; the Bohemians stormed the fortifications; the Bohemians gained the victory." But they are now blended with other people; they are no longer distinguished as a nation in the field of battle; and no historian has consigned their posterity to glory. Till this fatal period, the Bohemians were daring, undaunted, enterprizing, emulous of fame; now they have lost all their courage, their national pride, their enterprizing spirit. They fled before the Swedes like sheep, or suffered themselves to be trampled under foot. Their courage lay buried on the White Mountain. Individuals still possessed personal valour, military ardour, and a thirst of glory; but, blended with other nations, they resembled the waters of the Sholdan which join those of the Elbe. These united streams bear ships, overflow the lands, and overturn rocks; yet the Elbe only is mentioned, and the Sholdan forgotten.' p. 815.

'Much praise is given to Maximilian II. for his tolerant spirit; which seems however to have had in it full as much of negligence and timidity, as of liberal principle. The wretched policy of the protestant body during his reign and that of his successor Rodolph II. is scarcely marked with sufficient reprobation by Mr Coxe. Perhaps no party ever threw away such a game as the friends of the reformation in Germany. At the abdication of Charles V. there was scarcely a first-rate house in the empire, except those of Austria and Bavaria, which was not on their side: in about 60 years afterwards, they had to fight for their existence as a sect. They were not placed in this disadvantageous state by exhausting wars, by the increased resources, or the dexterous policy of their adversaries. It was to their own passions and folly that they owed their decline and their danger. It was their own bigotry and intolerance, that withered their arm when it was strongest, and justly exposed them to the assaults of another bigotry and intolerance, little more violent or odious than their own. Mr Coxe says, p. 660, that the 'intolerant spirit of Calvinism, at length induced the Lutherans to form a barrier of separation.' Without asserting, however, that one of these sects was more enlightened or moderate than the other, it is certainly true, that the Lutherans were the first aggressors in these disputes. Their antipathy to the school of Geneva was the principal source of the misfortunes of Germany: had they entertained more liberal and judicious views, the war of thirty-years would never have broken out, or would have taken a very different turn. There were never any politics more selfish and shortsighted, than those of the Lutheran princes during that period, and especially the Electoral House of Saxony. Without any great partiality to the Calvinists, we may safely assert, that Germany owed its liberty,

as established at Munster, to the exertions of that sect; and in no degree to the Lutheran party, who, by the treaty of Prague in 1635, had almost given up the common cause of the reformation.

The selfishness of the latter body, is strongly manifested by their perpetual encroachments upon the ecclesiastical states of the empire, for their own private benefit, while they neglected the essential interests of the religion which they professed. By what was called the Ecclesiastical Reservation, a clause engrafted upon the pacification of Passau, it was provided, that in case any bishop or beneficiary in the chapters of the empire, should embrace the Protestant religion, his office should become vacant, and a fresh election take place. This regulation was however slighted in many places; and the great Lutheran families of Saxony, Brandenburg, and Brunswick, had secularized most of the prelacies in their neighbourhood. Mr Coxe sets up rather a feeble vindication of these proceedings. He alleges, both that the Ecclesiastical Reservation was not acknowledged by the protestants, and that, in the instances alluded to, the prelates had not themselves quitted their religion; but, the majority of the respective chapters becoming protestants, had filled the vacancies with chiefs of their own persuasion. The latter plea is plainly repelled by the letter of the Reservation, which vacates the seat of every member of the chapter upon his change of religion: and, as to the former, if we can depend upon Schmidt, who is deemed a candid and accurate writer, a virtual consent was given to the Reservation, though reluctantly, by the protestants, at the religious peace of 1558.

The details of the thirty-years war occupy a considerable space in the second volume. Mr Coxe makes frequent reference to Gualdo's history of the wars of Ferdinand II.; but we do not know whether he is aware of a separate life of Count Waldstein by the same author. If he had been so, he would probably have quoted it; as Waldstein's character seems deservedly to have fixed a great deal of his attention. We cannot indeed speak highly of this life, of which we have perused a copy in the British Museum; as we think it very inferior to Gualdo's general history, which is lively and interesting; whereas his life of Waldstein is full of that pedantry of political sententiousness, which is the characteristic of Italian writers, and renders them for the most part the worst reading in the world. To Waldstein Mr Coxe is very favourable; and vindicates him from all intentions of treason, until it became the last desperate means of safety. He relies upon the unwillingness of the Swedish general, the Duke of Weimar, to trust Waldstein's sincerity, when he really sent proposals to him; a suspiciousness which he thinks incompatible with any previous correspondence.

ſpondence. But it is natural to place no confidence in men of ſuch irregular imaginations as Waldſtein. From his outſet, he was a ſplendid meteor, whoſe courſe could not be calculated. He ſeemed not to gravitate, if we may ſo ſay, according to the ſame law as other men. No one could underſtand or anticipate the operations of a mind, in which violent feelings and a fancy diſeaſed with ſuperſtition, were mingled up with no ſlight degree of diſſimulation.

The remainder of the ſecond volume is engroſſed with the wars of Leopold I. in Hungary, and with thoſe of the two grand alliances againſt Lewis XIV. Mr Coxe is too good an Auſtrian and an Engliſhman, to have much mercy upon the latter prince. Perhaps we do not *quite* agree with him as to the conferences of Gertruydenburg; but we will not enter upon ſo trite a ſubject.

We have ſuffered ourſelves to be detained ſo long upon the two former volumes, that we muſt compreſs our account of the third, although the moſt uſeful of the three, and the moſt enriched by new materials. The character of the Emperor Charles VI. and of his miniſtry, are illuſtrated from ſome papers of St Saphorin, a Swiſs agent of England at Vienna; and of Mr Robinſon, afterwards Lord Grantham, an Engliſh diplomatiſt of the old ſchool; in which an acquaintance with the politics of Europe, and a plain bluntneſs of manners, indicating the national honeſty and good ſenſe, were deemed more eſſential qualifications than noble family, perſonal beauty, and an intimacy with all the refinements of faſhion. We will not decide between theſe diſcordant pretenſions; but the former claſs of ambaſſadors ſeem, ſome how or other, to have underſtood the views, and poſſeſſed the confidence, not to ſay the friendſhip, of thoſe with whom they had to deal, ſomewhat more, than has been the caſe with their ſucceſſors.

Some additional light is thrown upon the policy of the British cabinet, during the war of the Polish election in 1733. Mr Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole have already exhibited the repugnance of that Minister to Austrian connexions. It is ſingular that Mr Coxe, whoſe heroes are the two Walpoles, ſhould profeſs himſelf the advocate of an alliance which fell in ſo little with their ſcheme of policy. The House of Austria declined rapidly, through the miſtaken and diſunited councils of Charles VI. The Turkiſh war, which is here very fully detailed, was peculiarly ignominious, both in its conduct and termination: and Charles, who, at his accession in 1711, had hoped to incorporate all the Spaniſh dominions with his own, left his daughter and ſucceſſor, in 1740, expoſed to the ſpoliation of a hoſt of enemies. The leading motive of all his conduct had been, to ſecure his ſucceſſion to Maria Thereſa; but unhappily he had paid

more

more regard to the guaranties and promises of the European powers, than to those essential means of securing his plans, without which the faith of princes is but a broken reed. Maria Theresa found, on her accession, an empty treasury, an enfeebled army, and discontented subjects. The cabinet was without union; and composed of old men, who had lost all decision,—or upstart favourites, who had risen by flattery rather than talents. Every one knows what a storm soon burst upon her head:—the conquest of Silesia by Frederic; the invasion of Bohemia by the French and Bavarians. In that moment of dismay, and almost of despair, the House of Austria was saved by the pride and courage of its sovereign. Maria Theresa was far from an Elizabeth or a Catharine. She possessed none of those hardy and masculine virtues which have distinguished some female sovereigns; she had neither superior talents nor enlightened views: she had only violent susceptibility, and a simple purity of intention, which rendered her more resolute, without submission or compromise, to stand up against the injustice of others. But all that heroines have ever done by dint of a manly sternness, which rather disgusts us in the midst of our admiration, she achieved without trespassing on the delicacy of her sex. The struggle of Maria Theresa against her enemies, is the pride of woman.

We shall now make a long extract, which being taken from private despatches, must be new, and will display the characters both of the Queen of Hungary and of Frederic, in an interesting manner. It relates to the year 1741, at the time when the British minister was urging the court of Vienna to break the confederacy which was forming against her by some sacrifices to the King of Prussia.

'While Mr Robinson was endeavouring to rouse the Court of Vienna to a sense of their danger, and to draw from the ministers of the conference the ultimatum of the Queen, a courier from George II, who was then at Hanover, brought information that Frederic had signed, on the 5th of June, a treaty with France. The British minister was ordered to urge this transaction, as a new and pressing motive to detach the King of Prussia before the exchange of the ratifications, and offered to repair to the Prussian camp with the proposals of the Queen of Hungary. Maria Theresa listened to the communication with profound silence; and in reply to his representations, broke out into exclamations and sudden starts of passion, which showed the despair and agony of her mind. Adverting to his mission to the King of Prussia, she said, "Not only for political reasons, but from conscience and honour, I will not consent to part with much in Silesia. I am even afraid you will not be authorized to offer Glogau, though perhaps I might be induced to part with that province, if I could be secure of peace on all sides. But no sooner is one enemy satisfied, than another starts up; another, and then another,

muſt be contented, and all at my expenſe. I am convinced of your good-will, but I pity you. Your miſſion to Sileſia will be as fruitleſs as that of Count Gotter was here: remember my words." When Mr Robinſon repreſented that it was in her Majeſty's power to render his miſſion ſucceſsful, and urged that her own fate, the fate of the Duke, of her whole family, and of all Europe, depended upon her yielding to the hard neceſſity of the times, ſhe exclaimed, "What would I not give, except in Sileſia! let him take all we have in Guelderland; and if he is not to be gained by that ſacrifice, others may. Let the princes of the empire, let the King your maſter only ſpeak to the Elector of Bavaria, he may be more flexible, and means may be found to gain him. Oh, the King your maſter, let him only march, let him march only!" * No other anſwer could be drawn from this high-ſpirited woman; and her reſolution was ſtrengthened by the arrival of another courier, announcing the ſignature of a treaty at Hanover, on the 24th of June, which ſecured to her a ſubſidy of 300,000l. granted by the Britiſh Parliament. The Queen, as well as the Duke of Lorraine, and the whole cabinet, received this news with marks of joy equal to their former deſpondency, and were laviſh in their profeſſions of friendſhip and gratitude. But their long expected anſwer to the earneſt demand of the ultimatum, evinced little diſpoſition to purchaſe the alliance of the King of Pruſſia. They indulged themſelves in a bitter invective againſt his conduct; affected condeſcenſion in overlooking and forgiving his unprovoked invaſion; diſapproved the offer of Glogau; ſtudiouſly avoided the mention of the ſmalleſt ceſſion in Sileſia; and only declared that the Queen was not averſe to purchaſe a peace by a ſacrifice on the ſide of the Low Countries, and by the payment of 2,000,000 florins. After many contemptuous expreſſions againſt the King of Pruſſia, they concluded with conjuring his Britannic Majeſty, both as King and Elector, to aſſiſt the Queen of Hungary, and to order the inſtant march of the ſtipulated ſuccours, as the common danger would be increaſed by delay. As if ſecure of the immediate cooperation of England, Count Oſtein, the Auſtrian ambaſſador, delivered a note to the King, requiring his Majeſty to put his auxiliary troops in motion, to pay the ſubſidy at the ſhorteſt terms, to forward the aſſociation of the Circles, and to aſcertain the aſſiſtance ſtipulated by the courts of Ruſſia and Saxony. †

'In fact, the Queen of Hungary was ſo far from entertaining the ſmalleſt inclination to gain the King of Pruſſia by ceſſions, that ſhe even formed the chimerical ſcheme to divide his dominions; to ſecure the Elector of Saxony by the gift of Cropen and the fiefs of Luſatia, which the King had forfeited, in conſequence of his felony to the crown of Bohemia; and to detach the Elector of Bavaria, by yielding to him either Tuſcany, the Milaneſe, or the Low Countries, in exchange for the diſtrict of Bavaria, between Upper Auſtria and the river Inn. She even

* Deſpatch of Mr Robinſon to Lord Harrington, 1741, July 2.

† Lord Harrington's and Mr Robinſon's Deſpatches.

even attempted to obtain the acquieſcence of England in this wild project, by threatening to throw herſelf in the power of France, and yield Luxemburg and part of Flanders, rather than gratify the preſumptuous demands of the King of Pruſſia.

'But as neither her remonſtrances or threats could prevail on England to declare war, without the concurrence of Holland, and as the danger from the grand confederacy became more and more imminent, her conſent to offer an accommodation with Pruſſia was at length extorted, by the urgent repreſentations of the Duke of Lorraine and of her principal miniſters. After much heſitation, and many changes and delays in arranging the terms, * ſhe committed the propoſals to Mr Robinſon, who was to repair in perſon to the Pruſſian camp in Sileſia, and to offer Auſtrian Guelderland and Limburgh; and, at the laſt extremity, the dutchy of Glogau. But, in arranging theſe propoſals, ſhe diſplayed the ſtrongeſt averſion to an accommodation; and occaſionally exclaimed to Mr Robinſon, who expreſſed his apprehenſions that ſome of the conditions would be rejected by the King, "I wiſh he may reject them!" When he took his leave, ſhe recommended her intereſts to his care; and ſaid, "Save Limburgh, if poſſible; ſave it only for the quiet of my conſcience; God knows how I ſhall anſwer for the ceſſion, having ſworn to the States of Brabant never to alienate any part of their country." †

'In conſequence of theſe obſtacles and delays, Mr Robinſon did not depart for Sileſia till the 30th of July. He reached Breſlau on the 3d of Auguſt; and on the 5th had an audience of the King, in his tent at the camp of Strehlin, accompanied by Lord Hyndford, and Count Podewilz the Pruſſian miniſter.

'After ſome deſultory and unconnected converſation, in which the King ſtigmatized the anſwer of the court of Vienna as extremely impertinent, Mr Robinſon opened his commiſſion with the offer of Auſtrian Guelderland, and a florid deſcription of its value and importance. The King, without anſwering, turned to Count Podewilz, and aſked, "What have we got left in Guelderland?" and when the miniſter replied, "Almoſt nothing;" he exclaimed, "Still beggarly offers! What! nothing but a paltry town for all my juſt pretenſions in Sileſia?" He here gave way to his indignation; and Mr Robinſon, after ſome heſitation, added the offer of Limburgh, as the ultimatum of the

* 'The project of ceſſion,' writes Mr Robinſon in a letter to Lord Harrington, 'was drawn up, and the inſtructions for the propoſal of terms to the King of Pruſſia. The Queen, after much ſtruggle, forced to approve them, changed them with her own hand; added, that ſhe liked one thing too much, or another too little; what with deſpair, what with reluctance, what with irreſolution, ſpoiled the whole paper, and ſent it back to the chancellor ſo mangled, then ſent for it again.'

† Mr Robinſon's Deſpatches.

Queen of Hungary, exaggerating its advantages ſtill higher than thoſe of Guelderland. But he was interrupted in his encomiums by the King, who ironically aſked, "How can the Queen of Hungary dare to think of violating ſo ſolemn an engagement as that of the Barrier Treaty, which renders every inch of the Low Countries inalienable? I have no deſire to aggrandize myſelf in parts which are uſeleſs to me; much leſs to expend money on new fortifications. But why more fortifications? Am I not fortifying Glogau and Bireg, which are ſufficient for one who intends to live well with his neighbours? Neither the French or the Dutch have offended me, nor will I offend them by ſuch *unlawful* acquiſitions. Beſides, who will guaranty them?" Mr Robinſon anſwering, that the Queen would obtain the guaranty of England, Ruſſia, Saxony, and even of the States-General. "Guaranties!" contemptuouſly exclaimed the King, "who obſerves guaranties in theſe times? Has not France guarantied the Pragmatic Sanction? Has not England guarantied it? Why do you not all fly to her ſuccour?"

'The converſation continued for ſome time in the ſame tone of contempt and irony on the part of the King. He ridiculed the conduct of thoſe powers who affected to eſpouſe the cauſe of the Houſe of Auſtria, and dwelt with great energy on the advantages of his ſituation. "I am at the head," he ſaid, "of an invincible army, already maſter of a country which I will have, which I muſt have, and which is the only object of my views. My anceſtors," he continued, "would riſe out of their tombs to reproach me, ſhould I abandon the rights they have tranſmitted to me. With what reputation can I live, ſhould I lightly quit an enterprize, the firſt act of my reign, begun with reflexion, proſecuted with firmneſs, and which ought to be maintained to the laſt extremity? I will ſooner be cruſhed with my whole army, than renounce my juſt rights in Sileſia. Have I occaſion for peace? Let thoſe who want peace give me what I want; or let them fight me again, and be again beaten!"

'This burſt of real or affected indignation, was accompanied with theatrical geſtures; and turning, as if to finiſh the converſation, he ſaid to Mr Robinſon, "I will accept no equivalent in the Low Countries; and ſince you have nothing to offer on the ſide of Sileſia, all propoſals are ineffectual. I will not only have the four dutchies; but, as the Court of Vienna has rejected that demand, I revoke it, and require all Lower Sileſia, with the town of Breſlau." After frequently and peremptorily repeating his laſt words, he added, "If the Queen does not ſatisfy me in ſix weeks, I will have four dutchies more."

'His indignation ſeemed to be ſtill further inflamed by the offer of Glogau, which was now made by Lord Hyndford; reiterating his demand of all Lower Sileſia, he ſaid to Mr Robinſon, "Return with this anſwer to Vienna; they who want peace will give me what I want." Mr Robinſon, not rebuffed by his peremptory treatment, ventured to propoſe

propoſe a negotiation with his miniſter; but Frederic diſdainfully added, "I am ſick of ultimatums; I will hear no more of them; my part is taken. I again expect my demand of all Lower Sileſia; this is my final anſwer, and I will give no other." He then interrupted all further repreſentations; and, taking off his hat, precipitately retired, with looks of high indignation, behind the interior curtain of his tent.

'Thus terminated this extraordinary conference; and Mr Robinſon returned to Preſburg without the ſmalleſt hope of bending the inflexible ſpirit of the King.' p. 247.

Relying on her beauty and grace, and on the eloquence of her diſtreſſes, Maria Thereſa ſummoned the States of Hungary at Presburg. Her Auſtrian counſellors had diſſuaded this meaſure. To their cold maxims of policy, it appeared unſafe to confide in a people who had long borne ſo impatiently the yoke of her anceſtors. But there are circumſtances, in which enthuſiaſm judges better than experience. Nations are apt to be ſlandered in the cabinets of princes; and that inſubordinate ſpirit, which, though often deceived, is always actuated by the notion of injury, paſſes for brutal depravity, and deficiency of moral feeling. The Queen was amply repaid for more generous ſentiments, as the following paſſage will ſhow.

'Mr Robinſon, who was an eyewitneſs of this ceremony, has well deſcribed the impreſſion made on the ſurrounding multitude. "The coronation on the 25th was *leſte*, magnificent, and well ordered. The Queen was all charm; ſhe rode gallantly up the Royal Mount, and defied the four corners of the world with the drawn ſabre, in a manner to ſhow ſhe had no occaſion for that weapon to conquer all who ſaw her. The antiquated crown received new graces from her head, and the old tattered robe of St Stephen became her as well as her own rich habit, if diamonds, pearls, and all ſorts of precious ſtones, can be called clothes.

'Illam quicquid agit quoque veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.'

'An air of delicacy, occaſioned by her recent confinement, increaſed the perſonal attractions of this beautiful princeſs; but, when ſhe ſat down to dine in public, ſhe appeared ſtill more engaging without her crown: the heat of the weather, and the fatigues of the ceremony, diffuſed an animated glow over her countenance, while her beautiful hair flowed in ringlets over her ſhoulders and boſom. Theſe attractions, and the firmneſs of her mind, kindled the zeal and enthuſiaſm of that brave and high-ſpirited people; and to them ſhe turned as to her principal reſource. The grey-headed politicians of the court of Vienna, in vain urged, that the Hungarians, who, when Charles VI. propoſed the Pragmatic Sanction, had declared they were accuſtomed to be governed by men, and would not conſent to a female ſucceſſion, would ſeize this opportunity of withdrawing from the Auſtrian domination. But Maria

Thereſa formed a different judgment, and her opinion was juſtified by the event. She felt that a people ardent for liberty, and diſtinguiſhed by elevation of ſoul and energy of character, indignantly reject the mandates of a powerful deſpot, but would ſhed their blood in ſupport of a defenceleſs queen, who, under the preſſure of misfortune, appealed to them for ſuccour.

'Having ſummoned the States of the Diet to the caſtle, ſhe entered the hall, in which the members of the reſpective orders were promiſcuouſly aſſembled, clad in deep mourning, and habited in the Hungarian dreſs, with the crown of St Stephen on her head, and the ſcimitar at her ſide, both objects of high veneration to the natives, who are devoted to the memory of their ancient ſovereigns. She traverſed the apartment with a ſlow and majeſtic ſtep, and aſcended the tribune, from whence the Sovereign is accuſtomed to harangue the States. After an awful ſilence of a few minutes, the chancellor detailed the diſtreſſed ſituation of their Sovereign, and requeſted immediate aſſiſtance.

'Maria Thereſa then came forward, and addreſſed the deputies in Latin, a language in common uſe among the Hungarians, and in which, as if emulous of the ſpirit of ancient Rome, they preſerved the deliberations of the diet, and the records of the kingdom. "The diſaſtrous ſituation of our affairs," ſhe ſaid, "has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful ſtates of Hungary, the recent invaſion of Auſtria; the danger now impending over this kingdom, and a propoſal for the conſideration of a remedy. The very exiſtence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own perſon, of our children, and our crown, are now at ſtake. Forſaken by all, we place our whole reſources in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valour of the Hungarians; exhorting you, the States and Orders, to deliberate without delay in this extreme danger, on the moſt effectual meaſures for the ſecurity of our perſon, of our children, and of our crown, and to carry them into immediate execution. In regard to ourſelf, the faithful States and Orders of Hungary ſhall experience our hearty co-operation in all things which may promote the priſtine happineſs of this antient kingdom, and the honour of the people."

'The youth, the beauty, and extreme diſtreſs of Maria Thereſa, who was then pregnant, made an inſtantaneous impreſſion on the whole aſſembly. All the deputies drew their ſabres half out of the ſcabbard, and then throwing them back as far as the hilt, exclaimed, "We will conſecrate our lives and arms; we will die for our king, Maria Thereſa!" Affected with this effuſion of zeal and loyalty, the Queen, who had hitherto preſerved a calm and dignified deportment, burſt into tears of joy and gratitude; the members of the States, rouſed almoſt to frenzy by this proof of her ſenſibility, teſtified, by their geſtures and acclamations, the moſt heartfelt admiration, and, repairing to the diet, voted a liberal ſupply of men and money.

'A ſimilar and not leſs affecting ſcene took place, when the deputies aſſembled before the throne, to receive the oath of the duke of Lorraine,

who

who had been appointed co-regent of the kingdom, by the consent of the Diet. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Francis, waving his head, exclaimed, "My blood and life for the Queen and kingdom!" and, at the same moment, the Queen exhibited the infant archduke to the view of the assembly. A cry of joy and exultation instantly burst forth; and the deputies repeated their exclamations, "We will die for the Queen and her family; we will die for Maria Theresa!" p. 263.

No part of this long and laborious work is executed with more spirit and fullness, than the history of this war, in which the Austrian succession was at stake. That which followed in 1756,—the work of Maria Theresa's revenge, (a sentiment not unnatural, though the source of infinite calamity to Germany), is already well known to most readers, and especially to those who enter critically into military transactions. From the peace of Hubertsburg, the volume rather languishes. Indeed, notwithstanding the pretensions of Mr Coxe, it is evident, that the diplomatic secrets of Sir Robert Keith have not been fully opened to him, or at least not fully disclosed to the public. Though the revolutions of a later date, have snapped the chain of European policy, it cannot be conceived that any compiler of history, would be permitted to publish private documents, reaching down to the year 1792, and necessarily implicating many living statesmen. Mr Coxe's narrative will, however, be found to exhibit a connected view of continental affairs for thirty years previous to the French revolution, which, unless we may mention the Annual Register, will hardly be met with in any creditable English publication. If we had not already extended this article to its utmost bounds, we might have been induced to dwell more upon this later period. We shall content ourselves with one remark,—that, however disposed Mr Coxe appears to assert it, he brings no shadow of proof, that any feasible or even useful schemes of general continental policy were frustrated by the unwillingness of the English nation to enter into the Russian war projected in 1791. The most tangible object seems to have been the acquisition of Dantzick and Thorn for Prussia: and this was eventually obtained without arms. But in this, the cabinet of St James's appears to have been lukewarm, and even to have opposed at one time an arrangement by which it might take place. The policy of Mr Pitt, during all the transactions of those times, was doubtless very honourable and magnanimous; tending not only to preserve the equilibrium of power, but to prevent the smallest innovation, even by compensation or exchange, in the position of any European power. Whether such a refinement upon the balancing system was practicable, we dare not decide: but his name is too illustrious to require the propping up of those partizans, who mysteriously allude to projects

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which they do not define, which no one underſtands, and which he perhaps never entertained. This ſerves, however, to help forward the grand maxim, that all oppoſition is either factious or ſhortſighted; and that, whenever the people thwart any meaſures of government, they are ſure to be the loſers by it in the long-run.

The cauſes of the revolutionary war are noticed rather ſlightly, but, ſo far as we ſee, unexceptionably. It is ſtrongly aſſerted by Mr Coxe, as it has been by many well-informed perſons, that Leopold II. was very reluctant to engage in war. Of the intended *partition*, as it has been called, of France, Mr Coxe ſays little. The allied powers probably intended to puſh back the French frontier as far as they could; and we ſuppoſe that every body in his right mind is convinced, by this time, that it would have been better for Europe if they had ſucceeded. Before we conclude, it may be obſerved, that all in this volume relating to the Auſtrian Netherlands, from the peace of Utrecht downwards, is very important, and evinces the hopeleſsneſs of long preſerving thoſe dominions to the Houſe of Auſtria, even if the war of the French revolution had not wreſted them from her.

We conclude with expreſſing our decided opinion, that Mr Coxe has made a valuable acceſſion to the hiſtorical library: and that, however the length of the work may appal an indolent reader, it is one in which we have often noticed deficiency, but very ſeldom redundance. For this, however, and ſome other reaſons, it is more likely to be in favour with the few, than the million.

ART. XI. *An Introduction to the Study of Moral Evidence; or, of that Species of Reasoning which relates to Matters of Fact and Practice. With an Appendix, on Debating for Victory, and not for Truth.* By James Edward Gambier, M. A. Rector of Langley, Kent, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Barham. pp. 163. Messrs Rivington, and J. Hatchard, London, 1806.

IT has been well obſerved, that, while mathematical demonſtration is the deſpot of a confined territory, moral evidence governs a more extenſive empire with a lighter ſceptre. It might have been added, that while the dominions of the former are ſhut in, with the moſt jealous ſtrictneſs, from the intruſion of all foreign authority, ſhe is permitted to exerciſe a partial and ſubordinate juriſdiction over the poſſeſſions of her leſs tenacious ſiſter. There cannot, indeed, be a queſtion, but that, in all moral reaſonings, the axioms of mathematics are implied; and with that ſpecies of moral diſquiſition, which reſpects phyſical philoſophy,

even

even some of the most complex theorems, both of analytics and of geometry, have been successfully connected. It is, perhaps, from the observation of this connexion, united possibly with an excessive zeal for simplification, that some philosophers have been induced to deny, practically at least, the reality of the alleged distinction between necessary and contingent certainty; and to apply to researches, which ought to proceed only on the ground of experiment and induction, methods of reasoning borrowed from the sciences sacred to abstract truth.

The pernicious consequences of such a practice are manifest. It obstructs the advancement of knowledge by removing all its landmarks, and substitutes a false and fantastic uniformity for the unostentatious simplicity of nature. By cherishing a spirit of system, it impairs the rectitude of the understanding, and, by confounding the mental organs of discernment, tends to destroy the tact for truth, and to prepare the way for universal scepticism. * Its evil effects, however, are not more clearly visible, than its essential absurdity; and, when carried to the extreme of ingenious perversion, it reminds us of no other archetype than the philosophical harlequinism of that valiant knight, who could

> 'Resolve by fines and tangents strait
> If bread or butter wanted weight,
> And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
> The clock does strike, by algebra.'

It is unfortunate that Locke has somewhat favoured this confusion of the two departments of proof, by his remarks in his third and fourth books, in which he countenances the idea, that moral reasoning is capable of demonstration. In book III, ch. 11, he observes,

'Upon this ground it is, that I am bold to think that *morality is capable of demonstration*, as well as mathematics, since the precise real essence of the things moral words stand for, may be perfectly known, and so the congruity or incongruity of the things themselves be certainly discovered, in which consists perfect knowledge. Nor let any one object, that the names of substances are often to be made use of in morality, as well as those of modes, from which will arise obscurity. For as to substances, when concerned in moral discourses, their divers natures are not so much inquired into, as supposed; *v. g.* when we say, that *man is subject to law*, we mean nothing by *man*, but a corporeal rational creature; what the real essence or other qualities of that creature are, in this case, is no way considered.'

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* Some excellent and soundly philosophical remarks, on this subject, may be found in Mr Stewart's account of the life and writings of Dr Reid.

In book IV, chap. 2, he has these words.

'The reaſon why it (demonſtration) has been generally ſought for, and ſuppoſed to be only in thoſe (mathematics), I imagine has been, not only the general uſefulneſs of thoſe ſciences, but becauſe, in comparing their equality or exceſs, the modes of numbers have every the leaſt difference very clear and perceivable; and though in extenſion, every the leaſt exceſs is not ſo perceptible, yet the mind has found out ways to examine and diſcover demonſtratively the juſt equality of two angles, or extenſions, or figures; and both theſe, *i. e.* numbers and figures, can be ſet down by viſible and laſting marks, wherein the *ideas* under conſideration are perfectly determined; which for the moſt part they are not; where they are marked only by names and words.

'But in other ſimple *ideas*, whoſe modes and differences are made and counted by degrees, and not quantity, we have not ſo nice and accurate a diſtinction of their differences, as to perceive or find ways to meaſure their juſt equality, or the leaſt differences. For thoſe other ſimple *ideas*, being appearances or ſenſations, produced in us by the ſize, figure, number and motion of minute corpuſcles ſingly inſenſible, their different degrees alſo depend upon the variation of ſome, or all of thoſe cauſes; which, ſince it cannot be obſerved by us in particles of matter, whereof each is too ſubtle to be perceived, it is impoſſible for us to have any exact meaſures of the different degrees of theſe ſimple *ideas*.'

And this he proceeds to illustrate, first, in the instance of colours, as whiteness or redness, and afterwards of such substances as hemlock or opium; as to which, he is of opinion, that if we could distinctly see their constituent particles, we should be able, from the bare inspection of those particles, to pronounce with certainty on the soporific influence of the one, and the mortal effects of the other.

With respect to so much of this doctrine, as particularly refers to Moral Conduct, the observations of Dr Reid, though we may not acquiesce in all his conclusions, are abundantly satisfactory. All that it seems necessary to add at present is, that much of Locke's error has arisen from his confounding what may be called Mechanical with Mathematical certainty. He does not seem to be aware, that the evidence on which a watchmaker believes (we use his own illustration) that a piece of paper, laid on the balance of a watch, will arrest its motion, is fundamentally different from that on which a mathematician believes that the three angles of a rectilateral triangle are equivalent to two right angles. The motions of a watch are occasioned by those properties with which nature has invested certain forms of matter: but we can without difficulty conceive the nonexistence of those properties; as we can without difficulty figure to ourselves a material world, constituted with physical laws very different from those which regulate our own. But the propositions of Euclid we feel to be eternally and unalterably

ably true; and the contrary of them cannot be conceived by insanity itself.

It may perhaps be thought, that the discrimination of contingent from necessary truth is, in practice, of little consequence; but we happen to judge otherwise. Practice, in truth, discovers the utility of the distinction. If reasoning on contingent truths is, from its nature, exposed to fallacy, our knowledge in this department arises almost entirely from the power of generalizing our observations; and both in the observation and in the inference we may be deceived. In the one, we may be misled by false appearances; in the other, deceived by false analogies.

As the writer before us seems somewhat to lean to the heresies of Locke on these subjects, we may be permitted to observe, a little more at length, on the uncertainty of the knowledge derived from observation. In generalizing, it is generally allowed, that we are much exposed to error; but it does not seem to be sufficiently considered, that much of what seems to be simple observation, is nothing but generalization in disguise; and that the senses have frequently the credit of suggesting what, in effect, consists merely of inferences from their testimony. An astronomer scruples not to affirm, that he is observing the heavenly bodies, when he is observing only their images in his reflector. A man standing at a window, looks on a field thick with corn, and remarks, that light successive shadows occasionally fly over its surface, and that the surface itself appears in constant and gentle agitation. In the position which he occupies, he perhaps can neither feel a single breath of air, nor perceive a single cloud in the atmosphere; yet he unhesitatingly affirms, that he *sees* the corn fanned by the wind, and that he *sees* the shadows of clouds occasionally passing over it. It is manifest, that here, while he is, in semblance, barely describing a certain appearance in nature, he is in reality applying to that appearance the general results furnished by his previous observation. Ideas long and intimately associated, imperceptibly become representatives of each other, exactly as terms metaphorically used, are at length turned into a literal signification of the objects which, before, they figuratively designated.

The same thing occurs in philosophical experiment. Before, for example, it had been suspected that the vibrations of a pendulum were affected by its geographical situation in point of latitude, no man would have scrupled to employ one of a given length, as a measure of comparative duration, at any two points upon the globe. Having so employed it, he might have asserted, on the ground of personal and careful observation, the equality

of

of two portions of time measured in different latitudes, and in truth very different from each other. His mistake, it is clear, would have arisen, not from the fallibility of his senses, but from a precipitate and erroneous application of the general maxim, that the laws of nature are uniform. It would be easy to cite examples of similar errors that have actually sprung from similar causes.

A student indeed of human nature would find it a subject of truly curious speculation, to observe how much of life is inevitably disposed of on trust, and how far that *presumption from appearances*, of which we have spoken, necessarily extends. I land on a foreign coast, and cast my eyes on a near object, which I affirm to be *a tree*. I afterwards affirm it to have been such, and should, without hesitation, repeat the affirmation even in a court of justice. What is it that, in fact, I see on this occasion? Only an irregular and graceful outline, filled up with an agreeable variety of lights and colours. The difference is immense between what I see, and what, by the term employed, I virtually predicate of it. I predicate of it, that if I were to approach it, I should feel it to be a solid body, consisting of various hardness and texture; that, if the earth immediately about it were removed, I should find a continuation of that substance which I call the stem, and this again broken into ramifications similar to those which I denominate the branches; that on penetrating, with a sharp instrument, the rough outer rind of the stem, I should find another substance, of a different colour, harder, and less porous; and, within that, another of still different texture, which I call the pith; that on a close examination of the leaves, I should discover them to be full of minute woody threads interlaced with a pulpy fibrous substance of the most exquisite woof; and that the whole of this wonderful structure is provided with innumerable tubes and ducts, which communicate moisture from the earth to every part. My assertion also conveys, that the object which I see has gradually arisen from a small seed deposited within the soil, or else was originally a small portion cut off from a similar production of nature, and set in the ground; and that it, from time to time, produces seeds which are capable of expanding into organic bodies resembling itself. I imply, further, that this vegetable structure will at length decay and finally mix with the earth; that, if deprived beyond a certain time, of rain, heat and light, it will languish; that, if forcibly separated from the soil, its organic life will cease; and that, if placed in fire, it will be consumed. It is of little consequence to urge, that all these particulars, and many more that might be mentioned, are

hardly

hardly within my remotest contemplation, when I pronounce the word *tree*. It may be enough to reply, that, if questioned on the meaning of the term, I should, without any demur, resolve it into these very particulars, or, at least, should refer the inquirer to some better authority by which he would find them distinctly enunciated. Yet it is possible that the vast mass of presumptions on which, in this instance, I have proceeded, may be utterly baseless. It is possible that I may have been deceived by one of those perfect and learned imitations of nature, of which, rare as they are, we know painting to be capable.

These remarks will surely not be considered as sanctioning any thing like scepticism, as the term is commonly understood, in philosophy. We would only preserve inviolate the landmarks which nature has placed between the various objects that employ the human reason.

We are now called to leave this train of reflection, on which we have but imperfectly delivered ourselves, and to offer a few remarks on the subject more immediately connected with this article. To classify indeed the various species of moral evidence, is an undertaking rather too colossal for our limits. All that we can even attempt to effect, on the present occasion, is a general distribution of them.

The materials of moral reasoning are evidently furnished by our senses; but our senses would be completely inefficient in the matter, or at the best would be efficient in vain, were it not for the conviction,—which, if not born with us, is the earliest result of our observation,—that the course of nature is governed by invariable laws. This conviction extends to human testimony, in which, it has long been remarked, children appear to have an unbounded confidence. Testimony, being thus accredited by our experience, fully repays the service, by enabling us to add, at pleasure, to our own stock of experience all the asserted or recorded experience of mankind. Yet, though testimony may thus be considered as acting only by virtue of our previous experience, it may fairly in the classification of the species of moral evidence, be considered separately, and as forming a division by itself. Moral evidence is thus distributed into two great classes—observation and testimony.

This account, however, of the origin of our reliance on testimony, involves, as our readers well know, an arduous controversy. The whole question seems, to us, this;—whether our belief in human testimony be an ultimate principle, or be referrible to that general confidence in the regularity of the laws of nature, which all parties allow to be, if not an original, yet a very

very early inmate of the human breast. We need hardly remark, that the *onus probandi* lies on the abettors of the former opinion, the spirit of philosophy requiring us to accept the simpler of two explanations, if it afford an equally satisfactory account of the phenomena to be explained.

The argument urged by Reid, Campbell, Adam Smith, and Professor Stewart, in favour of the instinctive *principle of credulity*, or as it should rather, in our judgment, be termed, the principle of *credence*, amounts to this, that infants repose an implicit reliance on testimony, while their experience is yet too limited to afford them any proof, from facts, of its credibility. In fact, they believe every thing; and the experience of advanced life, far from augmenting, gradually corrects and diminishes their credulity.

To this argument a decisive answer seems to be, that our confidence in testimony is measured less by the absolute, than by the relative amount of our experience of its truth. In illustration of this position, we shall be allowed previously to assume, that the confidence of a child in what he conceives to be the course of nature, is about equally strong with the confidence of an adult person in what his better conceptions represent to him as that course. Dr Reid's school will certainly concede the truth of this lemma; and in fact it does not seem to be questionable. But if this concession be once made, the fallacy of the argument for the principle of credulity becomes apparent. The experience which a child has had in matters of testimony, must clearly bear the same proportion to his experience of the general course of nature, which the experience of a man in testimony must bear to his general experience. Relatively to his shorter life, the child has made an equal number of trials on the subject; and it is no less clear, that, relatively to the number of trials, the probability is, that the issue has been favourable an equal number of times. It follows with all the certainty of demonstration, that the confidence which experience alone would confer on a child, in the truth of testimony, will be as powerful as that which is derived by a mature mind from the same source; because it bears the same relation to his general confidence in the laws of nature. Consequently, to explain the credulity of an infant mind, by exalting it into an ultimate fact, is unnecessary and unphilosophical.

Suppose a child to have had the opportunity of making but ten observations on the credit due to testimony, while a man of middling age shall have made ten thousand. If, in each case, the truth has been told nine times out of the ten, it does not appear why the child should be more deeply affected by the failure

failure in the tenth instance, than the man by the failure of his thousand. To draw this conclusion, is, in effect, either to contend that the mind has an instinctive disposition to incredulity; or to maintain this infinite absurdity, that when both terms of a proportion are multiplied into the same number, the proportion itself is altered. To imagine that the infant, dissatisfied with the limited extent of his observation, will remain in scepticism, is to deny what is on all hands allowed, that the limited extent of his observation does not prevent him from acquiring a very strong confidence in what his experience embraces of the laws of nature.

But, although the principle of evidence must be regarded as the offspring of experience, there are other sources from which, without the creation of any new instinctive principles, we may conceive it to derive nourishment and force. Little as we know of the manner in which the mind of man is affected by his physical organization, we are certain of the existence of that influence. That alacrity of animal spirits, that redundance (if the expression may be allowed) of vitality, which seems to shed such an atmosphere of gladness about the young of all animals, is generally believed to be partly constitutional. With this alacrity, however, is allied, or identified, the disposition or the ability to cultivate joyous emotions, and to reject those of a contrary quality. This may be one reason why suspicion finds the entrance so difficult into a youthful heart; for unquestionably, where the taste is not greatly vitiated, to suspect, and to be happy, is impossible. Besides this, all the agreeable emotions appear to have a mutual, and perhaps an indestructible affinity; and the sentiments of complacency and regard, excited in the mind of the infant by the presence of a parent, can have little in common with doubt and distrust. There are, too, feelings, either inherent, or early implanted, in human nature, which dispose conscious weakness to deify indefinite superiority: and though respect for power does not necessarily imply confidence, it seems not improbable that, where the two sentiments coexist, by reciprocal excitements to fresh exercise, they reciprocally lend and borrow fresh energy. Thus are the affections of filial reverence and attachment gradually generated in the dawn of existence, by the operation of that mingled process of thought and feeling, which, in maturer life, with the consent of the most enlarged reason, and consistently with the severest observation of the nature of man and of things, induces the enlightened philosopher to repose in the protection of invisible agency, and to cast at once his hopes and his fears at the feet of the Father of the universe.

There is one remark which, in this place, we cannot suppress. The doctrine of the principle of credulity was originally derived;

we believe, and that by one of the firſt intellectual tacticians of his time, as an engine againſt the celebrated Eſſay on Miracles by Hume. It ſtrikes us, however, not only that it does in no reſpect bear on the conteſt, but that it can hardly, without ſome degree of abſurdity, be even brought into the field. The inſtinctive feeling of belief is, by the warmeſt advocates of its exiſtence, admitted to be originally indiſcriminate and extravagant; to be a ſafe guide only during the immaturity of reaſon, and, after that period, to be neceſſarily ſubjected to the perpetual diſcipline of experience. But if this feeling was born blind,—if nature has entruſted it to the charge of experience,—and if experience be the only meaſure of the conformity of its deciſions with the actual ſtate of things; on what principle, or by virtue of what [illegible] or according to what rule of procedure, is [illegible] diminiſhes their credit the authority of its inſtructreſs, is

If any one propoſition be [illegible]ive answer seems to be, that our whatever be our inſtinct is measured less by the absolute, than by ſtrike the juſt balance b[illegible] our experience of its truth. In illustra- kind. This, in fact, we shall be allowed previously to assume, taking the average [illegible]e of a child in [illegible]mes, teſtimony has been true four times out of five, its truth in all future times may be computed at the ratio of four to one. Of this theorem, the reverſe can be maintained only on the aſſumption, that human experience on the ſubject has hitherto been inſufficient, and therefore ſhould be conſulted with jealouſy. Not to diſpute the truth of this ſentiment,—which, however, lays the axe at the root of all experimental philoſophy, by ſubverting our confidence in obſervation,—let its conſequences at leaſt be weighed. If the maſs of human experience on the ſubject of teſtimony be inſufficient, then, ſince the whole effect of experience is to reduce our inſtinctive and implicit belief in teſtimony, the effect of its inſufficiency muſt be, that we are ſtill too credulous. All that we begin with is belief; all that follows muſt be reduction; and if the proceſs has not been traced far enough, we have only reduced too little. After all, there ſeems a fundamental abſurdity in the plan of addreſſing the reaſon of mankind in favour of an inſtinctive feeling.

Waving indeed the circumſtance, that Hume, in the eſſay alluded to, repreſents the queſtion as a conflict between our experience as to teſtimony, and our experience as to the courſe of nature,—thus totally forgetting that an immenſe part of our knowledge of the courſe of nature, is drawn from teſtimony alone;—in all other reſpects, his ſtatement of the grounds of diſpute ſtrikes us as accurately correct. That whenever the occurrence of an unuſual event is ſtrongly atteſted, there is, and ought to be in our minds 'a conteſt of oppoſite probabilities,' is ſurely not to be contradicted.

dicted. Our attack, therefore, ſhould be directed, not againſt his premiſes, but againſt his ſuperſtructure. It is, in this view, impoſſible to withhold commendation from the ſoundneſs of judgment manifeſted on the occaſion by Dr Paley, who firmly and contentedly joins iſſue with his antagoniſt, not on his principles, but on the application of them. This able author conſented to reſt the deciſion of the queſtion on the arbitration of experience. His arguments are, that the ſuppoſed preſumptions, derived from experience, againſt miraculous events, is fairly neutralized by oppoſite preſumptions derived from natural religion in favour of the expectation of a divine revelation. According to this mode of marſhalling the argument, all that vaſt range of experience which forms the ſubſtratum of natural theology, is at once brought to the tri- diſpenſation. On what baſis, in effect, does natural theology without the creation or [illegible] thoſe innumerable facts, from which conceive it to derive nouriſhme[illegible]ſign manifeſted in the creation, and of the manner in which the mind o[illegible]benevolence into effect, form cal organization, we are certain of the ex. We have further to col- That alacrity of animal ſpirits, that redundant acts of Deity, thus may be allowed) of vitality, which ſeems to the[illegible] reaſonable to expect from him in particular and ſtrange animals, is g[illegible]s of circumſtances. The nature of man alſo, and the facts from which it is collected, conſtitute an important element in this diſcuſſion; which thus may be ſaid to exact the largeſt poſſible contributions from every conceivable ſource of obſervation or of teſtimony, and to exhauſt at once the material and the intellectual univerſe. To repreſent this as a conteſt of teſtimony againſt obſervation, or of one deſcription of experience againſt another, is to miſrepreſent and to trifle. It is only the larger experience correcting the leſs. It is a higher form of the ſame evidence, on which all moral reaſoning depends, and muſt depend for ever. Our belief therefore on the ſubject, is not, in its nature, ſingular and inexplicable,—it is not another name for fancy: exalted as it is, it is connected by the moſt ſolid reaſoning with that principle on which are erected the humbler fabrics conſtructed by our daily experience; and it is ſeparate and diſtant from this principle, only in the ſame ſenſe in which the vertex of a pyramid is ſeparate and diſtant from its foundation.

For the work before us, we have not much to ſay againſt its practical directions, or in favour of its abſtract reaſoning. Mr Gambier's metaphyſics, we think, are unſound; but his good ſenſe has ſaved him from any very dangerous application of them.

ART. XII. *Travels through the Canadas, containing a Deſcription of the Picturesque Scenery on ſome of the Rivers and Lakes; with an Account of the Productions, Commerce, and Inhabitants of thoſe Provinces: to which is ſubjoined, a comparative View of the Manners and Cuſtoms of ſeveral of the Indian Nations of North and South America.* By George Heriot, Eſq., Deputy Poſtmaſter General of Britiſh North America. Illuſtrated with a Map and numerous Engravings, from Drawings made at the ſeveral Places by the Author. 4to. pp. 615. London. Phillips. 1807.

WE by no means aſſert that this volume contains nothing which the public is indebted to Mr Heriot for publiſhing; but we muſt repeat our old complaint of bookmaking, and affirm, that two hundred octavo pages would have contained more than the whole original matter here expanded into an enormous quarto;—that even this comparatively ſmall volume could only have been filled by inſerting every thing, whether dull or intereſting, which now appears for the firſt time; and that by the ſame right which entitles Mr Heriot to pour his facts upon the public, every man alive might by himſelf, or, if unable to write, by means of a profeſſional author, publiſh his book once a year. There are ſome things, no doubt, in the volume before us, which deſerve to be told; and a perſon going to Canada might even wiſh to have *all* that is contained in the firſt part of the book. But the ſecond half is abſolutely uſeleſs; and if we allow the firſt to ſtand, we have a detail of the lakes, rivers, and cataracts, the villages, farm-houſes, and townſhips of Canada, conſiderably more minute, (need we ſay how much leſs intereſting?) than we poſſeſs of the county of Northumberland. It is a problem, which we own above our reach, how a market ſhould be found for ſuch works. Travels are always intereſting to lovers of light reading; becauſe, however often the ſcene may have been viſited, or however unfit the traveller may be to explain it, there is a charm in the ſtory of perſonal adventures, which makes up for all other defects. But it is only in name that this is a book of travels. The author never once produces himſelf in perſon:—and that intereſt which the ſcientific writings of a Volney or a Pallas might well afford to ſacrifice for the convenient form and arrangement of general treatiſes, is thus given up by Mr Heriot,—to whom it was a neceſſary recommendation,—in order to mould his dull journal into a tedious and trifling ſtatiſtical detail.

Such being our opinion of this heavy tome, we ſhall be aſked, as we have frequently been on ſimilar occaſions, why we give it

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a place in our Review,—and eſpecially why we proceed to analyſe its contents? We anſwer, firſt, becauſe, when ſuch works are publiſhed, the unfairneſs of their pretenſions can only be aſcertained by examining them; and our word might have little weight with readers, who will nevertheleſs be convinced by our ſhowing. And, ſecondly, becauſe there are generally ſome things in the pooreſt books of fact, which deſerve notice; and *our* labour may ſave both the trouble and the money of our readers, if we make a ſelection of thoſe material parts.

Before proceeding to notice the contents of the work before us, we muſt ſtop to remark that Mr Heriot's manner of writing is not much better than his reaſoning or information. It is in general very ſlovenly; and from time to time extremely inflated. He delights in the ſublime, and the points of learning connected with it. The vaſt lake, the dark mountain, and the foaming cataract, are his favourite topics. In truth, his book was originally devoted to the ſervice of the Canadian River Gods;—it was to have been a deſcription only of the great ſtreams which abound in the northern parts of America. Hence the tinge of poetry which pervades it. In the Azores, he finds ſulphureous vapours iſſuing from a mountain, and judiciouſly infers that, underneath, 'a thouſand Cyclops are occupied with their bellows and forges in fabricating thunder.' p. 7. On another eminence of the ſame iſland, ſtill more wonderful, and indeed very unintelligible ſenſations, are produced.—We muſt let our author himſelf deſcribe what we profeſs not to comprehend.

'It is on elevated ſituations like this, that is felt *that* influence which the vaſt and unbounded theatre, at once laid open to contemplation, is capable of exciting;—thoſe inſpirations of nature, ſo eloquent and ſo animated;—that attractive impulſe which attunes the ſoul to harmony with her works;—that diſtinctive character which the Creator hath imprinted on the heart—innate traces of which, peculiar minds are delighted in feeling, amid the rude and ſublime maſſes produced by exploſions of the globe, or amid the leſs ſtupendous ruins of the monuments of human grandeur.' p. 12, 13.

It is, however, in the watery parts of his ſubject that the worthy Poſtmaſter's raptures become moſt ſtriking; and, if we may ſo ſpeak, unmanageable. The rapids of the Cedars near Montreal, are touched in a ſublime way.—The waves 'curl their reſplendent tops;'—'an awful and ſolemn effect is produced by the inceſſant ſound;'—'the ever-ſwelling waves are covered with effulgent whiteneſs;' they 'drive along with irreſiſtible fury;' and do ſeveral other things of the ſame ſort. Of courſe, the famous Falls of Niagara obtain the chief ſhare of attention and deſcription; for, after great part of the ſeventh chapter has been occupied with them, the

eighth opens with '*Sublime ſubject of the falls further purſued;*'—ſo that we are fairly warned of the author's intention to be exceedingly ſublime,—and truly ſo he is. We omit the firſt portion of this ſplendid paſſage, becauſe it appeared in the Sun London newſpaper ſix or ſeven years ago,—and only fix our eyes on part of the concluſion. At the baſe of the cliff, by the ſide of which the river pours itſelf, the ſcenery, it ſeems, becomes 'more awfully ſtupendous' than any where elſe. This can only be painted by ſuch an 'awful' paſſage as follows.

'Here nature, agitated by the ſtruggles of contending elements, aſſumes a majeſtic and tremendous wildneſs of form. Here terror ſeems to hold his habitation. Here brilliancy, profundity, motion, ſound, and tumultuous fury, mingle throughout the ſcene. The waters appear to pour from the ſky with ſuch impetuoſity, that a portion is thrown back in clouds of vapour. The mind, expanded by the immenſity and ſplendour of the ſurrounding objects, is diſpoſed to give iſſue to the ſenſations of awe and wonder by which ſhe is impreſſed, in ejaculations ſimilar to that of the Pſalmiſt of Iſrael, "Great and marvellous are thy works!!!"

'The huge fragments of rock which have been thrown from the ſummit of the precipice, by the irreſiſtible ſtrength of the torrent, and which have fallen upon each other in towering heaps beneath, ſuggeſt to the imagination an idea of what may take place previous to the general conſummation of this terreſtrial ſcene, when ancient monuments of marble, under which princes of the earth have for ages ſlept, ſhall be burſt aſunder, and torn up from their foundations.' p. 171, 172.

It is odd enough to remark, that Mr Heriot is infinitely more affected by the thought of a king's tomb being torn up at the day of judgment, than of a whole mountain being ſhivered, or a continent rent in two.

Mr Heriot's claſſical acquirements are apparently about a match for his own native eloquence. Stopping on the banks of a river, the natural and affecting conſideration preſents itſelf, how ſingular that ſo much water ſhould always be flowing and flowing on, and never run out! He is far, however, from attempting to ſolve this antient difficulty; but has recourſe to a quotation, as remarkable for its novelty, as for its proſody, and its accurate coincidence with the original paſſage—

'*Ruſticus expectat dum* defluit *amnis*, aſt * *illa*
Volvitur, *et* volvetur, *in omne volubilis ævum.*' p. 146.

Nor does Mr Heriot appear to have devoted to Science, the time which he ſtole from the Muſes; elſe, how comes a projectile (p. 165.) to move firſt in an *ellipſe* (which it never did since

* *Proh pudor!*

since the world began), and then (we suppose, because the propelling force is somehow exhausted) in a *perpendicular straight line?* Strange as it may seem, this is introduced with some pomp, as a new illustration of the doctrine of projectiles, derived from observing the movement of water in cataracts!

The account of the Azores, with which this work commences, contains absolutely nothing worthy of a moment's attention. That these islands abound in healthy situations, and have romantic outlines, when viewed from the sea, (and what islands do not?)—that they have various pleasant spots, or, as our author calls them, places of '*amenity*,'—that some of them abound in hot springs and sulphureous exhalations,—that their mountains are high and uncultivated—their valleys low and fertile;—these, and similar statements, are sufficiently known to all readers. The only point in the First Chapter that looks novel, is entitled, 'Influence produced on the mind by positions of extraordinary elevation,' we have already extracted, and set before our readers under the head of the *Sublime*. The passage from the Azores to Newfoundland, furnishes accidentally a remark of some importance on the temperature of the Gulph stream. It is from fifteen to twenty degrees warmer than the water on each side of it, as high as the banks of Newfoundland. Our readers will notice here a singular confirmation of Mr (now Sir William) Strickland's curious and important observations on the navigation of the Atlantic and Gulph stream, analyzed with much deserved admiration in a former Number. At Newfoundland, we are presented with a long description of the Eskimaux; and begin the description of Canada with an account of the Gulph of St Lawrence; the banks and islands of which do not afford any object of sufficient interest to detain us, except the tribe of natives who inhabit the country bordering on Lake St John, and are commonly called *Mountaineers*. They are descended from the Algonquins; but are altogether strangers to the ferocity which characterizes that and many other Indian tribes. On the contrary, they are exceedingly mild and gentle in their dispositions; never use any offensive weapons, except in hunting their prey; nor are known to injure any human being whatever. Even intoxication produces not in them any of the violent excesses to which it leads in other rude tribes; and their whole demeanour is remarkable for decency and good order. They are about thirteen hundred in number; one half Christians, the rest still Pagans. In their propensity to indolence, and aversion to every species of regular industry, they resemble all other savages. No efforts of persuasion, no temptations of gain, have been able to make them cultivate their fertile lands, even to the extent of planting a few po-

tatoes, or stalks of Indian corn, although they are very fond of these articles of food, and greedily devour them when rubbed over with any kind of grease. They differ from other savages not more in their gentleness than in their cowardice. The appearance of an enemy in the smallest numbers, drives those pusillanimous creatures away in a panic to the woods; and they never think of defending themselves but by flight. So unnatural a character, we should think, could not exist among savages. Indeed, the tribe in question must speedily be extirpated, if they were not surrounded by the police of a civilized nation.

The description of Quebec is in no respect striking or lively; and what the letter-press wants, the plates are far from supplying. Indeed, we never remember to have seen such confused, indistinct, and unsatisfactory *scrapings*, as those which adorn the work now before us. Mr Heriot himself has evidently drawn his sketches very well; but the engraver has been forced to *scrape* them into utter confusion, in order to suit the prevailing rage for cheap and bad prints of this kind. We defy any pair of eyes to discover, that the view of Quebec from Beaufort, facing page 62, *is any city at all*, unless they are directed to the writing below. It may be '*a cloud*,' or '*like a camel*,' or '*black like a weasel*,' or '*very like a whale.*' So far these views resemble all such prints; but we think they 'confound confusion' somewhat worse than any others we have seen.

In the account of Quebec, however, we have met with some things which alarm us excedingly; and we hasten to communicate them to our countrymen, hopeful that, the alarm being given, a speedy remedy will be administered by the wisdom of this enlightened and Protestant nation. It seems, that there is not only an established Catholic church in Canada, powerful and flourishing, but that there have recently been tolerated, in that unhappy colony, some of the more damnable abominations of Antichrist, from which the very Papists themselves had cleansed the European church long ago. Will it be credited in this pious country, that the establishment of the *Jesuits* was protected and encouraged by the British Government, for years after it had been put down in Europe;—that those vile Papists were allowed, openly in the face of day, to teach the ingenuous youth of Canada, and to receive pupils, who flocked thither from the West Indies;—to nurse them up in the superstitions of Popery;—to disseminate, by their means, the horrors of that faith?—Nay, that the order only ceases to be known there at this day, and to be encouraged by our gracious Sovereign, because, not being persecuted, it died a natural death some years ago? But even at this hour, though the Jesuits are no more, there is an extensive seminary established

ed by law for the propagation of Popery, and richly endowed with a fair proportion of the produce of the country to support it in this horrible work. We must give this awful picture in our author's own words. The subject is too momentous to be passed lightly over; and we must strengthen, by the authority of a Protestant eyewitness, statements which in our own language might not be credited.

'The ſeminary, a building of ſome extent, forming three ſides of a ſquare open towards the north-weſt, contains a variety of apartments, ſuited for the accommodation of a certain number of eccleſiaſtics, and of young ſtudents, who are of the Roman Catholic religion. This inſtitution owes its foundation to M. de Petré, who, in 1663, obtained from the King of France, letters patent for that purpoſe. Tythes were enjoined to be paid by the inhabitants, to the directors of the ſeminary, for its ſupport; and a thirteenth in addition to what was already the right of the church, was levied. This regulation being found too oppreſſive, was altered to a twenty-ſixth part of the produce, to be paid in grain, from which tax newly cleared lands were exempted for a ſpace of five years.

'The members of the ſeminary are compoſed of a ſuperior, three directors, and ſix or ſeven maſters, who are appointed to inſtruct young men in the different branches of education profeſſed by each. Since the decline and extinction of the order of Jeſuits, the ſeminary, which was at firſt excluſively deſigned for the education of prieſts, and, excepting the college of Montreal, is the only public eſtabliſhment of the kind in the province, is now open to all young men of the Catholic faith, although they may not be deſtined for the ſacerdotal function. The north-eaſt aſpect of this building is agreeable in ſummer, having under it a ſpacious garden, which extends to near the precipice on the eaſt, and overlooks the lower town.' p. 68, 69.

It would be a painful task to go through all the details of the other branches of this *eſtabliſhed* Roman Catholic church,—to tell of its monasteries and its nunneries, its hospitals and chapels, its various foundations for similar superstitious purposes. Scarce a step can be taken, it should seem, in the whole town of Quebec, without seeing some monument of Popery, some veiled nun or barefooted friar, some procession of penitents, some church or convent decked out in the trappings of the scarlet monster; and all this supported by law, recognized by the constitution of the realm, paid for by the industry of the people, nay, of the very protestant people themselves! We ask, are these things known to exist, and if they are, why are they tolerated? Where is that edifying zeal which broke forth last year, and saved at once the government from pernicious reforms, and the church from unprecedented dangers? Shall such things be in the colony of a Protestant country, under the reign of a religious monarch?

Shall

Shall the spot where our Wolf fell in fighting against the Catholic powers of Europe, be polluted by the rites of Popery? Where is the watchfulness of our ministry, where the eloquence of our common-council men? Are Lord Hawkesbury and Deputy Birch dumb, that they cannot speak? Are Oxford and Cambridge no more, that they cannot address? and what has become of all the Scottish Boroughs? We do trust that the zeal and wisdom of a religious Parliament will speedily be exerted to put down such unheard of abominations, and that while they consume the midnight oil in keeping the Irish Catholics under, they will cast a thought towards unhappy Canada, where far greater dangers are lowering. We devoutly hope, that whilst thousands of men are poured into the sister island, to check the rising liberties of our Catholic bondmen, a force will be spared sufficiently powerful to root out every seed of popery in Canada; and that the same government which nobly prefers losing Ireland to abating one jot of its dominion over the consciences of its inhabitants, will, in justice and consistency, wish that the colonies may perish, rather than the Protestant interest should be touched!

Let us turn from the contemplation of this painful subject, to the natural beauties of Canada, the attempt to describe which occupies so large a portion of the work before us. We shall present our readers with the account of some scenery near the fall of La Puce, rather for the sake of introducing that fall to their notice, as it seems to be one of the most beautiful in the country, than because our author's account is a very lively sketch of it.

'On turning his eyes towards the country he has already paſſed, the traveller is gratified by a luxuriant and diverſified aſſemblage of objects, which, like a chart, ſeems to expand itſelf beneath. After deſcending a hill clothed with trees, and of about ſeven hundred feet in perpendicular elevation, we gained the ſide of the river which flows through this ſettlement, and of which we have already ſpoken. There are no leſs than ſeven falls of this river, which are near to each other, and are formed in its current from the ſummit, to the baſis of a ſteep and lofty mountain, after having held its courſe for a diſtance of ſeveral miles, along a ridge of high lands. The ſtream does not exceed forty yards in width, and the principal and lower fall, which is on the north-eaſt, is one hundred and thirty feet high. It has formerly flowed through another channel, in which it has been obſtructed by fallen rocks, and alſo partly by a dam or dyke, which the induſtry and ſagacity of the beaver teach it to form, frequently acroſs the channels of rivers. The ancient bed is plainly diſcoverable, by the deep ravines, worn, at different ſta-, on the ſide of the mountain, and by a valley near the lower fall.

Although, in almoſt the whole of the cataracts in Lower Canada, a certain ſimiliarity of effect is diſcoverable, the precipices over which they pour their waters being nearly perpendicular; and although theſe ſublime objects ſo frequently occur, that the impreſſion which novelty produces

produces on the mind, is thereby in a great degree weakened, yet each is diſtinguiſhable by peculiar features. The accumulated waters in the ſpring of the year, by abrading and ſweeping down portions of the ſolid rock, inceſſantly produce alterations, and thus enlarge the channel, or render it more deep.

'The landſcape which environs this fall, is grand and romantic. The banks are rugged, ſteep, and wild, being covered with a variety of trees. Below, large and irregular maſſes of limeſtone rock, are piled upon each other. Not one half of the mountain can be ſeen by the ſpectator, when ſtationed by the ſide of the river. The whole of the waters of the fall, are not immediately received into the baſin beneath, but a hollow rock, about fifteen feet high, receives a part, which glides from thence, in the form of a ſection of a ſphere. The river, throughout the remainder of its courſe, is ſolitary, wild, and broken, and preſents other ſcenes worthy of obſervation.' p. 91, 92.

It is rather from the views of the fall of La Puce, than from the description, that we are led to form a pretty accurate notion of its singular beauty, and so conclude that it is in some particulars *unique* among cataracts. The general effect of the view is that of a vast green bank, rising from the ground, and reaching upwards till it is lost in the clouds; only interrupted, about one third from its base, by a large sheet of white foam, perpetually flowing, the eye cannot discover whither or from whence, but thrown as it were into the middle of the greater sheet of green leaves. This is the description of the fall of La Puce, as we take it from the plate facing page 90, almost the only one of our author's engravings which is capable of conveying a tolerably distinct impression to the reader.

We shall not detain our readers with any account of the celebrated falls of Niagara, both because they have been much better described in many other places, and because one fall is so like another, that we are fearful of being tedious, if we do not limit our extracts, on a subject after all not extremely interesting. The only other cataract, therefore, which we shall stop to notice, is that of Montmorenci, (formed by the St Laurence,) next to Niagara, probably the greatest in the world, and never before accurately described. The following passage, contains whatever is most worthy of attention in Mr Heriot's account of it.

'On each ſide, the bank is almoſt perpendicular, is nearly fifty feet in altitude, and is covered at the ſummit with trees. The ſouth-weſt bank riſes beyond the ſteps; in looking downwards it appears alſo wooded, and terminates in a precipice. The bank on the oppoſite ſide, aſſumes a regularity of ſhape, ſo ſingular, as to reſemble the ruins of a lofty wall. Somewhat below, the banks on each ſide are clothed with trees, which, together with the effect produced by the foaming currents, and the ſcattered maſſes of ſtone, compoſe a ſcene, wild and pictureſque.

From

From hence, taking a ſouth direction, the ſtream is augmented in velocity, and forms a caſcade interrupted by huge rocks; and at a diſtance further down, of five hundred yards, a ſimilar effect is produced. After thus exhibiting a grateful variety throughout its courſe, the river is precipitated in an almoſt perpendicular direction, over a rock of the height of two hundred and forty-ſix feet, falling, where it touches the rock, in white clouds of rolling foam, and underneath, where it is propelled with uninterrupted gravitation, in numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are gradually protracted in their deſcent, until they are received into the boiling, profound abyſs, below.

'Viewed from the ſummit of the cliff, from whence they are thrown, the waters, with every concomitant circumſtance, produce an effect awfully grand, and wonderfully ſublime. The prodigious depth of their deſcent, the brightneſs and volubility of their courſe, the ſwiftneſs of their movement through the air, and the loud and hollow noiſe emitted from the baſin, ſwelling with inceſſant agitation from the weight of the daſhing waters, forcibly combine to attract the attention, and to impreſs with ſentiments of grandeur and elevation, the mind of the ſpectator. The clouds of vapour ariſing, and aſſuming the priſmatic colours, contribute to enliven the ſcene. They fly off from the fall in the form of a revolving ſphere, emitting, with velocity, pointed flakes of ſpray, which ſpread in receding, until intercepted by neighbouring banks, or diſſolved in the atmoſphere.

'The breadth of the fall is one hundred feet. The baſin is bounded by ſteep cliffs, compoſed of grey lime ſlate, lying in inclined ſtrata, which, on the eaſt and weſt ſides, are ſubdivided into innumerable thin ſhivers, forming with the horizon, an angle of forty-five degrees, and containing between them, fibrous gypſum and *pierre à calumet*. Mouldering inceſſantly, by expoſure to the air, and to the action of the weather, no ſurface for vegetation remains upon theſe ſubſtances.' p. 76—78.

If we except the various descriptions of falls, hills, lakes and woods, the first part of this volume contains little that deserves notice. The enumeration of different townships, or districts nominally settled and only begun to be cultivated and cleared, are in the highest degree uninteresting to all but persons having estates in those parts. Here and there the author falls in with a spot where a few families of Indians reside, and gives a passing sketch of their situation and manners. We wish he had been more full in such details, as they touch upon an interesting topic, the effects produced on savage tribes, by the neighbourhood of gradually extending civilization. The following extract is all we can spare room for; it will show our readers what sort of things Indian chapels and assemblies are.

'The chapel is ſmall, but neat, and the pariſh extending to a conſiderable way around, the Canadians, who form the greateſt number of pariſhioners,

parishioners, have lately procured a church to be erected for their accommodation, about a quarter of a mile from the village. The Indians attend, with scrupulous observance, to the performance of their devotions. The women are placed in the centre of the chapel, and the men arrange themselves on each side, and on the rear. The former have in general good voices; and both sexes seem to evince a considerable degree of fervency in the exercise of their religious duties.

'They live together in a state of almost uninterrupted harmony and tranquillity; the missionary has a great influence over them; and they have exchanged, in some degree, the manners of savage life, for those of the Canadians, in whose vicinity they reside.

'The quantity of land they occupy in cultivation, is about two hundred acres, which they plant with Indian corn, or maize. A number of the men pursue the chase, during the winter season. The French language is spoken by them with considerable ease; and the men, in general, notwithstanding their partial civilization, maintain that independence, which arises from the paucity and limitation of their wants, and which constitutes a principle feature in the savage character.

'This nation originally frequented the vicinity of lake Huron, near a thousand miles from Quebec. It was once the most formidable and fierce, of any tribe that inhabited those quarters, dreaded even by the Iroquois; who, however, found means to subjugate, and almost to extirpate it, by pretending to enter into an alliance: the Hurons, too blindly relying on the protestations of the Iroquois, the latter seized an opportunity to surprise and slaughter them. The village now described, was composed of a part of the Hurons who escaped from the destruction of their tribe, and is occupied by the descendants of that people.

'We assembled together in the evening, a number of males and females of the village, who repeatedly performed their several dances, descriptive of their manner of going to war, of watching to ensnare the enemy, and of returning with the captives they were supposed to have surprised. The instrument chiefly in use in the dances, is a calibash filled with small pebbles, called *chichicoué*, which is shaken by the hand in order to mark the cadence for the voices and the movements. They are strangers to melody in their songs, being totally unacquainted with music. The syllables which they enounce, are *yo, he, waw*. These are invariably repeated, the beholders beating time with their hands and feet. The dancers move their limbs but a little way from the ground, which they beat with violence. Their dancing and their music, are uniformly rude and disgusting; and the only circumstance which can recompense a civilized spectator, for the penance sustained by his ear, amid this boisterous roar, and clash of discordant sounds, is, that to each dance is annexed the representation of some action, peculiar to the habits of savage life; and that, by seeing their dances performed, some idea may be acquired, of the mode of conducting their unimproved system of warfare.' p. 80—83.

The internal carriage of North America occupies a considerable portion of our author's attention. The subject is not void of interest,

interest, but it has already been fully handled by one who knew it most thoroughly, Mr Mackenzie; in noticing whose Travels, we have formerly described this clumsy and tedious mode of communication, in which the vessel sometimes carries the navigator and at other times is carried by him. Mr Heriot seems to know the general course of the business well enough; but we wish he had spared the silly remark upon oaks in page 156. He is struck with sentiments of regret at seeing the numbers of fine oak trees daily cut down and burnt in clearing the lands for cultivation. A native of Naples might as well regret to see the waste of ice in Greenland, or an Arab weep over the quantity of fine water thrown away at Gravesend.

The chapter on the climate of Canada, if not very learned or novel, is at least sufficient to give us a full and satisfactory view of the subject. Upon the modes of husbandry our author is not equally copious; and the notices which he has given of the progress of cultivation and commerce in this colony, are unfortunately but scanty in proportion to what he might have collected, and what the interest of the subject required. We shall note a few particulars; which may serve to show how rapidly the wealth and industry of the colony are increasing. Before the conquest, it exported, at an average, goods to the value of 80,000l. Sterling. In 1769, the exports were worth 163,000l., employing 70 vessels; and 12 were occupied in the fisheries of the St Lawrence. In 1795, the trade of Canada employed 128 vessels, containing 19,953 tons, navigated by 1067 seamen. In 1802, its exports, chiefly of grain, employed 211 vessels, of about 36,000 tons, and navigated by 1850 men. So great an augmentation of trade, must arise from the rapid clearing of this extensive country; and, accordingly, we find everywhere symptoms of this going quickly on. 'The improvements (says Mr Heron in another part of his work) of every description, in which for a few years past the province has been rapidly advancing, have, in some situations, already divested it of the appearance of a new-settled colony, and made it assume the garb of wealth and of long-established culture. The roads in the settled parts of the country, are, in the summer season, remarkably fine, and two stage coaches run daily between Niagara and Chippawa, or Fort Welland, a distance of eighteen miles.'

The whole of the remaining division of this volume, being about *three hundred and thirty* pages, should, beyond all question, have been left out. It is entitled, '*Manners and customs of the American Indians;*' and contains chapter after chapter of scraps of description, and remarks collected from all the most common writers on the savage state. Raynal, Robertson, (may the conjunction

conjunction of names so different be pardoned, for Mr Heriot, who takes indiscriminately from both, has forced us;) and a variety of other authors, whose works are in the most constant state of perusal by every one who reads any books at all, are made to contribute, frequently in their own words, a sufficient stock of sentences, which being tacked together by our author, and confused together until all arrangement is utterly lost, *eke out* what *should* naturally have been a small octavo, into a most spacious quarto, containing about a stone (jockey weight) of description; and this *stone* is all the bread we get for our two or three guineas, and our two or three days labour!—Nor let the reader imagine that this is only a clumsy appendix to the description of Canada; it is an excrescence infinitely more misplaced; it bears no more reference to Canada than to the Tierra del Fuego; it gives you nothing about the North American Indians or the Eskimaux, more than about the Charaibs and the Peruvians. You open a chapter expecting to learn what sort of tribes are subject to the British government in North America; or by what kind of neighbours our countrymen there are surrounded. The Protestant reader, for example, would fain know whether a pious sovereign reigns over any Pagans in Canada; and if so, he is anxious to learn whether care is taken to prevent their increase, by due and proper castration of the males, and the other experiments so well exemplified in Irish history. He naturally wishes, too, to be set at ease about the civil state of the said Pagan subjects; whether the proper means are used for *speedily* converting them; whether, in the mean time, they are not tied hand and foot, shut up in caves, scourged from time to time, and roasted or parboiled at slow fires, in the established, wholesome, British and constitutional manner, practised in other parts with such happy fruits. All these points a good subject is naturally anxious about; and he, not unreasonably, expects light upon them in a large volume which he has purchased as treating of Canada. But he is soon balked in any such expectations; for every time he opens a chapter, he finds himself carried away to Mexico, and Peru, and Chili; to the worship of the sun and the painted letters, to Manco Capac, and all the stories so often told about the Incas and their people. Thus is the bookmaking art carried on in this our country, to a perfection which it hath nowhere else attained, not even in the land of letters, Germany itself.

We shall, of course, not attempt to give any abstract of this preposterous addition to Mr Heriot's book; but shall content ourselves with extracting from one page of it a pleasing account the notions which some Indian tribes entertain of a future state. Our author does not tell us what tribes; nor are we at all certain that

that he has not taken the passage from some former author; and, as we have no inclination to read over Raynal and the '*Lettres edifiantes et curieuses,*' in order to detect him, we acknowledge, that in quoting it we are exposing ourselves to the risk of reprinting with admiration some well known description. But the picture is so pleasing, and even poetical, that we are willing e'en to take our chance of being brought to shame, for the sake of attracting notice to what may possibly turn out to be original.

'Many of the Indian nations believe that the soul, after its separation from the body, enters into a wide path, crowded by spirits, which are journeying towards a region of eternal repose. That in the way thither, an impetuous river must be crossed by means of a bridge made of wicker, which continually trembles under the feet, and from whence the passengers incur much hazard of falling into the current. They who are so unfortunate as to be thrown from this passage are swept away by the stream, and can never return. The spirits which have passed the river direct their course for a considerable way along its banks, making provision of fish, which they dry, until they gain an extensive meadow, whose extremity is terminated by precipitous rocks, over which there is a long and narrow path, with a barrier of two large logs of wood, alternately raised and depressed. These are intended to crush the living who might attempt to force a passage, but not as an impediment to the progress of the dead. The soul afterwards arrives at a beautiful meadow, boundless to the sight, filled with every species of animals, and abounding with the most delicious fruits; here is heard the sound of drums and of other musical instruments known to savages; from hence it is ushered into the abode of happiness and joy, where its journey is concluded, where it is invested with beautiful raiment, and where it mingles with an assembly of kindred spirits in the dance.' p. 361.

If all the notions of the savages were as agreeable as this, and all their modes of thinking as refined, we should be less surprised to read the accounts which our eloquent Postmaster has collected, of the fancy which some civilized Europeans have had for living among them, and becoming savage like themselves.

We have thus brought to a close, the account which we deemed it worth our while to give of this huge, but not altogether useless, piece of bookmaking. When men of sense and education, like Mr Heriot, after residing in distant countries, which every man of inquiry is eager to read about, think fit to publish the result of their observations, it is really provoking that they so very seldom take the most obvious means of making their books valuable or interesting. In all countries, (except perhaps Germany), it is customary for authors, who step forward to instruct mankind on any subject of art or science, first to learn it themselves. But it should seem, that books of travels may be written without any preparation whatever; that a man has only to be, or to have been, bodily in a country, in order to be qualified for describing

scribing every thing relating to it when he returns home; that the mere having to say, '*I am come back from a journey in Canada,*' gives a traveller a title to vamp up a full volume of chapters on that country. If a man would describe, in writing, the corn-mills or the farm-houses of his own parish, he must first observe them attentively, and then learn somewhat of the nature of mills and farms, in order to tell his story with safety and correctness. But it seems that a whole continent may be described—its scenery depicted—its wealth estimated—the arts, manners, institutions and habits of its various natives detailed, by any man who can hold a pen, or dictate to a writer,—without any previous knowledge of science, of history, of polity, or of morals—with no talents for reasoning or combination—with scarcely even the smallest attention to the actual state of the things in question, at the moment they are said to have been viewed. This has been the constant subject of our complaints, from the commencement of our ungrateful office to the present day—how fruitless, alas, the article now brought to a conclusion will amply testify. We must still, however, persist in hoping, that some more accomplished travellers will ere long rise amongst us. The state of the world forbids any sanguine expectations that an opportunity will soon be afforded of carrying on new journies; but we know that the most interesting expeditions have already been accomplished by persons well fitted to narrate the result of their labours; and we earnestly hope that they may not any longer delay gratifying the just impatience of the learned to be admitted to a participation of their discoveries. Lord Valentia has already announced his intention of soon complying with this demand. But why does Dr E. D. Clarke delay to fulfil obligations which he long ago came under to the literary world? If he should cast his eye on these pages, we venture to hope that he may be reminded of his just and lawful debt, and no longer withhold from the public a work, which we are confident will prove one of the most valuable that ever issued from the press.

ART. XIII. *An Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences of the Orders in Council, and an Examination of the Conduct of Great Britain towards the Neutral Commerce of America.* By Alex. Baring Esq. M. P. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 179. London, 1808.

The Speech of Lord Erskine in the House of Lords (8. *March* 1808) *on moving Resolutions against the Legality of the Orders in Council.* 8vo. pp. 87. London, 1808.

The Speech of Henry Brougham Esq. before the House of Commons, Friday, April 1. 1808, *in support of the Petitions from London, Liverpool and Manchester, against the Orders in Council.* 8vo. pp. 84. London, 1808.

THERE never was any war, we believe, so generally admitted to be disastrous as that in which we are now engaged. Hostilities there may have been more murderous, and nearly as extended; but none, within the limits of modern history, attended with consequences so momentous and deplorable. It has not only overturned thrones, and extinguished nations; it has subverted principles, and suppressed feelings. It has not merely broken down the existing institutions of European polity; but destroyed, in appearance, the very principle of the system, by the force of which all these institutions had their existence. On the Continent, since the peace of Tilsit, this is a fire which has burned out; but it rages against this country with greater fury than ever; and is drying up the springs of prosperity in nations that have hitherto been merely spectators of the conflict.

When two of the great powers of Europe go to war, the shock is felt over every part of the habitable globe. For the most part, however, it is felt, by those at a distance, rather as an admonition than an injury; and frequently opens to enterprizing neutrality new channels of prosperity, and fields of exertion. In the present instance, the result has been ultimately different; and the rancour of the contending parties, increasing with the protraction of their contest, has ended at last by interdicting the commerce of the greater part of the world; and not only cutting off, without necessity, the comforts and profits of their own peaceful population, but paralyzing the hand of industry, and arresting the progress of society in nations separated from the scene of tumult, by the intervention of half the globe. The war, therefore, has now assumed, upon both sides, a character of unprecedented oppression and ferocity, and has embodied against its abettors in both countries, a larger band of sufferers than ever before lamented the ambition of rulers, or murmured at the abuses of power. These recent and unparalleled violations of neutral rights must be admitted, we conceive, to be in themselves hateful in the eyes of reason and humanity; and we have the less hesitation in calling them so, because they are evidently considered in this light, even by those who are responsible for our share of them, and who justify and applaud most highly the share we have assumed. The preamble to our Orders in Council, complains loudly of the violent and unprecedented attacks of France on our commerce; and every defence which has

has been attempted of those Orders, is regularly introduced with a furious vituperation of those lawless proceedings of the enemy, which, it is said, we have been compelled to retaliate. There are some cases, however, in which retaliation would not be honourable; —and many in which it would not be prudent. If a ruffian gallop over a crowd of children, in order to snatch away my hat, I should scarcely be justified in again trampling down the innocents, in order to pursue him; or, if he fire a blunderbuss, loaded only with paper pellets, at me in the market-place, it would hardly be allowable in me to return the compliment, by discharging a cannon loaded with grape, in the same public situation. If my adversary throw a quantity of lumber overboard, in order to bring more guns into action, it could scarcely be thought prudent in me to throw over all my provisions and ammunition, for the same purpose. Such considerations as these, enter unquestionably into the present discussion. But the leading question is, whether what we have done, can be justified as retaliation at all; and whether we may not be considered as substantially the aggressors in this contest, and as having set the first example of that injustice, which France had only threatened, without either the power or the intention of committing.

We had occasion, in a former volume,* to say a good deal upon the general subject of the rights and the value of neutrals; and, in the conclusion of our last Number, ventured to lay before our readers a few observations on the extraordinary system adopted with regard to them, by our late Orders in Council. Since that time, the three works, of which the titles are prefixed, have come into our hands; and as there is reason to believe that a subject of such incalculable importance both to the prosperity and the reputation of the country, is still very imperfecly understood by the great body of the people, we have thought it our duty to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by those excellent publications, to lay before them a clear and concise view of the whole facts and reasonings that bear upon this most momentous question. A part of the misconception which still exists on the subject, originates, we have no doubt, in the studied obscurity and complexity of the language of the Orders in Council themselves, and the extreme vagueness of the declamations in which their justification has been attempted. In reality, however, nothing can be more simple, or easily comprehended, than the question as to their justice or policy. It is exhausted, we think, and most satisfactorily settled in the three pamphlets now referred to; and, while we earnestly recommend them to the perusal of all our

* Vol. VIII. p. 13, &c.

readers, we shall endeavour to give a condensed and impartial sketch of the grounds on which we think it ought to be determined.

The facts in the case are few; and liable to no dispute. In November 1806, Bonaparte issued a decree at Berlin, by which he declared the British islands to be in a state of blockade, and announced his intention to capture all vessels trading to these countries. He also shut the ports of the countries under his authority, against all vessels which had last cleared out from Great Britain; and subjected to confiscation all cargoes of British produce or manufacture. In aid of this last regulation, he afterwards declared that all neutral vessels coming into any port in his dominions, should bring with them what is called 'a certificate of origin;' being a certificate under the hand of the French consul at the port of shipment, that the cargo was not of British produce or manufacture; and that all vessels met at sea without such a certificate, should be liable to capture.

This was the French decree, issued, as we have seen, in November 1806. From the state of their naval force, it will easily be understood, that it *could* not be enforced in its most material points; and it shall be shown immediately, that no attempt was made to enforce it, even where such attempt might have been effectual. It was probably intended chiefly to alarm or to provoke us; and it seems to have answered that purpose sufficiently in the end. In January 1807, the late Ministry issued an order, subjecting to seizure all neutral vessels trading from one hostile port in Europe to another with hostile property; or interdicting, in short, the coasting trade of the enemy to neutrals. Ten months elapsed without any other movement in either cabinet; till, at last, in November 1807, just a year after the publication of the Berlin decree, our Orders in Council appeared, containing these two substantial propositions. *First*, that France, and all its tributary states, should be held to be in a state of blockade; and all vessels seized which attempted to trade from any neutral port to those countries, or from them to any neutral port: and, *secondly*, that all vessels should be liable to seizure which should have aboard any such certificate of origin as was required by the Berlin decree. Neutral vessels intended for a French or hostile port, are directed, at all events, to touch first at Great Britain; from which, after paying certain duties, they may, in some cases, be allowed to proceed; and in all cases they are permitted, and indeed enjoined, to come to Great Britain, when clearing out with a cargo from any port of the enemy.

Such is the decree which has been issued and enforced by our Government for the last six months. There are only two questions

tions which ariſe with regard to it; but they include every thing which can affect the merits of any public meaſure. Had we any right to make ſuch a decree? and will it do us good or harm, now that we have made it? Is it *juſt* in ſhort—and is it *expedient?* If the anſwer to the laſt queſtion were clearly favourable, we fear that the other could ſcarcely obtain a very fair hearing. As it is, we believe, it will not be diſputed that they muſt both be anſwered in the ſame manner. The juſtice and legality of the Orders ſtand exactly upon the ſame ground with their expediency; and the reader, who is ſatisfied that they are indefenſible upon principle, certainly will have no occaſion to regret this concluſion, from any conſideration of their conſequences.

That they go near to annihilate the commerce of neutrals, is the firſt feature in theſe new meaſures of policy. Taken in combination with the Berlin decree, they interdict the whole foreign trade of all neutral nations: they prohibit every thing which that decree had allowed; and they enjoin thoſe very things which are there made a ground of confiſcation. France, it is true, wants the power to enforce the greater part of her own enactments; but what ſhe can enforce, our Orders compel her to make effectual. We take all the veſſels that attempt to paſs between the ports of the enemy and neutrals; and the enemy, of courſe, ſeizes and detains all that attempt to come to him from us. Between the two, the trade of the neutral with the enemy is totally deſtroyed, and our blockade of the whole Continent of Europe carried into complete and vigorous effect. Our own direct trade with the neutral indeed may remain; but prodigiouſly limited in its extent, both by our no longer having occaſion for any of thoſe commodities which we formerly took to reexport to the Continent, and by the neutral being obliged, in like manner, to limit his imports to ſuch articles as he can conſume at home, and pay for from his own produce;—to ſay nothing of the riſk of capture for want of a certificate of origin—and the hazard, or rather the certainty, of open war from the enemy, in conſequence of ſubmitting to our decree of blockade, and diſregarding his.

Here, then, is an enormous injury done to the neutral, under pretence of a blockade, and of retaliation on the enemy. That a general blockade of ports not actually watched or inveſted, is contrary to the law of nations, and totally ineffectual as againſt neutrals, is ſettled by the uniform deciſions of our own courts, even in the preſent war;* and will not be diſputed by the fierceſt advocates of the Orders in Council. But the defence is, that our blockade was but a retaliation of that which had been impoſed by

* Robinſon's Reports, Vol. I. p. 154, &c.

the enemy; and that the neutrals, having ſubmitted to the one, have no right to complain of the other. The whole queſtion, therefore, on the ground of juſtice and principle, comes merely to this, whether the French decree of blockade had been enforced or not, and whether the neutrals had ſubmitted to it.

In the preamble to the Orders in Council, it is ſtated, that 'certain orders, eſtabliſhing an *unprecedented* ſyſtem of warfare againſt this kingdom, had been ſome time ſince iſſued by the Government of France, and that the ſame *have been recently enforced with increaſing rigour.*' It is alſo ſtated in another part of the preamble, that 'countries not engaged in the war *have acquieſced in theſe orders of France*, and *ſubmitted to them* as parts of the new ſyſtem of war,' &c.; and therefore, it is added, his Majeſty, 'under theſe circumſtances,' finds himſelf compelled to take meaſures for vindicating his juſt rights, &c. It is ſufficiently implied in this preamble, that the juſtification of thoſe meaſures muſt depend upon the truth of the facts which are ſet forth, as having compelled his Majeſty's Government to adopt them. It is of conſequence, therefore, to conſider how far theſe facts have been eſtabliſhed,—ſince the very framers of the Orders evidently admit that they could not be defended, if the decrees of France ſhould appear not to have been *unprecedented*,—not to have been *enforced*,—and not to have been *acquieſced in.*

That they were not unprecedented, is made out by Mr Brougham in the cleareſt manner, by reference to authorities which ſeem to have eſcaped all former inveſtigators, though perfectly deciſive of the queſtion. Similar decrees had been iſſued in 1739, and in 1756, under the old government. Since the revolution, they had been many times repeated; once in 1796, when certificates of origin were firſt required; once in 1797; and again, after the firſt formation of the Conſular government, in 1800. In all theſe decrees, a veſſel, loaded in whole or in part with Britiſh produce, is declared lawful prize; and the ports of France are ſhut againſt all ſhips which had touched at a Britiſh harbour in the courſe of their voyage.

None of *theſe* decrees, it is admitted, were either enforced, or ſubmitted to, by neutrals; and as they were not backed by any meaſures of retaliation on our part, our commerce with neutrals went on, during their ſubſiſtence, not only without interruption, but with prodigious increaſe. Laſt of all comes the edict of November 1806; and the queſtion is, whether it was enforced or acquieſced in, more than thoſe that had gone before it.

Now, with regard to theſe points, it is perfectly manifeſt, from the official correſpondence on the ſubject, as well as from the evidence which has recently been laid before Parliament, that this edict

edict never was enforced, nor expected to be enforced; and that, ſo far from being ſubmitted to by America (and there is no other neutral), the moſt poſitive aſſurances were given, that it would not be ſubmitted to. In the firſt place, there is the note of Lords Auckland and Holland to the American commiſſioners on the 31ſt December 1806, more than ſix weeks after that edict had been promulgated; in which they ſay, that 'they cannot believe that 'the enemy will ever ſeriouſly attempt to enforce ſuch a ſyſtem; 'and that *if* he ſhould, they are confident the good ſenſe, &c. of 'the American Government will *prevent its acquieſcence* in ſuch 'pretenſions,' &c. The Orders in Council of the 7th January 1807, prohibiting the enemy's coaſting trade by neutrals, is introduced by a preamble, reprobating the illegal decree of France, and is tranſmitted in a deſpatch to our miniſter in America, ſtating, that 'we *rely with confidence on the firmneſs of that govern-* 'ment in reſiſting pretenſions, which, if ſuffered to take effect, 'would prove ſo deſtructive to its commerce.' And, in anſwer to this, it appears that Mr Maddiſon, the American ſecretary, ſtated in his firſt letter to our ambaſſador, 'that the honour, &c. 'of the United States, was a *ſufficient pledge that no culpable ac-* 'quieſcence on their part would ever render them acceſſary to the 'attack of one belligerent on the commerce of its adverſary, 'through the rights of neutrals.'

The moſt important document of all, however, is the anſwer of M. Decrés the Miniſter of Marine, to General Armſtrong the American Ambaſſador, when, inſtead of acquieſcing in the Berlin decree, he applied to learn, whether it was intended to be put in force againſt the veſſels of his country. That anſwer diſtinctly ſtates, firſt, that it was *not* intended to make any alteration in the former commercial regulations of the two countries; and, ſecondly, that an American veſſel could not be taken at ſea, becauſe it was going to an Engliſh port, or had cleared out from one. The blockading decree, in ſhort, was not to be put in force againſt ſhips of that country. This was the poſitive official anſwer of the Miniſter of Marine to the American Ambaſſador; and though it is added in that document, that his anſwer cannot have that *development* which might be received from the Miniſter of the Exterior, ſtill it is given without qualification; and having been followed by no oppoſite explanation, muſt be taken as the authentic reſcript of the French Government. It is known to have been communicated by General Armſtrong to his Government; and if they were ſatisfied without any more ſolemn or public declaration, it cannot be doubted that they thought they could rely in ſafety on the aſſurances they had received. It could not be very deſireable for the Ruler of France to declare formally, that he had iſſued a decree which he had no

intention of enforcing; and while his conduct was conformable to the answer of his Minister of Marine, it would evidently have been both unnecessary and imprudent to insist for any other disavowal. The fact, however, which seems to set the question as to the execution of the Berlin decree, previous to our Orders in Council, entirely at rest, is, that so late as the 18th of October 1807, only one month before the issuing of these Orders, Messrs Monroe and Pinkney, the American residents, communicated to the Secretary of State the construction which France had given to that decree, and officially assured him, that *the practice had been in conformity to that construction.* No answer was made to this communication; and Mr Monroe was suffered to leave England, and Mr Rose despatched on his mission, a few days before the Orders in Council were made public.

The whole tenor of the official papers, therefore, and public documents, demonstrate that the Berlin decree was *not enforced*, and, of course, that it was *not submitted to*, up to the date of these Orders, which proceed on the extraordinary narrative of its having been enforced with increasing rigour, and acquiesced in by the neutral governments. The matter, however, does not rest on the authority of public papers, or assertions and admissions on one side or the other. It is ascertained by public and notorious facts, and by evidence laid before the Legislature, for the purpose of ascertaining it. With regard to the supposed acquiescence of America; it may be asked, in the first place, how any neutral can acquiesce in an order of blockade, otherwise than by discontinuing its trade with the blockaded ports, and admitting the justice of all captures made in support of it? Will it be pretended, by any advocate of the Orders in Council, that *America* has *thus* acquiesced in the Berlin decree? Did she discontinue her trade with the ports of Great Britain upon the publication of that edict. Did she ever limit or disguise that trade? Or is it not true, on the contrary, that, up to the date of our Orders in Council, it went on increasing, from day to day, in the sight of the whole world,—the subject of commercial speculation in both the belligerent countries, and of public arrangement and discussion with both governments? Instead of acquiescing in the blockade, therefore, it is notorious and undeniable, that America utterly disregarded it; and resisted that extraordinary measure of hostility in the most effectual and unequivocal manner, by openly violating every one of its provisions, and continuing to us the full benefit of that intercourse, of which it was the object of that measure to deprive us. It is equally certain and equally notorious, that France never resented this resistance of her order; but, in conformity to her official declaration, permitted the neutrals

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to do every thing which she had formally prohibited, and allowed her last solemn and boastful decrees to fall into the same neglect as those which had gone before them. No attempt was made to capture American vessels going or coming from an English port, except in one or two instances; and, in all of these, the property was restored upon examination.

If any doubts, however, could still remain as to the fact of the non-execution of the Berlin decree, they must be effectually removed by the evidence laid before the Houses of Parliament on the London and Liverpool petitions, and detailed with the most admirable clearness and force in the speech of Mr Brougham now before us. From that evidence it appears, first, that neutral vessels were publicly and regularly chartered on voyages from this country to the continent of Europe, after the Berlin decree, in the same manner as before; and that there was no interruption in their trade up to the date of our orders in Council: 2dly, That the prices of articles of our colonial produce and home manufacture continued the same in the continental markets, after the Berlin decree, and down to the date of our orders in Council: 3dly, That gentlemen concerned in this trade, to an extent that raised their foreign postages to near 700*l.* in a year, never heard of a single instance of a neutral vessel condemned in the hostile ports for being engaged in it: and, 4thly, That the rate of insurance on such voyages did not experience the least advance, in consequence of the Berlin decree, but remained precisely at the point where it had formerly stood, till our Orders in Council raised it so high as to put an end to the trade altogether. Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced his intention to call witnesses to contradict some parts of this evidence, we refer to it with the most perfect confidence in its accuracy,—not only from the unquestionable respectability of the individuals by whom it was given, but from its exact conformity with public documents and notorious facts,—and from the circumstance, that the persons who give this testimony from their own experience, have, together with Sir Francis Baring, whose son has corroborated their whole statements, almost the sole management of that great trade, to the history of which these statements belong.

It is clearly and indisputably made out, therefore, that the preamble of our Orders in Council, which contains their only justification, is erroneous and fallacious in all points; and that the Berlin decree, whose rigorous enforcement and unresisted execution they are meant to retaliate, neither was enforced nor submitted to, until it was seconded and superseded by those effective and most injurious proclamations. We are chargeable, therefore, with the whole of the injustice and oppression which

we have been accustomed to charge against the enemy; and are answerable, primarily and *alone*, for the unprecedented measure of putting a whole quarter of the world in a state of blockade, by a few pages of writing,—and interdicting the commerce of neutrals with a whole continent, which we have neither invested nor set a watch upon.

All that we have now said relates to the blockade of the enemy's whole ports, and the measures intended to make it effectual. There is another part of our Orders, however, still more indefensible; we mean that by which we declare our intention to make prize of all neutral vessels which shall have aboard a certificate of origin, or a declaration that no part of the cargo is British produce or manufacture. The blockading part of the system bears at least the semblance and exterior form of retaliation; for France and her dependencies had declared our country to be blockaded, before we actually enforced the laws of blockade as to theirs. This last regulation, however, has not even that apology; but really seems to be a barefaced act of violence and revenge, dictated by an arrogant disregard of the rights of neutrality. France had an unquestionable right, either in peace or in war, to exclude British produce and manufacture from her ports, and to enact laws, confiscating all that should be brought in spite of such exclusion, as well as to require such evidence upon the matter, by certificates or otherwise, as she might think satisfactory. This, accordingly, was the original purpose and design of certificates of origin; and the only retaliation which we could possibly make, was to prohibit the importation of French produce and manufactures, and to require similar certificates of origin in all vessels that came to our ports, under pain of confiscation. By her late decree, France, indeed, outstepped the law of nations, and committed a new outrage on the rights of neutrality. She said, not only that she would confiscate all goods brought *into her ports* without a certificate that they were not British, but that she would seize and confiscate every neutral vessel which she might meet *at sea* without such a certificate. Here, too, we had an opportunity of fair retaliation; and might have enacted, that we should do the same by all vessels which had not a certificate that the cargo was not French. If the neutral had submitted to the outrage of the enemy, we conceive we might have done this, without exceeding the limits of allowable retaliation. But then, we could not have done even this, consistently or rationally, without previously interdicting all commerce in French produce or manufactures, and subjecting to seizure all such articles brought into our ports under any condition by a neutral. It is notorious, however, not only that we have taken no such measure, but, by these very Orders in Council, we have invited

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and encouraged the neutral to come to our ports directly from those of the enemy, and have done all in our power, therefore, to facilitate and promote the introduction of French produce and manufactures into this country. With that general regulation, therefore, it would evidently have been grossly absurd and inconsistent, to have required neutrals to have aboard a certificate that no part of their cargoes were French, and to have seized them, wherever met, if they had not such a certificate. Yet this, and more than this, we have actually done, by the regulation now in question; which subjects to confiscation every neutral vessel that, for the sake of security, shall have aboard a certificate, whether true or false, that her cargo is not of British produce or manufacture; by which means, we condemn not only all French produce, but all neutral, or even British produce, that shall actually be certified to be so. France, in short, having strictly prohibited all trade with herself in British manufacture, and all resort to Great Britain, declares, with perfect consistency at least, that she will seize all vessels which cannot show a certificate that their cargoes are not of British manufactures; and this she does upon the supposition, either that they are coming from or going to Great Britain, or that they are intended to be smuggled into her ports, in defiance of her general prohibition. Great Britain, on the other hand, having made no law against the introduction of French goods or manufactures, but, on the contrary, having, in her late Orders in Council, held out every encouragement for their importation, thinks proper at the same time to declare, that she will capture every neutral vessel which shall have a certificate on board, setting forth that her cargo is not British; and this vindictive and most ruinous enactment as to neutrals, she is pleased, with matchless absurdity, to denominate an act of retaliation necessarily adopted for the vindication of her just rights.

Upon the grounds of justice then—of truth or consistency,—we humbly conceive that these recent and unprecedented regulations are utterly indefensible. It only remains to consider, in how far they are likely to be profitable;—whether the gain we expect to make by these extraordinary proceedings, is likely to be such as to indemnify us for the reproach and the censure to which they must expose us. This part of the subject has been treated in a very masterly manner, both by Mr Brougham and by Mr Baring. The latter gentleman, whose habits and opportunities have given him a thorough knowledge of all the details of the subject, has explained, from unquestionable documents and sources of information, the real nature and extent of our trade with America; and pointed out, in the clearest manner,

ner, the disastrous consequences that must follow from the enforcement of these Orders. Mr Brougham, again, has confirmed this general statement, by reference to direct evidence; and established, in the most luminous and convincing manner, the vast injury which our commerce must sustain from the most ample and universal execution of these untimely Orders. Both writers lay out of view altogether the hazard of actual war with America, and draw their conclusions on the supposition that our new Regulations are peaceably submitted to, and cheerfully adopted, by the only neutral state that now remains to be affected by them. The grounds and the tenor of these conclusions, may be explained in a very few words.

By the official returns laid before Congress, it appears, that on an average of three years preceding 1805, the United States had imported annually from Great Britain and its dependencies, to the value of *upwards of eight millions* Sterling; while their exports to Great Britain scarcely exceeded *five millions* for each of those years. For the three years after 1804, the average is upwards of *twelve millions* exported to America, and not more than four millions and a half received in our ports from that country. How, then, is this great balance of seven millions to be made effectual? Mr Baring and Mr Brougham make this perfectly plain; and it leads to a view of the consequences of our interference with this trade, which, we think, should strike some alarm into the abettors of the rigorous measures by which it has been suspended. Though America imports a vast deal more from England than she replaces by her exports to this country, the case is exactly reversed in the history of her trade with the other countries of Europe. To these she exports a vast deal more than is replaced by her imports from these countries; and the balance owing her by those countries has hitherto been transmitted, either by goods brought from the Continent, or in bills of exchange upon London, to answer the opposite balance which is there owing by her to this country.

This is the result of a number of clear and minute details, which Mr Baring's perfect acquaintance with the subject has enabled him to furnish; and of a large accumulation of decisive and concurring testimony recapitulated by Mr Brougham to the same effect. The conclusion to which these facts lead, as to the policy or expediency of the Orders in Council, is deserving of the most serious consideration.

Supposing for the present, that America was not to resent our Orders in Council, either by war or embargo, but to submit to them, and to cooperate with us with the utmost cordiality in carrying them into execution, what would the effect be upon our commerce and upon theirs? Our direct trade with them, it may

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be said, would remain, and we might still export and import as we have hitherto done with that country. It will be observed, however, that we have hitherto exported to the amount of about six millions annually more than we have imported; and the question is therefore, whether America will now be able to replace that balance to us in the way in which it has hitherto been replaced. In point of fact, however, it is proved, that it has been hitherto replaced in consequence of America exporting to the Continent of Europe to an equal extent beyond what she imported from those countries. But our Orders in Council have the effect, confessedly, of putting a stop to her trade with all those countries; and therefore it follows, that she will no longer be able to repay us this balance, nor, of course, to take from us the articles for which it will be due. The first effect of the Orders in Council, therefore, considered as a device for extending our commerce, is to reduce our American trade from twelve millions annually, to something a little above four; that is, in other words, to *strike off, at one blow, two thirds of the whole foreign trade which now remains to Great Britain.*

Even this, however, is but an inadequate and imperfect view of the consequences of these Orders. By cutting off the whole foreign trade of America, we limit her imports, of course, to the articles which she can consume within her own territories; and, by cutting off this only remaining, though circuitous, communication between ourselves and the Continent, we limit our own imports to what we, in like manner, can consume or reexport to America in a state of manufacture. Now, it appears from the different documents recited by Mr Baring, that of the manufactured goods imported into America, chiefly from this country, between two and and three millions are anually reexported to the Continent of Europe. Their demand, therefore, and their ability to pay, will now cease in this further proportion; while, with regard to our own imports from that country, it is notorious that a very great proportion of the tobacco and cotton of which they consisted, were destined for exportation, and ultimately, by the mediation of neutral traffic, for the markets of Continental Europe. If we only take a little more than four millions annually, however, to supply the cotton manufactures for export, and to maintain our traffic in tobacco and coffee with the Continent, it may fairly be estimated, that we shall not take so much as two millions when that traffic is finally cut off, and our supply of those articles limited to our home consumption; and as, in that case, we can never afford to export more than can be repaid by imports, our whole trade with America, or, in other words, our whole foreign trade, will be reduced from twelve millions, to less than two millions

millions per annum. The glut which will be produced in the market, from the impossibility of getting rid of the portion of those commodities hitherto destined for exportation, will sink their value still further, and limit to a still greater degree the safe amount of our exports.

What a degree of misery and impoverishment, what defalcation of public revenue, and destruction of private comfort, would be produced by throwing two-thirds of the articles now destined for exportation, back on the hands of their owners, and consequently, turning out of employment the whole industry and capital now occupied in providing them, may be readily conceived by any one who is at all aware of the delicate balance on which our commercial prosperity is suspended. The evil, however, is still more extensive and alarming in the present case. The balance which America annually contracts, is paid by bills transmitted or goods imported by her from the Continent, where the balance is in her favour. We have cut off that trade, and can no longer look for those imports nor remittances. Now, we might do tolerably without wine or brandy; but what are we to do without naval stores, without hemp and spars, and pitch, and planks and iron? Without silk, and wool and flax, how are we to go on with our manufactures even for home use and American consumption? Where are we to get silver for paying our armies abroad, for subsidies to our remaining allies, or for our trade to India and China; or for paying dividends to foreign stockholders, which are said to be due to the amount of 700,000l. annually? Such will be our state for want of the imports. In consequence of wanting the bills, the exchange will necessarily be turned against us, all over the world, to an extent that will operate as a bar to all foreign traffic, and expose our paper money to the hazard of a depreciation that must be ruinous to multitudes of our most considerable proprietors.

Another consideration, is the risk we run of permanently losing the market of America by a temporary suspension of our trade with her; especially as we must then leave nearly twelve millions Sterling of our money in her hands to assist in forming rival manufactures and means of independent opulence. This is put in so clear a point of view by Mr Brougham, that we must request the attention of our readers to the following passage.

'It has always been supposed, that when hands are cheap and money plenty, commerce and trade will be encouraged, and not till then; but let it be remembered, that America has been both increasing in hands with an unexampled rapidity, and accumulating money by the beneficial effects of a long interval of peace, which she has wisely and happily enjoyed. The public institutions, the manufactories, and the plans for the

the general encouragement to trade, have in that country been for years paſt viſibly upon the increaſe. Their banks at preſent amount to 73; their inſurance companies to 43; the intereſt of money has fallen from 12 or 20, to 6 and 7 per cent.; capital is ſo heaped up, that it is common to meet thirty men poſſeſſed of 50,000l. on one exchange. Four miles from any town, lands were two years ago ſold at 500 dollars by the acre, a much higher price than is known in Middleſex itſelf. An emigration has been of late years perceived to take place from the Northern to the Weſtern part of the country, where the land is cheaper. Nay, they have even a conſiderable number of manufactories already eſtabliſhed; they have, upon ſome occaſions, been able to export to other countries, and have ſo evidently begun to ſupply their own market, that ſome of the witneſſes at your Bar found themſelves cut out of it by the competition of home made goods. The reſult of the whole is, that we have given up a part of our capital for the purpoſe of enabling the Americans to eſtabliſh trades and manufactures of their own; and that, if we continue to force it into this employment, by our fooliſh meaſures, we ſhall ſoon find ourſelves generally and parmanently foreſtalled in the American market by their home-made goods.

'I am far from ſaying, Sir, that theſe unqueſtionable facts ought to alarm this country, if meaſures be taken really capable of foſtering our own trade, or at leaſt leaving our induſtry to itſelf, and letting that of others alone—inſtead of thoſe ſchemes, whoſe only tendency is to ſtunt our commerce and make American manufactures emulate our own. I only prove that it is in vain to talk of this competition as a thing impoſſible. I tell you that it is blind to ſay there is no ſuch danger,—it is fooliſh to ſay that the poverty and cheap land of America will prevent all rivalſhip from growing up, do what we will to force it. I tell you it is an idle ſecurity to ſuppoſe that our preference in the American market is of ſo ſteady a nature, and will be of ſuch laſting duration, that no force or change of circumſtances can wreſt it from us. By the teſtimony of thoſe who have viſited that part of the world, and but yeſterday ſeen the moſt intereſting ſpectacle of a growing nation, that the eyes of man can behold, it appears that its manufactories are riſing, and its capital accumulating. In addition to this, it appears, by the evidence now upon your table, that you have forced no leſs than eight millions of your capital into the ſame channel, in order, as it were, to ſecure—to perpetuate the rivalry of America; and, while you exclude her from all intercourſe with Europe, to render her more and more independent of yourſelves. It is ſurely not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that, under ſuch circumſtances, ſhe will turn the part of your capital which you have lent her, nay, compelled her to keep in her hands, into channels which may ſubvert our traffic both with her and the reſt of the world.

'Again, I beſeech you, Sir, to recollect that I do not ſay America will do all this naturally; if left to herſelf, ſhe may for years and years confine herſelf to agricultural purſuits: but I have ſhown you her capacities for other employments; I have proved that ſhe is even on the brink

brink of manufacturing in a good meaſure for herſelf; I ſay ſhe will do ſo to any extent, if you drive her to it; and I here again warn you how you raſhly do that againſt your own commerce, which no power on earth but yours can ever effect. Nor let any one think that the rivalſhip, which I am anticipating, would terminate with the emergency that gave riſe to it. Even after that peace ſhould be reſtored, which ſome perſons fondly dream of as a poſſible event, it is in vain that you will look for the reeſtabliſhment of thoſe peaceful and proſperous employments which former treaties have brought back to the country. The whole Continent may be ſubdued by the arms of your allies, and its commerce deſtroyed by your fleets; you may ceaſe to have a rival in power, or in wealth, from one extremity to the other of Europe. After dictating a peace to the world, you will ſeek in vain for the reſtoration of the trade which your vigour ſhall have ſuſpended;—it is deſtroyed, if it is ſuſpended. You will find raiſed up, by your jealouſy and violence, a rival to your proſperity, on the other ſide of the Atlantic—a great nation, filled full of capital by your meaſures, and forced by them to be the firſt manufacturers in the world. You will then, no doubt, be immediately repaid thoſe eight millions Sterling which the Americans now owe you; for it is a common and a juſt remark, that ſucceſsful traffic produces honeſt dealings. But what will be the conſequence of having allowed that capital to accumulate, at compound intereſt, by its employment in ſuch channels? Let us think of this, Sir, and look to all theſe things, when we are confiding in our own folly, and blindly hoping that, in wilfully cutting ourſelves out of every one line of induſtry, which has made us a rich and powerful nation, we ſhall ſtill, God knows how, preſerve our influence and wealth!' p. 65—70.

The learned author then refers, in a very impreſſive manner, to the teſtimony formerly delivered by the celebrated Dr Franklin, when examined before the Houſe of Commons, as to the poſſibility of the Americans doing without the trade of England, when he anſwered the problem by ſaying, that if that trade was interdicted, 'they would manufacture more, and plough leſs;' and that they were daily laying aſide the pride they uſed to take in indulging in the faſhions and manufactures of the mother country.

It is the opinion, we believe, even of the framers of our Orders, that they cannot be carried into execution for any great length of time; and the country at large has been induced to ſubmit to them, by aſſurances that they muſt ſpeedily produce the moſt important and beneficial effects; that the diſtreſs which they will occaſion on the Continent, will compel our enemy to relax his commercial reſtrictions; or even force him to ſue for peace; or put the government in danger from the inſurrections of the ſuffering people. Of all the prepoſterous deluſions which have been employed to ſtimulate the exertions, or ſooth the patience of this ſanguine and credulous nation, we do think this the moſt dreamy and ridiculous. It is perfectly evident, that our enemy muſt ſuffer much

much leſs from this annihilation of foreign trade, than we ourſelves muſt do. With the inland navigation of all the Continent at her command, ſhe is leſs dependent on foreign ſupplies. Scarcely any of her revenue depends upon commerce; and her people, kept completely in check by an army which will be allowed to feel no want, would not dare to murmur at far greater hardſhips, than the dearneſs of ſugar and tobacco. We muſt make room for the following eloquent and powerful paſſage from the concluſion of Mr Brougham's ſpeech on this ſubject.

'In anſwer to all our arguments, and in order to quiet the fears that are manifeſtly ſpreading over the country, we are told that the operation of the Orders in Council will put an end to the unnatural ſtate of things which the enemy has eſtabliſhed upon the Continent, and will force open the channels of trade now ſtopped up by him. If any thing in the poſſible conſequences of theſe meaſures could give your petitioners a ſhadow of expectation that the ports of the Continent would be opened, and that the direct trade with it would again be eſtabliſhed; moſt unqueſtionably, as they would have been the laſt to trouble you had any ſuch hopes remained to them, ſo they would even now leave your Bar contented and cheerful, if you could, by any proof or argument, give a colour of truth to ſuch pleaſing proſpects. But when they look to the hiſtory of the conqueſt of Europe, and to its preſent ſtate, or view, what is indeed the ſame thing, the events of the French revolution, they can indulge in no ſuch views. After reſiſting ſo many violent ſhocks from without, and ſo many convulſions within—after paſſing through every ſort of revolution—all the varieties of ſituation—uniform in nothing, except the conſtant increaſe of calamity, public and domeſtic;—after having ſuffered all this without attempting a complaint, or even breathing a murmur againſt the tyrant of the hour—when faction was raging in the Weſt, and the enemy, not always beaten, in the Eaſt—after ſuch ſcenes as theſe, and ſuch incitements to rebellion utterly failed to create, during eighteen years of revolution, a whiſper that could be heard from the people;—I ſay, after all this, you deſire us to expect that the ſcarcity of ſugar, or a riſe in the price of tobacco, or the difficulty of procuring cotton, ſhould throw all France into a flame—bring out the ſeeds of lurking rebellion—draw forth the population of our enemies in array againſt their ruler—make them with one loud voice demand the revocation of the Berlin decree—and force the governor of France himſelf to ſue for peace. That ſuch mighty things ſhould ariſe from ſuch little cauſes, I am far from pronouncing to be impoſſible; but I lament that I have been quite unable to make my clients agree with me, or, by any ſuch efforts, to comfort them under the ruin of their affairs, which they never ceaſe proving to me by the dry details of their legers and day-books, as often as I unfold to them the pleaſing views to which I have been alluding; nor indeed can I find any one to back me, in urging ſuch conſolation to them. The petitioners have further been told, by ſome perſons of airy fancy and loud

talk, that by this great act of ſelf-denial, (a magnanimity conſiderably cheaper to thoſe who preach it up, than to the poor petitioners who are deſired to practiſe it), we ſhall aſſuredly make known in the moſt remote corners of the earth (even in places where the form of a ſhip has never yet been ſeen) the power and the glories of the Britiſh Navy. It ſeems that, in proportion as ſugars become higher in price, or as the people on the Continent find their coffee becoming rougher, the gallant form of a veſſel ſhall begin to dawn on their untutored minds. Growing by degrees more diſtinct, what ideas muſt it raiſe, as the ſweets vaniſh! When at laſt the coffee too diſappears, and the peaſant wholly changes his breakfaſt of foreign luxuries into one of milk or wine,—then indeed will he deſcry our whole fleets and navies, and tremble at the name of England —and thus ſhall the enſlaved people of the Continent ſpeedily revolt againſt the yoke of France.—This topic of conſolation, Sir, I have alſo tried with my clients. But I have been again met with their plaguy account-books and dry details of profit and loſs. They tell me bluntly enough, "All theſe fine fancies are nothing to us, if they do not give us back our American market, which has by the grand meaſures of government been taken away. We aſk back our traffic—our buying and ſelling—our livelihood. We are plain men—merchants, manufacturers, and workmen—and we care not if one half of Europe never heard of the Britiſh Navy, nor knew there was ſuch a thing as a ſhip—nay, nor knew there was ſuch a country as England—provided that half were conſuming our produce and wearing our manufactures. Let the Britiſh Navy and name be as unknown in the heart of Poland as it is in the deſerts of Kamptſchatka—but, for pity's ſake, give us back that trade, the ſole means of our ſubſiſtence—the ſole object of our deſires—the only thing our literal imaginations ever dream about."

'Sir, I greatly fear, that, dull as it may be, you muſt give theſe men ſome other anſwer to their complaints, than the lively and elegant ones which I have been alluding to. I ſtrongly ſuſpect you muſt, in order to ſatisfy the people, make out ſome caſe for the new meaſures which ſhall be adapted to the grovelling capacities of the nine hundred and ninety-nine plain matter-of-fact men who inhabit the country, whatever fligity things you may hear from the thouſandth wit. For unhappily our cuſtomers on the Continent have fallen under the dominion of a matter-of-fact man, who works with ſtubborn tools, and won't ſuffer his vaſſals to rebel for the ſake of a point. *He* does not rule them by the love of ſugar and coffee, and indeed cares little whether the intereſting peaſants ever ſee ſuch things or no. *He* does not leave them to form ideas of a French ſoldier, by raiſing the prices of goods, "in places where a ſoldier was never ſeen." He chains them with chains, and drives them on with bayonets—and ſends half a million of [illegible] men to execute his orders; and, having done ſo, he troubles himſelf but little what his vaſſals ſay about colonial produce—or what orders you iſſue from your Council, even if you ſhould make them as intelligible as his own.' p. 78—82.

Such,

Such, we conceive, is the true view of the effects of our Orders in Council, even upon the supposition that America shall remove her embargo, and conform herself to them with the most cheerful alacrity. It is needless to say, however, how little chance there is of such a result; and the total estrangement, if not the open hostility of that country, may fairly be stated among the inevitable consequences of adhering to our present system. Of the ruin to which our West India islands would be exposed by such an event,—of the hazard of our continental settlements,—of the destruction of our fisheries,—of our incalculable sufferings from the want of naval stores and of corn, in case of a scarcity during our wars in Europe,—it is needless, and, we are afraid, it would be in vain to speak. Neither the government nor the populace of this country have forgiven America for having made herself independent; and the lowest calumnies and grossest absurdities are daily employed by a court faction to keep alive the most vulgar prejudices. Mr Baring speaks upon this subject with so much liberality, moderation and good sense, that we will venture to quote one passage from his pamphlet in support of the unpopular doctrine of American pacification.

'The events,' says he, 'of a civil war left naturally deeper impressions on the unsuccessful than the successful party; and while every little state of Europe was courted, that afforded limited markets for our manufactures, we seemed to regret that we owed any thing to our former subjects; and an increasing commercial intercourse has been carried on under feelings of unsubdued enmity, of which the Government has set the fashion, instead of checking sentiments as void of common sense as of magnanimity. To this error, in my opinion, the present state of the public mind towards America is in a great measure owing. Her success and prosperity, though we dare not fairly avow it, have displeased us; and sentiments have been imperceptibly encouraged towards her, as ungenerous as they are impolitic. If this important subject had been considered dispassionately, we should have discovered not only that we had lost nothing except the barren honour of sovereignty, by America being under an independent government, but that, upon the whole, her increased utility to us in that situation had, to a greater degree than could have been expected from any other, been the means of increasing our resources, in the arduous contest in which we are engaged. She ceases to contribute directly to our naval force; this is the only article in the opposite scale: But then she relieves a considerable portion of it from the necessity of protecting her. In every other respect she contributes, in the highest degree possible, all the benefits which one nation can derive from the existence of another, or that one mother country can receive from that of the best regulated colony.

'If the choice could have been offered us of having the United States as a dependent or an independent colony during the present war,

we could not, on any principles of ſound policy, have heſitated to prefer the latter. If neutrals of ſome ſort have hitherto always been conſidered as neceſſary to countries at war, and particularly to thoſe whoſe reſources are derived from commerce, how much muſt it be our intereſt to have in that character a people politically independent, but commercially as dependent on us as habits and intereſt can make them? Inſtead of foſtering the naval power of the nations of the Baltic, which at every period of our diſtreſs is turned againſt us, this increaſe of trade, which we cannot diſpenſe with, is transferred to a country whoſe policy is neceſſarily that of peace, and whoſe form of government, and political inſtitutions, render a ſteady adherence to that policy inſeparable from their exiſtence.' p. 19—21.

The following obſervations, ſuggested by a pretty long reſidence in the United States, are entitled to the utmoſt attention.

'There are undoubtedly in America many people who entertain a decided partiality for this country, and for a cloſe political connexion with it. There are others, on the contrary, with equally decided antipathies againſt us. Both theſe claſſes are principally compoſed of naturalized Europeans, who are very numerous, and are the great political agitators of the country. The emigrations from England are principally owing to neceſſity or diſcontent, inſeparable from an overflowing population; and thoſe much more numerous from Ireland, where we have unfortunately not yet diſcovered the ſecret of making the great maſs of the people love the Government under which they live, carry with them their hatred, which burſts out into increaſed violence from the abſence of reſtraints.

'But although the oppoſite opinions of theſe two claſſes fill the public newſpapers with every ſpecies of extravagance, the real Americans, who have never been out of their own country, take little part in them; and their views of policy are generally governed by their opinions of its true intereſt, without caring otherwiſe much about what is paſſing in Europe. If there be any bias, it is probably in our favour; the ſympathy naturally ariſing from language, manners, and a common extraction, is ſhown in a decided preference to us as individuals: "Dans toute la partie de l'Amérique que j'ai parcourue," ſays Mons. Talleyrand, "je n'ai pas trouvé un ſeul Anglais qui ne ſe trouvât Américain, pas un ſeul Français qui ne ſe trouvât étranger." The ſtudy of the ſame authors, the exiſtence of the ſame laws, inſures a general reſpect and regard for this country, inſeparable from ſimilar feelings towards themſelves; and perhaps theſe circumſtances might have been improved for political purpoſes, if we had not, ſince the exiſtence of the independent government of America, treated it with a ſtudied and repulſive *hauteur*.

'We have, upon the whole, every reaſon to expect that the political conduct of America on this occaſion will be purely American; and it is to be feared, perhaps, that in reſenting the injuries which ſhe has ſuſtained, her reſpect for the power of this country will rather lead her to undervalue our dangers in the conteſt in which we are engaged. It is not

not surprising that no high opinion of the power of France should be entertained in a country where her flag is seldom seen, but in the humiliating state of flying for shelter from an inferior enemy.' p. 122—24.

Mr Baring has also been at the trouble of making a very full and satisfactory reply to the strange exaggerations and mistakes of the author of War in Disguise, with regard to the frauds which that writer asserts to have been practised under the neutral flag; and even condescends to refute the more vulgar calumnies as to the encroaching spirit of America, and her disposition to take advantage of our present embarrassments to advance claims which she knows to be inadmissible. Mr Baring shows, by an accurate review of our whole proceedings towards that country from the era of her independence, that the very reverse of this is the case; and that she has submitted, with very little remonstrance, to the various capricious and arbitrary changes which we have made for the regulation of her neutral traffic,—though some of those were of a nature the most injurious, and founded upon pretexts the most untenable. Both Mr Brougham and he establish, in the clearest manner, that the substance of our Orders in Council was known at Washington at least a week before the embargo was laid on by Congress on the 22d of December last.

It is to little purpose, we fear, now to lay those facts before the public. There is an infatuation upon us which nothing but positive suffering, we are afraid, can dispel. Never, certainly, in the history of the world, was there an example of such uniform, long continued and fatal ill success as has attended our war system for these last fifteen years; and yet we are as much wedded to it—as sanguine in our views of success—as credulous of ministerial vaunting, and as angry at anxious warnings, as when it was yet unshamed by failure, and flattered us with the prospect of giving law to a regenerated world. It used to be a maxim among political philosophers, that wars were begun by the court, and ended by the people. One of the parties seems now to have forgotten its function. We hope it will not be reminded of it by any great calamity. We shall make a miserable peace, indeed, if we refuse to make it till compelled by an apparent necessity. But if Government will persist in maintaining its attitude of arrogant repulsion till forced from it by the clamours of the people;—if it will cheer on that sanguine but fickle people till it turn and bear them down in the tumult of its retreat;—if calamity alone can bring us to a sense of our situation—then we congratulate ourselves on the passing of the Orders in Council, as the mildest form of that medicinal calamity. If persisted in, they will infallibly produce the utmost wretchedness and embarrassment in the country, and occasion that terrible re-

vulsion, which is the natural end and expiation of all popular enthusiasm. We shall then be forced upon a disadvantageous and dishonourable peace; but it will neither be so bad, nor so dearly purchased, as if we were forced upon it by the conquest of Ireland, or reduced to hail it as the means of escaping a revolution and a civil war.

ART. XIV. *A Sketch of the Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils.* By Ralph Rylance. 8vo. pp. 84. London. Longman & Co. 1808.

Vindiciæ Lusitanæ: or, an Answer to a Pamphlet, entitled, "The Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils." By Edward James Lingham, Esq. 8vo. pp. 70. London. Budd. 1808.

THESE are the only productions which the very singular event of the extinction of the antient kingdom of Portugal, and the emigration of its sovereign to South America, have hitherto called forth: and, with the exception of some discussion in the daily and weekly journals, and a very few incidental remarks in the first debates of the Session, it seems to have excited no speculation among the regular combatants in the political circles. Perhaps this was scarcely to be expected, when the subject bore little immediate relation to the grand matters in dispute between the contending parties, and only affected the greatest interests of the country, and the general happiness of the species. We are quite sensible how visionary and romantic it must appear to the high public characters of the day, to feel an uncommon interest in such indifferent matters. They neither influence the votes of senators, nor touch upon places and patronage, nor contribute to the change of ministry, nor help the government to a triumph over its antagonists. Nevertheless, we take the liberty of viewing them as involving considerations of the utmost importance, and leading to both speculative and practical discussions, as interesting as any that have ever occupied the attention of political reasoners. Therefore, we rejoice that an opportunity is afforded us of entering upon the inquiry; and avail ourselves of the publications mentioned at the head of this article, for the purpose of bringing the whole subject before our readers.

The pamphlet of Mr Rylance is certainly by a good many degrees the abler of the two now before us; while both profess to discuss the subject upon general views—are distinguished by a considerable

ſiderable knowledge of the ſubject—are marked with the moſt praiſeworthy liberality of views upon all the other political queſtions that incidentally occur—and, what is rather a ſingular circumſtance, are both dedicated to Mr Roſcoe of Liverpool. Mr Rylance is a great deal calmer and more modeſt in his language than his antagoniſt, who really ſeems to have little command over his temper; and lays his abuſe about him with a moſt unſparing hand. He alſo enters more fully into the ſubject; which Mr Lingham, anxious only to vindicate the Portugueze government, is very prone to leave on one hand of him. We ſuſpect, too, that the former gentleman, deriving his information wholly from books; has been more careful to ſtudy the different parts of the queſtion; while the latter, apparently acquainted with ſome portion of it from practical obſervation, has fallen into the common error of deſpiſing what others have written, and remained ignorant of a great deal of his ſubject, for fear of catching an error or two among the inquiries of ſpeculative men. Too much praiſe, however, cannot be beſtowed on both theſe authors for their liberal views of political matters; and, in this reſpect, Mr Lingham deſerves the palm; becauſe, having taken up a ſide of the queſtion altogether different from that which either of our political parties eſpouſed, he has kept quite clear of the leaſt appearance of faction; while Mr Rylance has, without any material qualification, except perhaps his praiſe of Mr Roſcoe in the dedication, adopted the preciſe line of argument taken by the perſons in oppoſition to the preſent miniſtry.

After a preface vindicating the late miniſters from certain ſilly aſperſions of their ſucceſſors, Mr Rylance ſets out with ſome introductory remarks on the decline of the Portugueze monarchy, and a diſtinct ſtatement of the circumſtances attending the great event in queſtion. This is wholly taken from the documents publiſhed by the Britiſh government, from which our author gives the proper extracts, adding ſome ſtriking and important commentaries of his own. It is unneceſſary for us to follow theſe details minutely. We ſhall juſt notice the points in diſpute between Mr Rylance and Mr Lingham, and the general ſtatement in which they both concur. It is admitted then, explicitly, by Mr Lingham, that no ſhare whatever in the emigration can poſſibly be claimed by the Britiſh miniſtry or their diplomatic agents at Liſbon. That was wholly, according to *both* theſe writers, the work of our enemies and our allies. The immediate fear of being conquered and dethroned, ſays Mr Rylance, forced the Prince Regent to take a ſtep which he wanted ſpirit to take voluntarily. A magnanimous determination, ſays Mr Lingham, not to ſubmit to the lot of all monarchs whom the arms of France have overpowered,

induced our ancient ally to forsake his capital, and preserve his independence, by retreating beyond the power of the enemy. But both writers maintain, that England had no more to do with this measure than the man in the moon; and Mr Lingham goes out of his way repeatedly to condemn the British ministry for attempting to arrogate any credit to themselves for the result of the enemy's threats and the Prince Regent's unaided deliberations. He even expressly says, that 'the statement contained in Mr Rylance's note, p. 18, is, as far as he knows, perfectly correct.' p. 28. And this statement, thus authenticated, we shall extract, because it may be the means of preserving the remembrance of some material facts, which the arts of faction are constantly attempting to pervert.

'It is most positively asserted by all the British residents in Lisbon who have lately returned, that the Prince was on board of ship when Lord Strangford went on shore to seek him on the 27th; and that the flag of truce which Sir Sidney sent to request an audience on the 26th, returned with a notification from the Prince, that he was at that moment occupied in embarking. This was the first communication that took place between our envoy and the court of Portugal from the time of his leaving Lisbon, when the Prince of Brazil declared against us. It cannot be doubted, that these particulars are entitled to our belief on every account. The proclamations of the Prince are dated Nov 26th; Lord Strangford saw his Royal Highness late on the 27th; on the 29th the whole Portuguese fleet, royal family, court, troops, property, and all were at sea. This proves of itself the utter folly of conceiving that Lord Strangford's conference on the 27th could have affected the proceedings of the court in the smallest degree. Further, the despatch of Lord Strangford, if carefully examined, does by no means state any thing at all inconsistent with the supposition of his having gone ashore after the Prince Regent embarked. He does not say that he saw the Prince on shore. He carefully avoids stating, in direct terms, that his conference with the Prince had any hand in promoting the emigration. He says nothing which can be construed into a direct attempt at misstating the facts, when the real truth comes to be known. But the despatch is so drawn up as to make ninety-nine readers in a hundred believe that Lord Strangford went on shore on the 27th—saw the Prince there—talked him out of his alliance with France—and prevailed upon him to take refuge in the Brazils under the protection of England. It is impossible that Lord Strangford should have written this despatch; and the government which so attempts to deceive the public, by ascribing to itself and its agents what does not belong to them, seriously injures the character of the nation over whose affairs it presides. If any additional evidence were wanting, to prove the truth of the statements above made, we might mention that similar assertions have been repeatedly made in the public papers in favour of opposition—and have never been denied by those under the influence of government.

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It is perfectly manifeſt, then, that the true explanation of the great event in queſtion, is not to be found in the documents publiſhed by the Britiſh government; and that this government ſtands convicted of a baſe and unworthy attempt, either to falſify the ſtatements of their agent Lord Strangford, or to protect that noble Lord in giving to the world a deluſive account of his conduct, for the purpoſe of arrogating to himſelf and his employers a credit which was due to neither. The whole tiſſue of falſehood has moreover been ſo clumſily woven, that the moſt curſory peruſal of the papers is ſufficient to detect the mean impoſture. The mere conſideration of dates is deciſive of the queſtion. To take only a ſingle example. It turns out, that while Lord Strangford and Sir Sidney Smith were cruizing off the Rock of Liſbon by the firſt part of the ſtatement, his Lordſhip ſhould by the latter part have been convincing the court on ſhore that they ſhould remove to the Brazils. It further appears, that after a fortnight's ceſſation of intercourſe, (nay, and moſt hoſtile proceedings on our part,) Lord Strangford went aſhore one day; and the day after (in conſequence, he tells us, of his conference with the Prince Regent) all hoſtilities ceaſed, and the Royal Family embarked for Brazil, and were out at ſea in four and-twenty hours. Sir Sidney Smith, too, ſaw the hills covered with French troops, when there was not a ſoldier of that nation within eighty miles. But we ceaſe to purſue ſo humiliating a detail. Never was a more diſguſting ſpectacle afforded, than this has been to all lovers of their country's honour; and whether the *chargé d'affaires* or the miniſtry be the authors of the fabrication, the miniſtry muſt bear the blame; for they adopted and patronized the impoſture after it was detected; and though they have never, in any debate, dared to ſay one word for their agent, they have rewarded him with honours, and ſent him to repreſent his Sovereign

The two authors now before us differ very widely on every other part of the ſubject. Mr Rylance cannot explain Buonaparte's allowing the eſcape of the Prince, unleſs he really meant and wiſhed that this ſhould take place. He is not, ſays our author, ſo bungling a politician as to permit events which are hurtful to him, and which he might, by a little foreſight or activity, have prevented. To ſuppoſe a manifeſt blunder on his part, is a difficulty which Mr Rylance would fain avoid. We have never ſeen him do ſuch things:—we have no right to think it impoſſible, that what has happened was the very thing he wiſhed to ſee. Any explanation, ſays this writer, is more rational than the idea, that ſo conſummate a maſter of policy ſhould, with his eyes open, have fallen into our ſnare, and favoured the accompliſhment of a meaſure ſubſtantially detrimental to his intereſts. Any ſuppoſition is

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leſs abſurd than that the moſt deciſive and rapid commander ever known, ſhould, by the tardineſs of his movements, have ſuffered an event to take place wholly beneficial to his enemies, and altogether hurtful to himſelf. Let us conſider, then, continues our author, whether there is nothing in this event which favours the views of France. Had the court remained at Liſbon, ſome impediment to Buonaparte's plans of ſubjugating and dividing Portugal would unqueſtionably have been raiſed up. But, what is of far greater moment, England would have ſeized on the colonies of her ally, and held them in full undivided ſovereignty until ſhe choſe, by reſtoring them, to obtain ſome ample equivalent, or emancipated them, and eſtabliſhed a new government there under her unmingled influence, deſtroying all poſſibility of reuniting them with the mother country. The retreat of the Prince to Brazil, was the only event which could at once keep England out of that country, and give France the option of reſtoring it, at ſome future period, to its former dependent ſtate. She now, Mr Rylance contends, by occupying his European poſſeſſions, keeps a faſt hold over the Prince Regent,—favours her plan of excluding us from the Continent,—aſſiſts her projects of aggrandizement in Spain,—and retains the power of tempting the Prince Regent back again with a ſhare of his former territory, after profiting by his ſubmiſſion to her views during all the period of his reſidence in America. By theſe views, Mr Rylance concludes Buonaparte was influenced in permitting the emigration, and regarding it upon the whole as the moſt fortunate event for the ſucceſs of his own projects. If he alſo allowed the Portugueſe fleet and part of the treaſure to be removed, it was part of the ſame plan; for, had the Prince Regent gone over deſtitute of all reſources, he muſt have been ſettled in his colony by an Engliſh force, and been reduced to a mere tool in their hands.

Mr Lingham takes a very different view of this part of the queſtion; and his opinions are founded in a great meaſure upon what he aſſerts to be the character and diſpoſition of the court of Liſbon. In explaining this, it is difficult to imagine any thing more abuſive, than the language he employs towards his antagoniſt. Some paſſages, we are pretty ſure, would ſubject him to puniſhment in a court of juſtice. In the courſe of a ſingle page, we find him launching againſt poor Mr Rylance, the epithets of '*obſcure pamphleteer*,' (as if this polite gentleman were himſelf any thing elſe), and '*wretched libeller*,' and deſcribing his tract as full of '*falſehoods*'—'*malevolent inſinuations*'—'*wanton and baſe inſults*'—'*cowardly attacks*,' and many other things, which we cannot ſtop to quote. Almoſt in the next page, he proceeds to call

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Mr Rylance '*one of the most despicable of mankind*,' and the '*unauthorized tool of a party*;' and to exclaim, 'good heavens! what a shocking profession is that of a libeller!' (p. 17.) And, in p. 19, he calls Mr Rylance 'a pamphleteer, who would, without scruple, vilify and traduce the character of an individual, provided it answered the purpose of a moment.' In a note, he accuses him of '*telling lies*.'

We have little doubt that the above passages are themselves libellous; and, in truth, so foul and scurrilous an attack upon a private individual, we have seldom seen, as this invective against Mr Rylance, for some supposed disrespect to a foreign court, very lately in avowed hostility with his own country. Nor do we think Mr Lingham very happy in rescuing either the Prince Regent or his people from his adversary's criticisms. It will mightily astonish any one who knows the character of that unfortunate Prince, to be told that the most false thing which can be said of it, is to impute to him want of resolution and inferior talents, (p. 21.); and that 'the most remarkable trait in his character, is a decided dislike and dread of *favouritism*. (p. 23.) We suspect Mr Lingham has overlooked the jet of his adversary's remark on this subject. Mr Rylance does by no means assert, that the Prince's ministers or grandees were his favourites;—he plainly points at a very inferior description of persons, as having enjoyed the greatest influence over him; and we believe, in spite of our author's indignation, the fact to be, that the Prince was jealous of the influence of the only men who deserved to rule him, and, as always happens in such cases, gave the preference to a secret cabinet (as we call it in England), composed of the most unworthy councillors. We hope Mr Lingham will not break out into one of his fits of passion at this assertion. We trust he will permit us to make, with respect to '*a friendly people*,' a remark, which we are perfectly disposed to repeat with respect to our own country. His veneration for the Portugueze nation, is, indeed, a little ridiculous. We care not if he calls them 'respectable,' and full of '*energy and foresight*,' (p. 12. & 13.); but, when he tells us of their 'realizing some of the happiest fictions of Epic poetry, and astonishing the world by exhibiting the magnificent spectacle of *a people*, quitting, by *common consent*, the land which gave them birth, and the tombs of their forefathers, to seek for independence in another hemisphere,' one is really disposed to ask, if the author be awake, or in a dream. Then comes a hobbling excuse for all this fine flight, viz. that though all *the people* did not go, '*all expressed a wish*' to go,—only that there was no room for them in the cabin! There is a vast deal more ranting to the same purpose, and much strong denunciation against those who presume to suspect the Portugueze people of apathy with

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reſpect to their government and country. We ſhould think ſuch nonſenſe muſt be eminently diſguſting to every rational native of Portugal.

Purſuing theſe views of the Portugueze character, Mr Lingham views the late emigration as wholly effected by the wiſe and reſolute conduct of the Prince, and the ſupport of his 'generous and magnanimous' people, which has 'revived, in our unfortunate times, the recollection of one of the moſt brilliant epochs in the hiſtory of Greece.' By the moſt ſkilful policy, the court of Liſbon overreached Buonaparte; and prepared meaſures, with ſuch admirable promptitude and addreſs, that the utmoſt exertions of the French army could not bring it to the Tagus in ſufficient time to prevent the great ſtep from being effected. He is peculiarly indignant at Mr Rylance's ſuppoſition, that England would have ſeized the Brazils, had the Prince remained in Portugal, and been dethroned by France; and affirms, that this can only proceed from the greateſt ignorance of the military reſources of that extenſive colony. It is extremely remarkable, however, and quite deciſive of this material point, that when our author comes to argue his caſe, he can only make out the poſſibility of defending the Brazils againſt England, by ſuppoſing that every precaution had previouſly been taken for its defence, *with the aid of England.* For he ſays, that if the Prince had intended to throw himſelf into the arms of France, he muſt have begun by deceiving England, and making her believe that it was neceſſary for him to ſecure his retreat from Europe. We ſhould then have helped him to tranſport armies and ſtores for the protection of his colony; and 'when this game of deep perfidy and profound diſſimulation was played,' (we think it could not have deceived any miniſter, even of *this* country,) we ſhould have ſuddenly found ourſelves ſhut out of the Brazils. (p. 45.) How then could the unaided reſources of this colony have protected it againſt England, when Buonaparte ſuddenly made known his intention to dethrone the Houſe of Braganza? If no ſteps had been taken to defend that ſettlement, how could England fail to ſucceed in ſeizing it when the conqueſt of Portugal gave her a full right to occupy it? We do not, nor does Mr Rylance, contend, that the Prince Regent wiſhed to ſign his own deſtruction by ſiding with France, rather than to eſcape to America; but we maintain, that becauſe he was faithful to England, and becauſe he had taken no meaſures to keep an Engliſh force out of his colony, it became Buonaparte's intereſt to ſend him over, as the only means of preventing the Miſtreſs of the Eaſt from adding the Weſt to her Empire. We by no means wiſh to aſſert, as ſome for party purpoſes have done, that England will not be benefited by the migration of the Portu-

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gueze court; but we must contend, that she would have benefited much more certainly and more speedily by a total emancipation of the Brazils, or some arrangement, not of conquest, but for securing an undivided and permanent influence to her in that quarter. It was for Buonaparte's interest, perhaps, that she should benefit to this limited extent, rather than that his plans should be obstructed in Europe. It was not for his interest that she should obtain the much greater advantages of the other plan, merely that he might add one to the list of the Princes whom he has sent a-wandering over the face of the earth, and seize a few ships, as useless as the famous Copenhagen Navy, for which he has rejoiced to see his once proud and virtuous rival sacrifice her honour and her influence. He knows better the value of '*ships, colonies and commerce.*'

Before leaving this branch of the subject, we must be permitted to notice the great absurdity of the language which it has been so fashionable to hold respecting the '*grandeur and magnificence*' of the spectacle exhibited by the emigration. This vain talk, for it is really nothing else, is in no small degree hurtful in its consequences. It leads the country to believe, that the tide has at length been turned against France, and that glorious deeds may yet be performed by those who have no power to resist her aggressions. Men, prone to admire and to fancy things, discover somewhat wonderful in the emigration of a whole people; and thoughtlessly compare it to the resolution of the Athenians or the Dutch, to prefer liberty with exile, to slavery at home. It is an ungrateful task to dispel such pleasing illusions; but we must really suggest, that there was in the present case *no* emigration of the Portugueze people. They stood quietly by, and saw themselves handed over from the Braganzas to the Buonapartes, without any other solicitude than their regular and very natural anxiety about the price of bread. They saw their sovereign and his court sail down the Tagus, and crowded to the banks to see the sight, just as they would have crowded to see a great whale speared, and as they will assuredly flock to witness the triumphal entry of whoever is to be their new king. What then are the 'magnanimous' persons whose heroic self-devotion every throat in this country has been roaring so loudly about? Why, the plain fact reduces itself to this—Buonaparte sends an army to dethrone, probably to imprison or kill, the Prince; and, he having tried his utmost endeavours to make his peace, finds the army still advancing. He therefore, as all Princes do in such situations, when they have not the rare disposition to die in the last ditch, packs up his awls over night, and, with his courtiers and favourites, and a proper assortment of monks and nuns, runs away

away to a place of safety, there to wait until the storm should blow over. We are far from blaming him. He could have done no real good by remaining to be swallowed up:—but, let us not be compelled to venerate such *heroism* as this. To have remained with his subjects;—to have prepared, not perhaps when the danger was just going to crush him, but beforehand, for his defence;—to have roused his people, planted himself at their head, fought with them until he could no longer grasp a sword, and then fallen covered with wounds, but unwilling to outlive, not his own greatness, but the liberties of his country:—this would have entitled him to the praises which have preposterously been lavished on his prudent retreat; and would have justified us in bestowing on him some of the epithets which we have idly been giving to one who preferred safely ruling over a few subjects in a distant settlement, to sharing the fortunes of the mass of his people, left a prey to successful invasion. The best of it, however, is, that all this nonsense has been talked by the very men whose admiration of the King of Sweden's hopeless but gallant resistance knows no bounds; who used to sneer both at the emigration of the Bourbons, and the frequent Sicilian trips of the Neapolitan Court; and whose utmost abuse was ever ready to fall upon whatever unfortunate prince was compelled by repeated defeats to escape from destruction, by a tolerably fair treaty of peace with France. Surely, if there be any thing more disgusting than the folly of our public measures, it is the childishness of our common talk; and, if signs of evil times were not to be found in great plenty among our actions, we might well be frightened at the ominous appearance of that effeminate license of tongue, now become so habitual to the natives of this country.

Instead of gazing with a stupid wonder and delight at the flight of a feeble court and its selfish attendants, from the pressing danger of losing their places, let us rather follow the example of Mr Rylance, and endeavour to appreciate the probable consequences of a measure which, however common-place and far removed from the sublime or heroic in its motives, must certainly be attended with effects of no small moment. Mr Rylance appears to us to adopt the most temperate and judicious mode of viewing this subject; neither undervaluing the benefits likely to result to this country from the establishment of an independent government in the Brazils, as some distinguished persons have betrayed rather a factious disposition to do, nor foolishly exaggerating those advantages, as the multitude have done, who viewed Brazil as a compensation for the loss of the Continent. As for Mr Lingham, he says not one word upon this, the most important part of the question; and, professing to answer

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Mr Rylance's pamphlet, contrives to avoid touching that discussion which occupies above half of it. He makes a few remarks upon some very immaterial expressions in Mr Rylance's account of Brazil; and signifies his great contempt of that gentleman's advice to England to procure the abolition of the Brazil slave-trade. He abuses the party who have brought about that event in England,—though he regards it in its proper light, of a most wise and virtuous measure; and then concludes his tract with expressing his belief, that he has been answering a work which 'is little read, and still less talked of.' We shall here, therefore, leave our two authors, and pursue the remaining part of the discussion alone;—agreeing in the main with Mr Rylance, though without confining our attention to the topics taken up by him, or adopting the arrangement which he has chosen. We shall, however, clear the way for ourselves, by extracting from Mr Rylance's tract a passage of considerable merit, containing an enumeration of some particulars which we do not ourselves intend to touch upon, but which are of sufficient importance to require being kept in view in the other parts of the inquiry.

'A fruitful source of vexation and disagreement is ready to spring from this union of the house of Braganza with our South American projects. Either his colonies will imbibe that unnatural and strange dislike to the mother country which America showed to England ere she revolted, and thus refuse him a settlement, or they will warmly espouse his cause.

'If they be disposed to revolution, no chance is left us of aggrandizement in America but conquest; and, if they espouse his cause, we are bound to treat them in all respects as an independent people. Here let it be remembered, that among all our well known schemes for subduing South America, or at least of establishing a commercial intercourse with that Peninsula, one measure was constantly suggested;—we must urge the Spanish colonies to throw off the yoke and assert their independence. We have therefore to proceed on this mighty enterprize with the cap of liberty in one hand, and the crown of Portugueze despotism in the other. Whilst we rivet the allegiance of his colonies to our ally, we sow the seeds of disaffection and alienation in those of his European neighbours. Are not the governments of Spain and Portugal twin sisters in tyranny and persecution? Will not an exhortation to the Spanish settlements to shake off their chains, be in effect a libel on the crown and dignity of the Prince Regent? Will not his subjects in Brazil be roused into action by these measures, sooner than by any patriotic exertions which their governor can possibly make?

'It will require the invention of a Machiavel to devise a line of policy to answer these contradictory purposes. No scheme, no project appears so full of peril and difficulty as this of freeing South America. If we take the safest path, and leave the court of Lisbon to manage for themselves,

themſelves, there is every reaſon to believe, that they will renew the trade to Portugal and revive their relations of amity with France. For before they left Europe, they ſeemed to be ſeized with that epidemic dread of Engliſh alliance which is ſo general among the nations of the Continent; and they will doubtleſs endeavour to do without it as ſoon as they can. This ſtrong prejudice againſt England daily gains ground; and on a review of late occurrences, it is hard to tell whether we or the French take moſt pains in propagating it.

'Of one thing at leaſt we may be ſure. Bonaparte will employ all his talent for intrigue to outwit us in this, as he does in every other affair; and our miniſters have yet to ſhow that they can be a match for him. We have been baffled, both in warfare and in negotiation, in the moſt unaccountable and complicated way; our adverſary has uniformly put us upon that line of conduct, which, while we thought it counteracted his views, effectually ſeconded them; making at the ſame time our enemies deſpiſe us, and making enemies of our friends.

'Thus, on a review of the probable conſequences of the Portugueze emigration, it appears that we are not to expect much immediate advantage from that meaſure. The preſent ſtate of Brazil—the neceſſity for aboliſhing the ſlave trade—the innovations and changes attending the eſtabliſhment of the antient ſeat of government in one of its colonies—the proſpect of long and ruinous wars in South America—and the intrigues of the French to deſtroy our new alliance—are all conſiderations which ſhould caution us againſt ſpeculating too deeply on the chance of a reviving commerce.' p. 57—60.

1. The firſt conſideration which muſt ſtrike every one who attends to this ſubject, is, that the change of political ſituation which Brazil has now experienced, will tend immediately, though ſlowly, to augment its reſources; and, in general, to improve its condition. Although the pernicious practice of excluſive companies which cramped the trade of moſt other colonies, never materially injured thoſe of Portugal, a monopoly in favour of the mother country, as rigorous as that of any European ſettlement, has from the beginning checked the growth of the large and fertile country which we are now contemplating. The whole ſupply of its wants, and the ſale of all its produce, was engroſſed, with the moſt jealous excluſion of all competitors, by the merchants of Liſbon and Oporto: and it unfortunately happened, that thoſe who would in this manner permit no other aſſiſtance to be afforded the colony, were, leſs than any other country in Europe, capable of aiding it themſelves. The monopoly of the ſupply and export of North America by England, though it conſiderably checked the growth of thoſe colonies, produced a widely different effect from the ſame meaſure when adopted by Portugal. England could furniſh nearly every thing that America required; and conſume, and procure a market for all that ſhe produced. Portugal, on the contrary,

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could only ſupply her colony by firſt buying from other countries, and could take but a ſmall portion of its produce for her own uſe. Add to this, that her monopoly was in every reſpect much more rigorouſly enforced. A very different effect muſt therefore reſult from the transference of the Government to Brazil, from any thing that followed the eſtabliſhment of American independence in 1783. The weight of the old ſyſtem was much greater, and its removal muſt afford more relief. It is giving the new government but very little credit for wiſdom, to preſume that they will throw open the commerce of the country to all foreign ſtates. Brazil will now be ſupplied with foreign goods as cheap as North America,—it will have as wide a market for its own produce. More of the former will be conſumed, and more of the latter raiſed. The progreſs of wealth will be attended with proportionate improvement to its cuſtomers; at the head of whom, England muſt neceſſarily ſtand, whether ſhe obtains any excluſive favour from the new government, or truſts wholly to her natural ſuperiority in manufactures and trade.

2. But, from the view to which we are thus led by the theory of the ſubject, there are certain material deductions to be made in practice. The colony of Brazil has, no doubt, been conſiderably ſtunted by the monopoly of the mother country; but a pretty extenſive contraband trade is known to have been eſtabliſhed in both the Spaniſh and Portugueze ſettlements, almoſt with the regularity of a legitimate commerce. Thoſe colonies were ſupplied to a conſiderable amount with foreign commodities, both from Europe direct, and through the medium of the Weſt Indian iſlands, which formed convenient *entrepôts* of ſmuggling; and, by the ſyſtematic connivance of the public functionaries, even in times of war, carried on extenſive dealings with the Southern Continent. It may give ſome notion of the regularity with which theſe proceedings were conducted, if we mention a fact well known in the manufacturing towns of this country. The warehouſes of perſons largely engaged in the trade to the Spaniſh Main are generally filled with Britiſh manufactures, made up, not in bales, but in ſmall parcels, frequently with the Spaniſh mark imitated upon the cover. Theſe are deſtined to be carried conveniently under the *capôts*, or in the wide ſleeves, or among the petticoats, or in various parts of the garments of the Spaniards, who flock to the water-ſide to purchaſe the goods which our trading veſſels, hovering on the forbidden coaſt, contrive, every now and then, to land, in ſpite of the guarda-coſtas. If this circumſtance, and the ample returns in ſilver known to be made by the traffic in queſtion, proves clearly, that the monopoly cramps to a great degree the ſupply of thoſe people, it at leaſt ſhows as plainly, that

ſome ſort of remedy is provided for the evil, and a conſiderable relief adminiſtered, notwithſtanding the vigilance of the government. Partly in the ſame manner, and partly through the Spaniſh provinces, thus ſupplied, the Brazilians have been accuſtomed to receive conſiderable ſtores of contraband goods. The extent of this ſupply happens to be known to us by ſome remarkable facts. It frequently has come out in evidence before our prize courts, that Engliſh manufactures have been known occaſionally to ſell cheaper in Buenos Ayres, and other Spaniſh towns in America, than in London. It is too well known to every man who has lived to witneſs the diſgraceful expedition which lately failed in thoſe parts, that a prodigious glut was produced in the market by a moderate increaſe of the ſhipments ſent thither. We have been informed, upon very good authority, that articles of Britiſh manufacture have been ſold in Liſbon and Oporto, after coming from Rio Janeiro, cheaper than they could be procured from England direct; and Sir George Staunton remarked, many years ago, that the ſhops in Brazil were crowded quite full of Britiſh goods, which ſold at moderate prices. We are far from ſaying, that theſe particulars prove that Brazil was always ſupplied in abundance with foreign commodities; ſtill leſs do we ſay, that the glut juſt alluded to, was the ordinary ſtate of the market. But we do contend, that the evidence afforded by ſuch facts, proves diſtinctly the abſurdity of ſuppoſing that the market was always exceedingly underſtocked; becauſe ſuch a glut as we have been deſcribing, never could occur at all in a market ſo circumſtanced. Now, what Brazil got before, was ſupplied by us, either regularly through Portugal, or by this contraband. It is only, therefore, the difference between the precarious and the more regular and conſtant ſupply of our goods, that can in the preſent queſtion be ſet down to the account of the emigration.

3. A deduction of nearly equal importance muſt now be made, on account of the loss which we muſt ſuſtain from the occupation of Portugal by France. Inſtead of ſupplying both mother country and colony, as we uſed to do, with almoſt the whole of the manufactured articles conſumed by the natives, we ſhall now only ſupply the colony; ſo that a conſiderable and immediate increaſe of conſumption muſt take place in the Brazils from the revolution under diſcuſſion, in order only to indemnify us for the loſs of the Portugueze market, with which that revolution has been attended. The courſe of our trade with Portugal uſed to be this—We did not want a great deal of Brazil produce, becauſe our own colonies furniſhed nearly the ſame articles; but we ſent our hardware and woollens to Portugal, for both the European and American market. Portugal paid us for the whole; partly

partly in Brazil produce, but chiefly in wines, salt, &c. her own European produce. She then received payment from her colony, in the produce which she wanted for her own consumption; so that the English manufacturer was enabled to sell his goods both to Portugal and to Brazil, because the Portugueze consumed the produce of their own colonies. But now this trade is at an end. The sugar and cotton of Brazil can no longer go to Lisbon, to pay the owner of vineyards for sending out our manufactures; nor can the wines of Portugal come here to pay us for sending those manufactures thither. Then how are we to be repaid, it may be asked, for those manufactures which, notwithstanding the emigration, we still send out, viz. to Brazil direct? This forms a separate head of account, and leads to a new limitation of the wide prospect of mercantile gains, hitherto so fondly entertained.

4. The only conceivable mode of paying for our goods in the new order of things, is by shipments of Brazil produce. This consists chiefly in sugar and cotton, with some dyeing woods and stuffs, and gold. The gold, and some of the cotton, will still be worth taking in return; but not the sugar. The glut of that article, in every corner of the world, is too well known, and too severely felt, to make it necessary that we should dwell upon it. We had an opportunity lately of explaining the subject pretty fully; and the whole statement, then made, is to the point in the present inquiry. The Brazil sugars cannot be taken in payment of our goods; they are a mere drug; they can in no degree whatever aid us in trading with the new monarchy. In other words, the great staple of the country is quite useless in trade. Nor is it to any considerable amount that cotton can serve our purpose. We already get nineteen parts in twenty of the cotton used in our manufactures, from North America and our own colonies; only a trifling portion of it comes from Brazil. Yet, without any considerable importation from thence, the supply has always been sufficient for the demand; and, of late, a fall of price has indicated, that there were symptoms of a glut in this article, as well as in other West Indian produce. If the whole cotton of Brazil is at once thrown into our market, it will be as useless as sugar. We get nearly enough already. In other words, the second staple of Brazil is next to useless for the purposes of our commerce with that country; and to talk of such trifling objects as the woods, dyes, &c. would be mere waste of time, after disposing of those things which form ninety-nine parts in a hundred of the whole produce of the colony. It is manifest, therefore, that nothing short of a complete change in the cultivation of Brazil, or an uninterrupted communication be-

tween that province and Portugal, can enable us to trade to any considerable amount with its inhabitants. It is equally evident, that, even if the communication were restored, we should receive the produce of Portugal round about by Brazil, instead of getting it direct from the place of growth, as formerly. So that this will be the whole difference produced by the revolution, upon the trade which we have hitherto carried on with Portugal and her colonies, in so far as the returns of that traffic are concerned; and, taking the most favourable supposition that can be made, we shall receive the bulk of our returns circuitously, which used to come directly; and we shall get that lesser portion directly, which used to come round about.

If, on the other hand, peace is restored, and the separation of Brazil from Portugal finally sealed, we are led to another, and somewhat more favourable view of our case.

5. In this situation of things, the trade between Brazil and Portugal being reestablished, but left to its natural course, only so much Brazil produce will go thither as Portugal may require, and the overplus of the produce of Portugal, beyond what Brazil may require, will come to England direct, both in payment for goods sent from hence to Portugal, and in payment of articles sent to Brazil; but which, not obtaining a price in Brazil produce, must be paid for by the export of that produce to Portugal. The former state of things will therefore be wholly restored, with this only difference, that we shall get the Brazil produce direct from thence, and send our goods direct thither. The other branches of the trade in which England, Portugal and Brazil have been connected together, will subsist entirely upon the ancient footing. But if peace shall continue, and if tolerably wise and liberal views regulate the domestic policy of the new government, the increase of the culture in Brazil, and the proportional increase of demand for British goods, must be productive of the most beneficial consequences to our manufacturing and trading interests. The produce most adapted to the state of our markets, will, of course, be raised, and we shall have a wide and increasing field of commercial intercourse opened to us; which being placed far beyond the reach of European politics, may be more surely relied upon as our own, than any of the nearer channels of employment. This slowly increasing and remote advantage, he must be a blind or a factious politician not to perceive.

In this sense, and with these limitations, we may rationally view, in the consequencees of the Portugueze emigration, a balance to the successes of our inveterate enemy in Europe, mighty and uninterrupted as those have been. It is not for the purpose of depreciating them, or of darkening this prospect, that we have entered

tered into the preceding detail; but with the view of ſtripping off the falſe colours which have, for intereſted ends, been ſtudiouſly caſt upon the ſubject; and of warning the country againſt once more falling a prey to the diſeaſe of hope, which, in this climate, ſeems at once to be epidemical and incurable; although we are ſurrounded on all hands with the powerful antidote of perennial diſappointment. It is in order to lend our feeble aid towards furniſhing a preventive, in the preſent criſis, to a malady ſo extenſively hurtful, that we have gone through the particulars of the preceding review; and proved—not that Brazil is nothing—nor yet that it will not prove highly and permanently beneficial to England,—but that the immediate effects of the emigration muſt be, upon the whole, rather hurtful than advantageous; that many years muſt elapſe before they can be very important; that *they* ſhall moſt aſſuredly be bitterly deceived, who expect to find in this new kingdom any compenſation for the loſſes which we are daily ſuffering in every other quarter of the globe; and that the conſummation of public folly will be that of this nation, if it ſhall aſſume a more haughty and warlike poſture towards other powers, from a reliance on the benefits of its new American connexion.

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ART. I. *A History of the early Part of the Reign of James the Second; with an Introductory Chapter.* By the Right Honourable Charles James Fox. To which is added an Appendix. 4to. pp. 340. Miller, London, 1808.

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No human production, we suppose, could bear to be tried by such a test; and those who sit down to the perusal of the work before us, under the influence of such impressions, are very likely to rise disappointed. With those, however, who are at all on their guard against the delusive effect of these natural emotions, the result, we venture to predict, will be different; and for ourselves, we are happy to say, that we have not been disappointed at all; but, on the contrary, very greatly moved and delighted with the greater part of this singular volume.

We do not think it has any great value as a history; nor is it very admirable as a piece of composition. It comprehends too short a period, and includes too few events to add much to our knowledge of facts; and abounds too little with splendid passages to lay much hold on the imagination. The reflections which it contains, too, are generally more remarkable for their truth and simplicity, than for any great fineness or profundity of thinking; and many opportunities are neglected, or rather purposely declined, of entering into large and general speculations. Notwithstanding all this, the work, we think, is invaluable, not only as a memorial of the high principles and gentle dispositions of its illustrious author, but as a record of those sentiments of true English constitutional independence, which seem to have been nearly forgotten in the bitterness and hazards of our more recent contentions. It is delightful as the picture of a character; and most instructive and opportune as a remembrancer of public duties. We must be permitted to say a word or two more upon each of these subjects.

To thoſe who know Mr Fox only by the great outlines of his public hiſtory,—who know merely that he paſſed from the diſſipations of too gay a youth into the tumults and cabals of a political life; and that his days were ſpent in contending about public meaſures, and in guiding or averting the tempeſts of faction,—the ſpirit of indulgent and tender feeling which pervades all this book muſt appear very unaccountable. Thoſe who live much in the world, even in a private ſtation, commonly have their hearts a little hardened, and their moral ſenſibility a little impaired. But ſtateſmen and practical politicians, are, with juſtice, ſuſpected of a ſtill greater forgetfulneſs of mild impreſſions and honourable ſcruples. Coming neceſſarily into contact with great vices and great ſufferings, they muſt gradually loſe ſome of their horror for the firſt, and much of their compaſſion for the laſt. Conſtantly engaged in contention, they ceaſe pretty generally to regard any human beings as objects of ſympathy or diſintereſted attachment; and mixing much with the moſt corrupt part of mankind, naturally come to regard the ſpecies itſelf with indifference, if not with contempt. All the ſofter feelings are apt to be worn off in the rough conflicts of factious hoſtility, and all the finer moralities to be effaced, by the conſtant contemplation of expediency, and the neceſſities of occaſional compliance.

Such is the common conception which we form of men who have lived the life of Mr Fox; and ſuch, in ſpite of the teſtimony of partial friends, is the impreſſion which moſt private perſons would have retained of him, if this volume had not come to convey a truer and a more engaging picture to the world at large, and to poſterity.

By

By far the moſt remarkable thing in this book, is the tone of indulgence and unfeigned philanthropy which prevails in every part of it;—a moſt amiable ſenſibility to all the kind and domeſtic affections, and a ſort of ſoftheartedneſs towards the ſufferings of individuals, which ſeems hitherto to have been thought incompatible with the ſtern dignity of hiſtory. It cannot but ſtrike us with ſomething ſtill more pleaſing than ſurpriſe, to meet with traits of almoſt feminine tenderneſs in the ſentiments of this veteran ſtateſman, and a general character of charity towards all men, not only remote from the rancour of vulgar hoſtility, but purified in a great degree from the aſperities of party contention. He expreſſes indeed, throughout, a high-minded contempt for what is baſe, and a deteſtation for what is cruel; but yet is conſtantly led, by a ſort of generous prejudice in favour of human nature, to admit all poſſible palliations for the conduct of the individual delinquent, and never attempts to ſhut him out from the benefit of thoſe natural ſympathies of which the bad as well as the good are occaſionally the objects, from their fortune or ſituation. He has given a new character, we think, to hiſtory, by this ſoft and condeſcending concern for the feelings of individuals; and not only left a ſplendid record of the gentleneſs and affectionate ſimplicity of his own diſpoſitions, but ſet an example by which we hope that men of genius may be taught hereafter to render their inſtructions more engaging and impreſſive. Nothing, we are perſuaded, can be more gratifying to his friends, than the impreſſion of his character which this work will carry down to poſterity; nor is it a matter of indifference to the country, that its moſt illuſtrious ſtateſman ſhould be yet more diſtinguiſhed for the amiableneſs of his private affections.

This ſoftness of feeling is the first remarkable thing in the work before us. The second is perhaps of more general importance. It is, that it contains the only appeal to the old principles of English constitutional freedom, and the only expression of those firm and temperate sentiments of independence, which are the peculiar produce, and natural protection of our mixed government, which we recollect to have met with for very many years. The tone of the work, in this respect, recals us to feelings which seem of late to have slumbered in the country which they used to inspire. In our indolent reliance upon the imperishable virtue of our constitution, and in our busy pursuit of wealth, we appear to have forgotten our higher vocation of free citizens; and, in our dread of revolution or foreign invasion, to have lost sight of those intestine dangers to which our liberties are always more immediately obnoxious. The history of the Revolution 1688, and of the times immediately preceding, was eminently calculated to re-

vive those feelings, and restore those impressions, which so many causes have in our days conspired to obliterate; and, in the hands of Mr Fox, could scarcely have failed to produce a very powerful effect. On this account, it must be matter of the deepest regret that he was not permitted to finish, or indeed to do more than begin, that inspiring narrative. Even in the little which he has done, however, we discover the spirit of the master. Even in this broken prelude which he has sounded, the true notes are struck with such force and distinctness, and are in themselves so much in unison with the natural chords of every British heart, that we think no slight vibration will be excited throughout the country; and would willingly lend our assistance to propagate it into every part of the empire. In order to explain more fully the reasons for which we set so high a value upon the work before us on this particular account, we must be allowed to enlarge a little upon the evil which we think it calculated to correct.

We do not think the present generation of our countrymen substantially degenerated from their ancestors in the days of the Revolution. In the same circumstances, we are persuaded, they would have acted with the same spirit;—nay, in consequence of the more general diffusion of education and intelligence, we believe they would have been still more zealous and more unanimous in the cause of liberty. But we have of late been exposed to the operation of various causes, which have tended to lull our vigilance, and corrupt our enthusiasm; and which threaten, unless powerfully counteracted, to bring on, gradually, such a general indifference and forgetfulness of the interests of freedom, as to prepare the people for any tolerably mild form of servitude which their future rulers may be tempted to impose upon them.

The first, and the principal of these causes, however paradoxical it may seem, is the actual excellence of our laws, and the supposed inviolability of the constitution. The second is, the great increase of luxury, and the tremendous patronage of the government. The last is, the impression made and maintained by the events of the French Revolution. We shall say but a word upon each of these prolific themes of speculation.

Becauſe our anceſtors ſtipulated wiſely for the public at the Revolution, it ſeems to have become a common opinion, that nothing is leſt to their poſterity but to purſue their private intereſt. The machine of Government was then completed and ſet agoing—and it will go on without their interference. Nobody talks now of the divine right, or the diſpenſing power of kings, or ventures to propoſe to govern without Parliaments, or to levy taxes without their authority;—therefore, our liberties are ſecure;—and it is only factious or ambitious people that affect any jealouſy of the executive.

cutive. Things go on very ſmoothly as they are; and it can never be the intereſt of any party in power, to attempt any thing very oppreſſive or injurious to the public. By ſuch reaſonings, men excuſe their abandonment of all concern for the community, and find, in the very excellence of the conſtitution, an apology for expoſing it to corruption. It is obvious, however, that liberty, like love, is as hard to keep as to win; and that the exertions by which it was originally gained will be worſe than fruitleſs, if they be not followed up by the aſſiduities by which alone it can be preſerved. Wherever there is power, there is a diſpoſition to increaſe it; and if there be not a conſtant ſpirit of jealouſy and of reſiſtance on the part of the people, every monarchy will gradually harden into a despotiſm. It will not, indeed, wantonly provoke or alarm, by ſeeking again to occupy thoſe very poſitions from which it had once been degraded; but it will extend itſelf in other quarters, and march on ſilently under the colours of a venal popularity.

This indolent reliance on the ſufficiency of the conſtitution for its own preſervation, affords great facilities, no doubt, to thoſe who may be tempted to project its deſtruction; but the efficient *means* are to be found chiefly in the prevailing manners of the people, and the monſtrous patronage of the government. It can admit of no doubt, we ſuppoſe, that trade, which has made us rich, has made us ſtill more luxurious; and that the increaſed neceſſity of expenſe, has in general outgone the means of ſupplying it. Almoſt every individual now finds it more difficult to live on a level with his equals, than he did when all were poorer; almoſt every man, therefore, is needy; and he who is both needy and luxurious, holds his independence on a very precarious tenure. Government, on the other hand, has the diſpoſal of nearly fifteen millions *per annum*, and the power of nominating to two or three hundred thouſand poſts or places of emolument;—the whole population of the country amounting to leſs than five millions of grown men. The conſequence is, that, beyond the rank of mere labourers, there is ſcarcely one man out of three who does not hold or hope for ſome appointment or promotion from Government, and is not conſequently diſpoſed to go all *honeſt* lengths in recommending himſelf to its favour. This, it muſt be admitted, is a ſituation which juſtifies ſome alarm for the liberties of the people; and when taken together with that general indifference to the public which has been already noticed, accounts ſufficiently for that habit of preſuming in favour of all exertions of authority, and againſt all popular diſcontent or commotion which is ſo remarkably the characteriſtic of the preſent generation. From this paſſive deſertion of the people, it is but one ſtep to abet and de-

ſend the actual oppreſſions of their rulers; and men, otherwiſe conſcientious, we are afraid, too often impoſe upon themſelves by no better reaſonings than the following—'This meaſure, to be ſure, is bad and tyrannical;—but men are not angels;—all human government is imperfect; and on the whole, ours is ſtill too good to be quarrelled with. Beſides, what good purpoſe could be anſwered by my individual oppoſition? I might ruin my own fortune, indeed, and blaſt the proſpects of my children; but it would be too romantic to imagine, that the fear of my diſpleaſure would produce an immaculate adminiſtration—ſo I will hold my tongue, and ſhift for myſelf as well as poſſible.' When the majority of thoſe who have any influence in the country reaſon in this manner, it ſurely cannot be unneceſſary to remind us, now and then, of the great things that were done when the people rouſed themſelves againſt their oppreſſors.

In aid of these actual temptations of interest and indolence, come certain speculative doctrines, as to the real value of liberty, and the illusions by which men are carried away who fancy themselves acting on the principle of patriotism. Private happiness, it is discovered, has but little dependence on the nature of the government. The oppressions of monarchs and demagogues are nearly equal in degree, though a little different in form; and the only thing certain is, that in flying from the one, we shall fall into the other, and suffer tremendously in the transition. If ambition and great activity therefore be not necessary to our happiness, we shall do wisely to occupy ourselves with the many innocent and pleasing pursuits that are allowed under all governments, instead of spreading tumult and discontent, by endeavouring to realize some political conceit of our own imagination. Mr Hume, we are afraid, is chiefly responsible for the prevalence of this Epicurean and ignoble strain of sentiment in this country,—an author from whose dispositions and understanding, a very different doctrine might have been anticipated. * But, under whatever authority

* Few things seem more unaccountable and indeed absurd, than that Hume should have taken part with high church and high monarchy men. The persecutions which he suffered in his youth from the Presbyterians, may perhaps have influenced his ecclesiastical partialities. But that he should have sided with the Tudors and the Steuarts against the people, seems quite inconsistent with all the great traits of his character. His unrivalled sagacity must have looked with contempt on the preposterous arguments by which the *jus divinum* was maintained. His natural benevolence must have suggested the cruelty of subjecting the enjoyments of thousands to the caprice of one unfeeling individual; and his own practical independence

anthority it is maintained, we have no scruple in saying, that it seems to us as obviously false as it is pernicious. We need not appeal to Turkey or to Russia to prove, that neither liberal nor even gainful pursuits can be carried on with advantage, where there is no political freedom; for, even laying out of view the utter *impossibility* of securing the persons and properties of individuals in any other way, it is certain that the consciousness of independence is a *great enjoyment in itself*, and that without it, all the powers of the mind, and all the capacities of happiness, are gradually blunted and destroyed. It is like the privation of air and exercise, or the emasculation of the body;—which, though they may appear at first to conduce to tranquillity and indolent enjoyment, never fail to enfeeble the whole frame, and to produce a state of oppressive languor and debility, in comparison with which, even wounds and fatigue would be delicious.

To counteract all these enervating and depressing causes, we have the increasing opulence of the lower and middling orders of the people, naturally leading them to aspire to greater independence, and improving their education and general intelligence. Thus, public opinion, which is in all countries the great operating check upon authority, has become more extensive and more enlightened; and might perhaps have been found a sufficient corrective of all our other corruptions, had things gone on around us in their usual and accustomed channels. Unfortunately, however, the French revolution came to astonish and appal the world; and, originating with the people, not only subverted thrones and establishments, but made such havock on the lives and properties and principles of individuals, as very naturally to excite the horror and alarm of all whose condition was not already intolerable. This alarm, so far as it related to this country, was always excessive, and in a great degree unreasonable; but it was impossible perhaps altogether to escape it; and the consequences have been incalculably injurious to the interests of practical liberty. During the raging of that war which Jacobinism in its most disgusting form carried on against rank and royalty, it was natural for those who apprehended the possibility of a similar conflict at

pendence in private life, might have taught him the value of those feelings which he has so mischievously derided. Mr Fox seems to have been struck with the same surprise at this strange trait in the character of our philosopher. In a letter to Mr Laing, he says, 'He was an excellent man, and of great powers of mind; but his 'partiality to kings and princes is intolerable. Nay, it is, in my 'opinion, quite ridiculous; and is more like the foolish admiration 'which women and children sometimes have for kings, than the 'opinion, right or wrong, of a philosopher.'

home, to fortify those orders with all that reason and even prejudice could supply for their security, and to lay aside, for the time, those jealouses and hereditary grudges, upon which, in better days, it was their duty to engage in contention. While a raging fever of liberty was epidemic in the neighbourhood, the ordinary diet of the people appeared too inflammatory for their constitution; and it was thought adviseable to abstain from articles, which, at all other times, were allowed to be necessary for their health and vigour. Thus, a sort of tacit convention was entered into,—to say nothing, for a while, of the follies and vices of princes, the tyranny of courts, or the rights of the people. The revolution of 1688, it was agreed, could not be mentioned with praise, without giving some indirect encouragement to the revolution of 1789; and it was thought as well to say nothing in favour of Hampden, or Russel, or Sydney, for fear it might give spirits to Robespierre, Danton or Marat. To this strict regimen the greater part of the nation submitted of their own accord; and it was forced upon the remainder by a pretty vigorous system of proceeding. Now, we do not greatly blame either the alarm, or the precautions which it dictated; but we do very seriously lament, that the use of those precautions should have degenerated into a sort of national habit, and should be continued and approved of so very long after the danger which occasioned them has ceased.

It is now at least ten years since Jacobinism was prostrated at Paris; and it is still longer since it ceased to be regarded with any thing but horror in this country. Yet the favourers of power would still take advantage of its name to shield authority from question, and to throw obloquy on the rights and services of the people. The power of habit has come unfortunately to their aid; and it is still unfashionable, and, we are afraid, not very popular, to talk of the tyranny of the Stuarts, and the triumph of the Revolution, in the tone that was universal and established within these last twenty years. For our parts, however, we see no sort of reason for this change; and we hail, with pleasure, this work of Mr Fox's, as likely to put an end to a system of timidity so apt to graduate into servility, and to familiarize his countrymen once more to speak and to think of Charles, of James, and of Strafford;—and of William, and Russell, and Sydney, as it becomes Englishmen to speak and to think of such characters. To talk with affected tenderness of oppressors, may suit the policy of those who wish to bespeak the clemency of an imperial conqueror; but must appear peculiarly base and inconsistent in all who profess an anxiety to rouse the people to great exertions in the cause of their independence.

The volume itself, which has given occasion to these reflections,

tions, and from which we have withheld our readers too long, consists of a preface or general introduction from the pen of Lord Holland; an introductory chapter, comprising a review of the leading events, from the year 1640 to the death of Charles II.; two chapters of the history of the reign of James, which include no more than seven months of the year 1685, and narrate very little but the unfortunate expeditions of Argyle and of Monmouth; and a pretty long appendix, consisting chiefly of the correspondence between Barillon, the French confidential minister at the court of England, and his master Louis XIV.

Lord Holland's part of the volume is written with great judgement, perspicuity, and propriety; and though it contains less anecdote and minute information with regard to his illustrious kinsman than every reader must wish to possess, it not only gives a very satisfactory account of the progress of the work to which it is prefixed, but affords us some glimpses of the character and opinions of its author, which are peculiarly interesting, both from the authenticity of the source from which they are derived, and from the unostentatious simplicity with which they are communicated. Lord Holland has not been able to ascertain at what period Mr Fox first formed the design of writing a history; but, from the year 1797, when he ceased to give a regular attendance in Parliament, he was almost entirely occupied with literary schemes and avocations. The following little sketch of the temper and employments of him who was pitied by many as a disappointed politician, is extremely amiable: and, we are now convinced by the fragment before us, correctly true.

'During his retirement, that love of literature, and fondness for poetry, which neither pleasure nor business had ever extinguished, revived with an ardour, such as few in the eagerness of youth, or in pursuit of fame or advantage, are capable of feeling. For some time, however, his studies were not directed to any particular object. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, that his own reflections, whether supplied by conversation, desultory reading, or the common occurrences of a life in the country, were always sufficient to call forth the vigour and exertion of his faculties. Intercourse with the world had so little deadened in him the sense of the simplest enjoyments, that even in the hours of apparent leisure and inactivity, he retained that keen relish of existence, which, after the first impressions of life, is so rarely excited but by great interests and strong passions. Hence it was, that in the interval between his active attendance in Parliament, and the undertaking of his History, he never felt the tedium of a vacant day. A verse in Cowper, which he frequently repeated,

'How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle!'

was an accurate description of the life he was then leading; and I am persuaded

perſuaded, that if he had conſulted his own gratifications only, it would have continued to be ſo. The circumſtances which led him once more to take an active part in public diſcuſſions, are foreign to the purpoſes of this preface. It is ſufficient to remark, that they could not be foreſeen, and that his notion of engaging in ſome literary undertaking was adopted during his retirement, and with the proſpect of long and uninterrupted leiſure before him.' p. iii. iv.

He seems to have fixed finally on the history of the Revolution, about the year 1799; but even after the work was begun, he not only dedicated large portions of his time to the study of Greek literature and poetry in general, but meditated and announced to his correspondents a great variety of publications, upon a very wide range of subjects. Among these were, an edition of Dryden—a Defence of Racine and of the French stage—an Essay on the Beauties of Euripides—a Disquisition upon Hume's history—and an Essay or Dialogue, on Poetry, History, and Oratory. In 1802, the greater part of the work, as it now stands, was finished; but the author wished to cousult the papers in the Scotch College, and the *Depôt des Affaires etrangeres* at Paris, and took the opportunity of the peace to pay a visit to that capital accordingly. After his return, he made some additions to his chapters; but being soon after recalled to the duties of public life, he never afterwards found leisure to go on with the work to which he had dedicated himself with so much zeal and assiduity. What he did write, was finished, however, for the most part, with very great care. He wrote very slow; and was extremely fastidious in the choice of his expressions; holding pedantry and affectation, however, in far greater horror than carelessness or roughness. He commonly wrote detached sentences on slips of paper, and afterwards dictated them off to Mrs Fox, who copied them into the book, from which the present volume has been printed without the alteration of a single syllable.

There are some pleasing letters of Mr Fox interspersed with this narrative. The most important is that in which he gives Mr Laing an account of the result of his inquiries after the Scotch College manuscripts.

"*I have now ascertained beyond all doubt*, that there were in the Scotch College *two distinct* manuscripts, one in James's own hand, consisting of papers of different sizes bound up together, and the other a sort of historical narrative, compiled from the former. The narrative was *said* to have been revised and corrected, as to style, by Dryden * the poet, (meaning probably Charles Dryden, the great poet's

* 'It is the opinion of the present possessor of the narrative, that it was compiled from the original documents by Thomas Innes, one of the Superiors of the College, and author of a work, entitled, *A Critical Essay on the ancient Inhabitants of Scotland.*'

poet's son); and it was not known in the College whether it was drawn up in James's life, or by the direction of his son, the Pretender. I doubt whether Carte ever saw the original journal; *but I learn, from undoubted authority, that Macpherson never did;* and yet to read his preface, pages 6 and 7, (which pray advert to), one would have supposed, not only that he had inspected it accurately, but that all *his* extracts at least, if not Carte's also, were taken from it. Macpherson's impudence in attempting such an imposition, at a time when almost any man could have detected him, would have been, in another man, incredible, if the internal evidence of the extracts themselves against him were not corroborated by the testimony of the principal persons of the College. And this leads me to a point of more importance to me. Principal Gordon thought, when I saw him at Paris in October 1802, that all the papers were lost. I now hear, from a well-informed person, that the most material, viz. those written in James's own handwriting, were indeed lost, and in the way mentioned by Gordon; but that the Narrative, from which only Macpherson made his extracts, is still existing; and that Mr Alexander Cameron, Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh, either has it himself, or knows where it is to be found." p. xxxvi. xxxvii.

Upon inquiry, Lord Holland found, that this narrative was in the hands of Dr Cameron, Roman Catholic Bishop in this city; and obtained from that respectable person the following account of the fate of James's original manuscripts.

"Before Lord Gower, the British Embassador, left Paris, in the beginning of the French Revolution, he wrote to Principal Gordon, and offered to take charge of those valuable papers, (King James's Manuscripts, &c.), and deposit them in some place of safety in Britain. I know not what answer was returned, but nothing was done. Not long thereafter, the Principal came to England, and the care of every thing in the College devolved on Mr Alexander Innes, the only British subject who remained in it. About the same time, Mr Stapleton, then President of the English College of St Omer, afterwards Bishop in England, went to Paris, previously to his retiring from France; and Mr Innes, who had resolved not to abandon his post, consulted with him about the means of preserving the manuscripts. Mr Stapleton thought, if he had them at St Omer, he could, with small risk, convey them to England. It was therefore resolved, that they should be carefully packed up, addressed to a Frenchman, a confidential friend of Mr Stapleton, and remitted by some public carriage. Some other things were put up with the Manuscripts. The whole arrived without any accident, and was laid in a cellar. But the patriotism of the Frenchman becoming suspicious, perhaps upon account of his connexion with the English College, he was put in prison; and his wife, apprehensive of the consequences of being found to have English manuscripts, richly bound and ornamented with royal arms, in her house, cut off the boards, and destroyed them.

them. The Manuscripts, thus disfigured, and more easily huddled up in a sort of bundle, were secretly carried, with papers belonging to the Frenchman himself, to his country-house, and buried in the garden. They were not, however, permitted to remain long there; the lady's fears increased, and the Manuscripts were taken up and reduced to ashes. This is the substance of the account given to Mr Innes, and reported by him to me in June 1802, in Paris."

"I need not trouble your Lordship with my reflections upon this relation; but I ought not to omit that I was told, sometimes, that all the Manuscripts, as well as their boards, were consumed by fire in the cellar in which they had been deposited upon their arrival at St Omer." p. xxviii.—xxxi.

The only other part of Lord Holland's ſtatement to which we think it neceſſary to call the attention of the reader, is that in which he thinks it neceſſary to explain the peculiar notions which Mr Fox entertained on the ſubject of hiſtorical compoſition, and the very rigid laws to which he had ſubjected himſelf in the execution of his important taſk.

'It is, therefore, necessary to observe, that he had formed his plan so exclusively on the model of ancient writers, that he not only felt some repugnance to the modern practice of notes, but he thought that all which an historian wished to say, should be introduced as part of a continued narration, and never assume the appearance of a digression, much less of a dissertation annexed to it. From the period, therefore, that he closed his Introductory Chapter, he defined his duty as an author, to consist in recounting the facts as they arose, or in his simple and forcible language, *in telling the story of those times.* A conversation which passed on the subject of the literature of the age of James the Second, proves his rigid adherence to these ideas, and perhaps the substance of it may serve to illustrate and explain them. In speaking of the writers of that period, he lamented that he had not devised a method of interweaving any account of them or their works, much less any criticism on their style, into his History. On my suggesting the example of Hume and Voltaire, who had discussed such topics at some length, either at the end of each reign, or in a separate chapter, he observed, with much commendation of their execution of it, that such a contrivance might be a good mode of writing critical essays, but that it was, in his opinion, incompatible with the nature of his undertaking, which, if it ceased to be a narrative, ceased to be a history.' p. xxxvi. xxxvii.

Now, we muſt be permitted to ſay, that this is a view of the nature of hiſtory, which, in ſo far as it is intelligible, appears to be very narrow and erroneous; and which ſeems, like all ſuch partial views, to have been ſo little adhered to by the author himſelf, as only to exclude many excellences without attaining the praiſe even of conſiſtency in error. The object of hiſtory, we conceive,

conceive, is to give us a clear narrative of the tranſactions of paſt ages, with a view of the character and condition of thoſe who were concerned in them, and ſuch reaſonings and reflections as may be neceſſary to explain their connexion, or natural on reviewing their reſult. That ſome account of the authors of a literary age ſhould have a place in ſuch a compoſition, ſeems to follow upon two conſiderations: *firſt*, becauſe it is unqueſtionably one object of hiſtory to give us a diſtinct view of the ſtate and condition of the age and people with whoſe affairs it is occupied; and nothing can ſerve ſo well to illuſtrate their true ſtate and condition as a deſcription of the authors they produced: and, *ſecondly*, becauſe the facts that ſuch and ſuch authors did flouriſh in ſuch a period, and were ingenious and elegant, or rude and ignorant, are facts which are intereſting in themſelves, and may be made the object of narrative juſt as properly as that ſuch and ſuch princes or miniſters did flouriſh at the ſame time, and were ambitious or ſlothful, tyrannical or friends to liberty. Political events are not the only events which are recorded even in ancient hiſtory; and now, when it is generally admitted, that even political events cannot be fully underſtood or accounted for without taking into view the preceding and concomitant changes in manners, literature, commerce, &c. it cannot fail to appear ſurpriſing, that an author of ſuch a compaſs of mind as belonged to Mr Fox, ſhould have thought of confining himſelf to the mere chronicling of wars or factions, and held himſelf excluded, by the laws of hiſtorical compoſition, from touching upon topics ſo much more intereſting.

The truth is, however, that Mr Fox has by no means adhered to this plan of merely 'telling the ſtory of the times' of which he treats. On the contrary, he is more full of argument, and what is properly called reflection, than moſt modern hiſtorians with whom we are acquainted. His argument, to be ſure, is chiefly directed to aſcertain the truth of reputed facts, or the motives of ambiguous actions; and his reflections, however juſt and natural, may commonly be conſidered as redundant with a view to mere information. Of another kind of reaſoning, indeed, he is more ſparing, and of a kind far more valuable, and, in our apprehenſion, far more eſſential to the true perfection of hiſtory. We allude now to thoſe general views of the cauſes which influence the character and diſpoſition of the people at large; and which, as they vary from age to age, bring a greater or a ſmaller part of the nation into contact with its government, and ultimately produce the ſucceſs or failure of every ſcheme of tyranny or freedom. The more this ſubject is meditated, the more certain, we are perſuaded, it will appear, that all permanent and important occurrences in the internal hiſtory of a country, are the reſult of thoſe changes

changes in the general character of its population; and that kings and miniſters are neceſſarily guided in their projects by a feeling of the tendencies of this varying character, and fail or ſucceed exactly as they had judged correctly or erroneouſly of its condition. To trace the cauſes and the modes of its variation, is, therefore, to deſcribe the true ſources of events; and merely to narrate the occurrences to which it gave riſe, is to recite a hiſtory of actions without intelligible motives, and of effects without aſſignable cauſes. It is true, no doubt, that political events operate in their turn on that national character by which they are previouſly moulded and controuled: but they are very far, indeed, from being the chief agents in its formation; and the hiſtory of thoſe very events is neceſſarily imperfect, as well as uninſtructive, if the conſideration of thoſe other agents is omitted. They conſiſt of every thing which affects the character of individuals,—manners, education, prevailing occupations, religion, taſte, and, above all, the diſtribution of wealth, and the ſtate of prejudice and opinions.

It is the more to be regretted that ſuch a mind as Mr Fox's ſhould have been bound up from ſuch a ſubject by the ſhackles of an idle theory, becauſe the period of which he treats affords the fineſt of all opportunities for proſecuting ſuch an inquiry, and does not indeed admit of an intelligible or ſatisfactory hiſtory upon any other conditions. There are three great events, falling within that period, of which, it appears to us, that the ſtory has not yet been intelligibly told, for want of ſome ſuch analyſis of the national feelings. One is, the univerſal joy and ſincere confidence with which Charles II. was received back, without one ſtipulation for the liberties of the people, or one precaution againſt the abuſes of power. This was done by the very people who had waged war againſt a more amiable Sovereign, and quarrelled with the Protector for depriving them of their freedom. It is ſaying nothing, to ſay, that Monk did this by means of the army. It was not done either by Monk or the army, but by the nation; and even if it were not ſo, the queſtion would ſtill be, by what change in the diſpoſitions of the army and the nation Monk was able to make them do it. The ſecond event which muſt always appear unaccountable upon the mere narrative of the circumſtances, is the baſe and abject ſubmiſſion of the people to the avowed tyranny of Charles, when he was pleaſed at laſt to give up the uſe of Parliaments, and to tax and govern on his own ſingle authority. This happened when moſt of thoſe muſt have ſtill been alive who had ſeen the nation riſe up in arms againſt his father, and within five years of the time when it roſe up ſtill more unanimouſly againſt his ſucceſſor, and not only changed the ſucceſſion of the crown, but very ſtrictly defined and limited its prerogatives.

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The third, is the Revolution itself; an event which was brought about by the very individuals who had submitted so quietly to the domination of Charles, and who, when assembled in the House of Commons under James himself, had, of their own accord, sent one of their members to the Tower for having observed, upon a harsh and tyrannical expression of the King's, that 'he hoped they were all Englishmen, and not to be frighted with a few hard words.' It is not to give us the history of these events, merely to set down the time and circumstances of their occurrence. They evidently require some explanation, in order to be comprehended; and the narrative will be altogether unsatisfactory, as well as totally barren of instruction, unless it give some account of those changes in the general temper and opinion of the nation, by which such contradictory actions became possible. Mr Fox's conception of the limits of legitimate history, restrained him, we are afraid, from entering into such considerations; and they will best estimate the amount of his error, who are most aware of the importance of the information of which it has deprived us. Nothing, in our apprehension, can be beyond the province of legitimate history, which tends to give us clear conceptions of the times and characters with which that history is conversant; nor can the story of any time be complete or valuable, unless it look before and after, to the causes and consequences of the events which it details, and mark out the period with which it is occupied, as part of a greater series, as well as an object of separate consideration.

In proceeding to the consideration of Mr Fox's own part of this volume, it may be as well to complete that general estimate of its excellence and defects which we have been led incidentally to express in a good degree already. We shall then be able to pursue our analysis of the successive chapters with less distraction.

The sentiments, we think, are almost all just, and candid, and manly; but the narrative is too minute and diffusive, and does not in general flow with much spirit or facility. Inconsiderable incidents are detailed at far too great length; and an extreme and painful anxiety is shown to ascertain the exact truth of doubtful or contested passages, and the probable motives of insignificant and ambiguous actions. The labour which is thus visibly bestowed on the work, appears disproportioned to the importance of the result. The history becomes, in a certain degree, languid and heavy; and something like a feeling of disappointment and impatience is generated, from the tardiness and excessive caution with which the story is carried forward. In those constant attempts too, to verify the particulars which are narrated, a certain tone of debate is frequently assumed, which savours more of the orator than the historian; and though there is nothing florid or rhetorical in the general

general cast of the diction, yet those argumentative passages are evidently more akin to public speaking than to written composition. Frequent interrogations—short alternative propositions,—and an occasional mixture of familiar images and illustrations,—all denote a certain habit of personal altercation, and of keen and animated contention. Instead, therefore, of a work emulating the full and flowing narrative of Livy or Herodotus we find in Mr Fox's book rather a series of critical remarks on the narratives of preceding writers, mingled up with occasional details somewhat more copious and careful than the magnitude of the subjects seemed to require. The history, in short, is planned upon too broad a scale, and the narrative too frequently interrupted by small controversies and petty discussions. We are aware that these objections may be owing in a good degree to the smallness of the fragment upon which the critic unfortunately obliged to hazard them, and that those occupations which appear gigantic in this little relic, might have wealth, and more than majestic in the finished work; but, even more to the king allowance for this consideration, we cannot help to have been of that the details are too minute, and the verification accurate.

The introductory chapter is full of admirable reasonings and just reflections. It begins with noticing, that there are certain periods in the history of every people, which are obviously big with important consequences, and exercise a visible and decisive influence on the times that come after. The reign of Henry VII. is one of these, with relation to England;—another is that comprised between 1588 and 1640;—and the most remarkable of all, is that which extends from the last of these dates, to the death of Charles II.—the æra of constitutional principles and practical tyranny—of the best laws, and the most corrupt administration. It is to the review of this period, that the introductory chapter is dedicated.

Mr Fox approves of the first proceedings of the Commons; but censures without reserve the unjustifiable form of the proceedings against Lord Strafford, whom he qualifies with the name of a great delinquent. With regard to the causes of the civil war, the most difficult question to determine is, whether the parliament made sufficient efforts to avoid bringing affairs to such a decision. That they had justice on their side, he says, cannot be reasonably doubted,—but seems to think that something more might have been done, to bring matters to an accommodation. With regard to the execution of the King, he makes the following striking observations, in that tone of fearless integrity and natural mildness, which we have already noticed as characteristic of this performance.

'The execution of the King, though a far less violent measure than

that

The [illegible] of Lord Strafford, is an event of so singular a nature, that we cannot wonder that it should have excited more sensation than any other in the annals of England. This exemplary act of substantial justice, as it has been called by some, of enormous wickedness by others, must be considered in two points of view. First, was it not in itself just and necessary? Secondly, was the example of it likely to be salutary or pernicious? In regard to the first of these questions, Mr Hume, not perhaps intentionally, makes the best justification of it, by saying, that while Charles lived, the projected republic could never be secure. But to justify taking away the life of an individual, upon the principle of self-defence, the danger must be not problematical and remote, but evident and immediate. The danger in this instance was not of such a nature; and the imprisonment, or even banishment, of Charles, might have given to the republic such a degree of security as any government ought to be content with. It must be confessed however, on the other side, that if the republican government had a ultimate hope King to escape, it would have been an act of justice and generosity unexampled; and to have granted him even his life, would have [illegible]rror, who among the more rare efforts of virtue. The short interval between which deposal and death of princes is become proverbial; and though there be some few examples on the other side, as far as life is concerned it is clear doubtful whether a single instance can be found, where liberty has been restored to a deposed monarch. Among the modes of destroying persons in such a situation, there can be little doubt but that adopted by Cromwell and his adherents is the least dishonourable. Edward the Second, Richard the Second, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fifth, had none of them long survived their deposal; but this was the first instance, in our history at least, where, of such an act, it could be truly said, that it was not done in a corner.

'As to the second question, whether the advantage to be derived from the example was such as to justify an act of such violence, it appears to me to be a complete solution of it to observe, that with respect to England, (and I know not upon what ground we are to set examples for other nations, or, in other words, to take the criminal justice of the world into our hands), it was wholly needless, and therefore unjustifiable, to set one for kings, at a time when it was intended the office of King should be abolished, and consequently, that no person should be in the situation to make it the rule of his conduct. Besides, the miseries attendant upon a deposed monarch, seem to be sufficient to deter any prince, who thinks of consequences, from running the risk of being placed in such a situation; or, if death be the only evil that can deter him, the fate of former tyrants deposed by their subjects, would by no means encourage him to hope he could avoid even that catastrophe. As far as we can judge from the event, the example was certainly not very effectual, since both the sons of Charles, though having their father's fate before their eyes, yet feared not to violate the liberties of the people even more than he had attempted to do.

'If we consider this question of example in a more extended view, and

look to the general effect produced upon the minds of men, it cannot be doubted but the opportunity thus given to Charles, to display his firmneſs and piety, has created more reſpect for his memory than it could otherwiſe have obtained. Reſpect and pity for the ſufferer, on one hand, and hatred to his enemies, on the other, ſoon produce favour and averſion to their reſpective cauſes; and thus, even though it ſhould be admitted, (which is doubtful), that ſome advantage may have been gained to the cauſe of liberty, by the terror of the example operating upon the minds of princes, ſuch advantage is far outweighed by the zeal which admiration for virtue, and pity for ſufferings, the beſt paſſions of the human heart, have excited in favour of the royal cauſe. It has been thought dangerous to the morals of mankind, even in fiction and romance, to make us ſympathize with characters whoſe general conduct is blameable; but how much greater muſt the effect be, when in real hiſtory our feelings are intereſted in favour of a monarch with whom, to ſay the leaſt, his ſubjects were obliged to contend in arms for their liberty? After all, however, notwithſtanding what the more reaſonable part of mankind may think upon this queſtion, it is much to be doubted whether this ſingular proceeding has not, as much as any other circumſtance, ſerved to raiſe the character of the Engliſh nation in the opinion of Europe in general. He who has read, and ſtill more he who has heard in converſation, diſcuſſions upon this ſubject, by foreigners, muſt have perceived, that, even in the minds of thoſe who condemn the act, the impreſſion made by it has been far more that of reſpect and admiration, than that of diſguſt and horror. The truth is, that the guilt of the action, that is to ſay, the taking away the life of the King, is what moſt men in the place of Cromwell and his aſſociates would have incurred; what there is of ſplendour and of magnanimity in it, I mean the publicity and ſolemnity of the act, is what few would be capable of diſplaying. It is a degrading fact to human nature, that even the ſending away of the Duke of Glouceſter was an inſtance of generoſity almoſt unexampled in the hiſtory of tranſactions of this nature.' p. 13—17.

Under the protector, of whom he ſpeaks with candour, the government was abſolute—and, on his death, fell wholly into the hands of the army. He ſpeaks with contempt and ſevere cenſure of Monk for the precipitate and unconditional ſubmiſſion into which he hurried the country at the reſtoration; and makes the following candid reflection on the ſubſequent puniſhment of the regicides.

'With reſpect to the execution of thoſe who were accuſed of having been more immediately concerned in the King's death, that of Scrope, who had come in upon the proclamation, and of the military officers who had attended the trial, was a violation of every principle of law and juſtice. But the fate of the others, though highly diſhonourable to Monk, whoſe whole power had ariſen from his zeal in their ſervice, and the favour and confidence with which they had rewarded him, and not perhaps very creditable to the nation, of which many had applauded, more had ſupported, and almoſt all had acquieſced in the act, is not certainly

certainly to be imputed as a crime to the King, or to thoſe of his adviſers who were of the Cavalier party. 'The paſſion of revenge, though properly condemned both by philoſophy and religion, yet when it is excited by injurious treatment of perſons juſtly dear to us, is among the moſt excuſeable of human frailties; and if Charles, in his general conduct, had ſhown ſtronger feelings of gratitude for ſervices performed to his father, his character, in the eyes of many, would be rather raiſed than lowered by this example of ſeverity againſt the regicides.' p. 22, 23.

The mean and unprincipled ſubmiſſion of Charles to Louis XIV, and the profligate pretences upon which he was perpetually ſoliciting an increaſe of his diſgraceful ſtipend, are mentioned with becoming reprobation. The deluſion of the Popiſh plot is noticed at ſome length; and ſome admirable remarks are introduced with reference to the debates on the expediency of paſſing a bill for excluding the Duke of York from the Crown, or of impoſing certain reſtrictions on him in the event of his ſucceſſion. The following obſervations are diſtinguiſhed for their ſoundneſs, as well as their acuteneſs; and are applicable, in principle, to every period of our hiſtory in which it can be neceſſary to recur to the true principles of the conſtitution.

'It is not eaſy to conceive upon what principles even the Tories could juſtify their ſupport of the reſtrictions. Many among them, no doubt, ſaw the proviſions in the ſame light in which the Whigs repreſented them, as an expedient, admirably indeed adapted to the real object of upholding the preſent King's power, by the defeat of the excluſion, but never likely to take effect for their pretended purpoſe of controuling that of his ſucceſſor; and ſupported them for that very reaſon. But ſuch a principle of conduct was too fraudulent to be avowed; nor ought it perhaps, in candour, to be imputed to the majority of the party. To thoſe who acted with good faith, and meant that the reſtrictions ſhould really take place, and be effectual, ſurely it ought to have occurred, (and to thoſe who moſt prized the prerogatives of the crown, it ought moſt forcibly to have occurred), that in conſenting to curtail the powers of the crown, rather than to alter the ſucceſſion, they were adopting the greater, in order to avoid the leſſer evil. The queſtion of, what are to be the powers of the crown, is ſurely of ſuperior importance to that of, who ſhall wear it? Thoſe, at leaſt, who conſider the royal prerogative as veſted in the King, not for his ſake, but for that of his ſubjects, muſt conſider the one of theſe queſtions as much above the other in dignity, as the rights of the public are more valuable than thoſe of an individual. In this view, *the prerogatives of the crown are in ſubſtance and effect the rights of the people; and theſe rights of the people were not to be ſacrificed to the purpoſe of preſerving the ſucceſſion to the moſt favoured prince*, much leſs to one who, on account of his religious perſuaſion, was juſtly feared and ſuſpected. In truth, the queſtion between the excluſion and reſtrictions ſeems peculiarly calculated to aſcertain the different views in which

the different parties in this country have ſeen, and perhaps ever will ſee, the prerogatives of the crown. The Whigs, who conſider them as a truſt for the people, a doctrine which the Tories themſelves, when puſhed in argument, will ſometimes admit, naturally think it their duty rather to change the manager of the truſt, than to impair the ſubject of it; while others, who conſider them as the right or property of the King, will as naturally act as they would do in the caſe of any other property, and conſent to the loſs or annihilation of any part of it, for the purpoſe of preſerving the remainder to him, whom they ſtyle the rightful owner. If the people be the ſovereign, and the King the delegate, it is better to change the bailiff than to injure the farm; but if the King be the proprietor, it is better the farm ſhould be impaired, nay, part of it deſtroyed, than that the whole ſhould paſs over to an uſurper. The royal prerogative ought, according to the Whigs, (not in the caſe of a Popiſh ſucceſſor only, but in all caſes), to be reduced to ſuch powers as are in their exerciſe beneficial to the people; and of the benefit of theſe they will not raſhly ſuffer the people to be deprived, whether the executive power be in the hands of an hereditary, or of an elected King; of a regent, or of any other denomination of magiſtrate; while, on the other hand, they who conſider prerogative with reference only to re[illegible]pe, will, with equal readineſs, conſent either to the extenſion or to the ſuſpenſion of its exerciſe, as the occaſional intereſts of the prince ſhall ſeem to require.' p. 37—39.

Of the reality of any deſign to aſſaſſinate the King by thoſe engaged in what was called the Rye-Houſe-Plot, Mr Fox appears to entertain conſiderable doubt, partly on account of the improbability of many of the circumſtances, and partly on account of the uniform and reſolute denial of Rumbold, the chief of that party, in circumſtances when he had no conceiveable inducement to diſguiſe the truth. Of the condemnation of Ruſſell and Sydney, he ſpeaks with the indignation which muſt be felt by all friends to liberty at the recollection of that diſgraceful proceeding. The following paſſage is one of the moſt eloquent and one of the moſt characteriſtic in the whole volume.

'Upon evidence ſuch as has been ſtated, was this great and excellent man (Sydney) condemned to die. Pardon was not to be expected. Mr Hume ſays, that ſuch an interference on the part of the King, though it might have been an act of heroick generoſity, could not be regarded as an indiſpenſable duty. He might have ſaid, with more propriety, that it was idle to expect that the government, after having incurred ſo much guilt in order to obtain the ſentence, ſhould, by remitting it, relinquiſh the object juſt when it was within its graſp. The ſame hiſtorian conſiders the jury as highly blameable, and ſo do I; but what was their guilt, in comparison of that of the court who tried, and of the government who proſecuted, in this infamous cauſe? Yet the jury, being the only party that can with any colour be ſtated as acting independently of the govern-

ment,

ment, is the only one mentioned by him as blameable. The prosecutor is wholly omitted in his censure, and so is the court; this last, not from any tenderness for the judge, (who, to do this author justice, is no favourite with him), but lest the odious connexion between that branch of the judicature and the government should strike the reader too forcibly; for Jefferies, in this instance, ought to be regarded as the mere tool and instrument (a fit one, no doubt) of the prince who had appointed him for the purpose of this and similar services. Lastly, the King is gravely introduced on the question of pardon, as if he had had no prior concern in the cause, and were now to decide upon the propriety of extending mercy to a criminal condemned by a court of judicature; nor are we once reminded what that judicature was, by whom appointed, by whom influenced, by whom called upon, to receive that detestable evidence, the very recollection of which, even at this distance of time, fires every honest heart with indignation. As well might we palliate the murders of Tiberius, who seldom put to death his victims without a previous decree of his senate. The moral of all this seems to be, that whenever a prince can, by intimidation, corruption, illegal evidence, or other such means, obtain a verdict against a subject whom he dislikes, he may cause him to be executed without any breach of indispensable duty; nay, that it is an act of heroic generosity, if he spares him. I never reflect on Mr Hume's statement of the matter but with the deepest regret. Widely as I differ from him on many other occasions, this appears to me to be the most reprehensible passage of his whole work. A spirit of adulation towards deceased princes, though in a good measure free from the imputation of interested meanness, which is justly attached to flattery, when applied to living monarchs; yet, as it is less intelligible with respect to its motives, than the other, so is it in its consequences still more pernicious to the general interests of mankind. Fear of censure from contemporaries will seldom have much effect upon men in situations of unlimited authority; they will too often flatter themselves, that the same power which enables them to commit the crime, will secure them from reproach. The dread of posthumous infamy, therefore, being the only restraint, their consciences excepted, upon the passions of such persons, it is lamentable that this last defence, (feeble enough at best), should in any degree be impaired; and impaired it must be, if not totally destroyed, when tyrants can hope to find in a man like Hume, no less eminent for the integrity and benevolence of his heart, than for the depth and soundness of his understanding, an apologist for even their foulest murders.' p. 48—50.

The circumstances of Mr Locke's expulsion from Oxford, are narrated with rather more minuteness than seems to be necessary; and the story is summed up with this striking reflection.

'Thus, while, without the shadow of a crime, Mr Locke lost a situation attended with some emolument, and great convenience,

was the University deprived of, or rather thus, from the base principles of servility, did she cast away, the man the having produced whom is now her chiefest glory; and thus, to those who are not determined to be blind, did the true nature of absolute power discover itself, against which the middling station is not more secure than the most exalted. Tyranny, when glutted with the blood of the great, and the plunder of the rich, will condescend to hunt humbler game, and make a peaceable and innocent fellow of a college the object of its persecution. In this instance, one would almost imagine there was some instinctive sagacity in the government of that time, which pointed out to them, even before he had made himself known to the world, the man who was destined to be the most successful adversary of superstition and tyranny.' p. 54.

The uncontrouled tyranny of Charles's administration in his latter days, is depicted with much force and fidelity; and the clamour raised by his other ministers against the Marquis of Halifax, for having given an opinion in council that the North American colonies should be made participant in the benefits of the English constitution, gives occasion to the following natural reflection.

'There is something curious in discovering, that, even at this early period, a question relative to North American liberty, and even to North American taxation, was considered as the test of principles friendly, or adverse, to arbitrary power at home. But the truth is, that among the several controversies which have arisen, there is no other wherein the natural rights of man on the one hand, and the authority of artificial institution on the other, as applied respectively, by the Whigs and Tories, to the English constitution, are so fairly put in issue, nor by which the line of separation between the two parties is so strongly and distinctly marked.' p. 60.

The character of Charles is drawn by Mr Fox with great freedom, but we think with perfect fairness and candour.

'From the facts which have been stated,' he observes, 'we may collect, that his ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmixed with the love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean and treacherous; to which may be added, vindictive and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to him the praise of clemency and forgiveness, seems to be perfectly justifiable; nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyric. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced, of his having spared the life of any one, whom motives either of policy, or of revenge, prompted him to destroy.

'On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety

propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable; and, if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a laudable sort, he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the Stoics are not perhaps wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him; and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet, inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the Queen during the heats raised by the Popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster, than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

'The best part of this Prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Mrs Gwyn, upon his deathbed, to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connexion with those ladies might be vicious; but, at a moment when that connexion was upon the point of being finally and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad men, should be confounded. His affection for the Duke Gloucester, and for the Dutchess of Orleans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have done, his grief for the loss of the first to political considerations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement, whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insinuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a Monster.' p. 62—66.

The Introductory Chapter is closed by the following profound and important remarks, which may indeed serve as a key to the whole transactions of the ensuing reign.

'Whoever reviews the interesting period which we have been discussing, upon the principle recommended in the outset of this chapter, will find, that, from the consideration of the past, to prognosticate the future, would, at the moment of Charles's demise, be no easy task. Between two persons, one of whom should expect that the country would remain sunk in slavery, the other, that the cause of freedom would revive and triumph, it would be difficult to decide, whose reasons were better supported, whose speculations the more probable. I should guess that he who desponded, had looked more at the state of the public; while he who was sanguine, had fixed his eyes more attentively upon the person who was about to mount the throne. Upon reviewing the two great parties of the nation, one observation occurs very forcibly, and that is, that the great strength of the Whigs consisted in their being able to brand their adversaries as favourers of Popery; that of the Tories (as far as their strength depended upon opinion, and not merely upon the power of the Crown), in their finding colour to represent the Whigs as republicans. From this observation we may draw a further inference, that, in proportion to the rashness of the Crown, in avowing and pressing forward the cause of Popery, and to the moderation and steadiness of the Whigs, in adhering to the form of monarchy, would be the chance of the people of England, for changing an ignominious despotism, for glory, liberty and happiness.' p. 66, 67.

James was known to have had so large a share in the councils of his brother, that no one expected any material change of system from his accession. The Church, indeed, it was feared, might be less safe under a professed Catholic; and the severity of his temper might inspire some dread of an aggravated oppression. It seems to be Mr Fox's great object, in this first chapter, to prove that the object of his early policy was, not to establish the Catholic religion, but to make himself absolute and independent of his Parliament.

'It is the more material,' he judiciously observes, 'to attend to this distinction, because the Tory historians, especially such of them as are not Jacobites, have taken much pains to induce us to attribute the violences and illegalities of this reign to James's religion, which was peculiar to him, rather than to that desire of absolute power, which so many other princes have had, have, and always will have, in common with him. The policy of such misrepresentation is obvious. If this reign is to be considered as a period insulated, as it were, and unconnected with the general course of history, and if the events of it are to be attributed exclusively to the particular character, and particular attachments of the monarch, the sole inference will be, that we must not have a Catholic for our King; whereas, if we consider it, which history well warrants us to do, as a part of that system which had been pursued by all the Stuart Kings, as well prior as subsequent to the Restoration, the lesson which it affords is very

very different, as well as far more instructive. We are taught, generally, the dangers Englishmen will always be liable to, if, from favour to a Prince upon the throne, or from a confidence, however grounded, that his views are agreeable to our own notions of the constitution, we, in any considerable degree, abate of that vigilant and unremitting jealousy of the power of the crown, which can alone secure to us the effect of those wise laws that have been provided for the benefit of the subject; and still more particularly, that it is in vain to think of making a compromise with power, and by yielding to it in other points, preserving some favourite object, such, for instance, as the Church in James's case, from its grasp.' p. 102, 103.

The fact itself, he conceives, is completely established by the manner in which his secret negotiations with France were carried on; in the whole of which, he was zealously served by ministers, no one of whom had the slightest leaning towards Popery, or could ever be brought to countenance the measures which he afterwards pursued in its favour. It is made still more evident by the complexion of his proceedings in Scotland, where the test, which he enforced at the point of the bayonet, was a Protestant test—*so much so, indeed, that he himself could not take it*—and the objects of his persecution, dissenters from the Protestant church of England. We consider this point therefore—and it is one of no small importance in the history of this period—as sufficiently established.

It does not seem necessary to follow the author into the detail of that sordid and degrading connexion which James was so anxious to establish, by becoming, like his brother, the pensioner of the French monarch. The bitter and dignified contempt with which it is treated by Mr Fox, may be guessed at from the following account of the first remittance.

'Within a very few days from that in which the latter of them had passed, he (the French ambassador) was empowered to accompany the delivery of a letter from his master, with the agreeable news of having received from him bills of exchange to the amount of five hundred thousand livres, to be used in whatever manner might be convenient to the King of England's service. The account which Barillon gives of the manner in which this sum was received, is altogether ridiculous: the King's eyes were full of tears; and three of his ministers, Rochester, Sunderland, and Godolphin, came severally to the French ambassador, to express the sense their master had of the obligation, in terms the most lavish. Indeed, demonstrations of gratitude from the King directly, as well as through his ministers, for this supply, were such, as if they had been used by some unfortunate individual, who, with his whole family, had been saved, by the timely succour of some kind and powerful protector, from a gaol and all its horrors, would be deemed rather too strong than too weak. Barillon himself seems surprised when he relates them; but imputes them to what

was

was probably their real cause, to the apprehensions that had been entertained, (very unreasonable ones!), that the King of France might no longer choose to interfere in the affairs of England, and, consequently, his support could not be relied on for the grand object of assimilating this government to his own.' p. 83, 84.

After this, Lord Churchhill is sent to Paris on the part of the tributary King.

'But such was the impression made by the frankness and generosity of Lewis, that there was no question of discussing or capitulating, but every thing was remitted to that Prince, and to the information his ministers might give him, respecting the exigency of affairs in England. He who had so handsomely been beforehand, in granting the assistance of five hundred thousand livres, was only to be thanked for past, not importuned for future, munificence. Thus ended, for the present, this disgusting scene of iniquity and nonsense, in which all the actors seemed to vie with each other in prostituting the sacred names of friendship, generosity, and gratitude, in one of the meanest and most criminal transactions which history records.' p. 87.

The following reflection is as natural as it is high-minded and consolatory.

'How little could Barillon guess, that he was negotiating with one who was destined to be at the head of an administration, which, in few years, would send the same Lord Churchill, not to Paris to implore Lewis for succours towards enslaving England, or to thank him for pensions to her monarch, but to combine all Europe against him in the cause of liberty; to rout his armies, to take his towns, to humble his pride, and to shake to the foundation that fabric of power which it had been the business of a long life to raise, at the expense of every sentiment of tenderness to his subjects, and of justice and good faith to foreign nations! It is with difficulty the reader can persuade himself that the Godolphin and Churchill here mentioned are the same persons who were afterwards, one in the cabinet, one in the field, the great conductors of the war of the Succession. How little do they appear in the one instance! how great in the other! And the investigation of the cause to which this excessive difference is principally owing, will produce a most useful lesson. Is the difference to be attributed to any superiority of genius in the prince whom they served in the latter period of their lives? Queen Anne's capacity appears to have been inferior even to her father's. Did they enjoy, in a greater degree, her favour and confidence? The very reverse is the fact. But, in one case, they were the tools of a King plotting against his people; in the other, the ministers of a free government acting upon enlarged principles, and with energies which no state that is not in some degree republican can supply. How forcibly must the contemplation of these men in such opposite situations teach persons engaged in political life, that a free and popular government is desireable, not only for the public good,

good, but for their own greatness and consideration, for every object of generous ambition!' p. 88, 89.

As James, in the outset of his reign, professed a resolution to adhere to the system of government established by his brother, and made this declaration, in the first place, to his Scotish Parliament, Mr Fox thinks it necessary to take a slight retrospective view of the proceedings of Charles towards that unhappy country; and details, from unquestionable authorities, such a scene of intolerant oppression and atrocious cruelty, as to justify him in saying, that the state of that kingdom was 'a state of more absolute slavery than at that time subsisted in any part of Christendom.'

In both Parliaments, the King's revenue was granted for life, in terms of his demand, without discussion or hesitation; and Mr Hume is censured with severity, and apparently with justice, for having presented his readers with a summary of the arguments which he would have them believe were actually used in the House of Commons on both sides of this question. 'This misrepresentation,' Mr Fox observes, 'is of no small importance, inasmuch 'as, by intimating that such a question could be debated at all, 'and much more, that it was debated with the enlightened views, 'and bold topics of argument with which his genius has supplied 'him, he gives us a very false notion of the character of the 'Parliament, and of the times which he is describing. It is not 'improbable, that if the arguments had been used, which his 'historian supposes, the utterer of them would have been ex-'pelled, or sent to the Tower; and it is certain, that he would 'not have been heard with any degree of attention, or even pa-'tience.' p. 142.

The following observations on the character of the High Church party are acute and valuable; and apply to other times besides those of which the author is treating.

'Their general character appears to have been a high notion of the King's constitutional power, to which was superadded, a kind of religious abhorrence of all resistance to the Monarch, not only in cases where such resistance was directed against the lawful prerogative, but even in opposition to encroachments, which the Monarch might make beyond the extended limits which they assigned to his prerogative. But these tenets, and still more, the principle of conduct naturally resulting from them, were confined to the civil, as contradistinguished from the ecclesiastical, polity of the country. In church matters, they neither acknowledged any very high authority in the Crown, nor were they willing to submit to any royal encroachment on that side; and a steady attachment to the church of England, with a proportionable aversion to all dissenters from it, whether Catholick or Protestant, was almost universally prevalent among

among them. A due consideration of these distinct features in the character of a party so powerful in Charles's and James's time, and even when it was lowest, (that is, during the reigns of the two first Princes of the House of Brunswick,) by no means inconsiderable, is exceedingly necessary to the right understanding of English History. It affords a clue to many passages otherwise unintelligible. For want of a proper attention to this circumstance, some historians have considered the conduct of the Tories in promoting the Revolution, as an instance of great inconsistency. Some have supposed, contrary to the clearest evidence, that their notions of passive obedience, even in civil matters, were limited, and that their support of the government of Charles and James, was founded upon a belief, that those Princes would never abuse their prerogative for the purpose of introducing arbitrary sway. But this hypothesis is contrary to the evidence both of their declaration and their conduct.'—'Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed; but the order in which Church and King are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to show the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence. Accordingly, as the sequel of this reign will abundantly show, when they found themselves compelled to make an option, they preferred, without any degree of inconsistency, their first idol to their second, and when they could not preserve both church and K declared for the former.' p. 153—156.

The last chapter is more occupied with narrative, and less with argument and reflection, than that which precedes it. It contains the story of the unfortunate and desperate expeditions of Argyle and Monmouth, and of the condemnation and death of their unhappy leaders. Mr Fox, though convinced that the misgovernment was such as fully to justify resistance by arms, seems to admit that both those enterprizes were rash and injudicious. With his usual candour and openness, he observes, that 'the prudential reasons against resistance at that time were exceedingly strong; and that there is no point, indeed, in human concerns, wherein the dictates of virtue and of worldly prudence are so identified, as in this great question of resistance by force to established governments.'

The expeditions of Monmouth and Argyle had been concerted together, and were intended to take effect at the same moment. Monmouth, however, who was reluctantly forced upon the enterprise, was not so soon ready, and Argyle landed in the Highlands with a very small force before the Duke had sailed from Holland. The details of his irresolute councils and ineffectual marches, are given at far too great length. Though they give occasion to one profound and important remark, which we do not recollect ever to have met with before; but of the justice of which

which all who have acted with parties must have had melancholy and fatal experience. It is introduced when speaking of the disunion that prevailed among Argyle's little band of followers.

'Add to all this,' he says, 'that where spirit was not wanting, it was accompanied with a degree and species of perversity wholly inexplicable, and which can hardly gain belief from any one, whose experience has not made him acquainted with the extreme difficulty of persuading men, who pride themselves upon an extravagant love of liberty, rather to compromise upon some points with those who have, in the main, the same views with themselves, than to give power (a power which will infallibly be used for their own destruction) to an adversary, of principles diametrically opposite; in other words, rather to concede something to a friend, than every thing to an enemy.' p. 187, 188.

The account of Argyle's deportment from the time of his capture to that of his execution, is among the most striking passages in the book; and the mildness and magnanimity of his resignation, is described with kindred feelings by his generous historian. The merits of this nobleman are perhaps somewhat exaggerated; for he certainly wanted conduct and decision for the part he had undertaken; and more admiration is expressed at the equanimity with which he went to death, than the recent frequency of this species of heroism can allow us to sympathize with; but the story is finely and feelingly told; and the impression which it leaves on the mind of the reader is equally favourable to the author and to the hero of it. We can only make room for the concluding scene of the tragedy.

'Before he left the Castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed not only calmly, but even cheerfully, with Mr Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bedchamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the Castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, 'No, no, that will not help me; I have been

in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——.' The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates, is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt, with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! what an affecting, and forcible testimony to the value of that peace of mind, which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect, that the guilt which agonized him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.' p. 207–209.

'On the scaffold he embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grandchildren, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body. Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all, whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!' p. 211.

Rumbold, who had accompanied Argyle in this expedition, speedily shared his fate. Though a man of intrepid courage, and fully aware of the fate that awaited him, he persisted to his last hour in professing his innocence of any design to assassinate King Charles at the Ryehouse. Mr Fox gives great importance to this circumstance; and seems disposed to conclude, on the faith of it, that the Ryehouse plot itself was altogether a fabrication of the court party, to transfer to their adversaries the odium which had been thrown upon them with as little justice, by the prosecutions for the Popish plot. It does not appear to us, however, that this conclusion is made out in a manner altogether satisfactory.

The expedition of Monmouth is detailed with as redundant a fulness as that of Argyle, and the character of its leader still more overrated. Though Mr Fox has a laudable jealousy of kings, indeed, we are afraid he has rather a partiality for nobles. Monmouth appears to have been an idle, handsome, presumptuous, incapable youth, with none of the virtues of a patriot, and

none

none of the talents of an usurper; and we really cannot discover upon what grounds Mr Fox would exalt him into a hero. He was in arms, indeed, against a tyrant; and that tyrant, though nearly connected with him by the ties of blood, sentenced him with unrelenting cruelty to death. He was plunged at once from the heights of fortune, of youthful pleasure, and of ambition, to the most miserable condition of existence,—to die disgracefully after having stooped to ask his life by abject submission. Mr Fox dwells a great deal too long, we think, both upon his wavering and unskilful movements before his defeat, and on some ambiguous words in the letter which he afterwards wrote to King James; but the natural tenderness of his disposition enables him to interest us in the description of his after sufferings. The following extract, we think, is quite characteristic of the author.

'In the meanwhile, the Queen Dowager, who seems to have behaved with a uniformity of kindness towards her husband's son that does her great honour, urgently pressed the King to admit his nephew to an audience. Importuned therefore by intreaties, and instigated by the curiosity which Monmouth's mysterious expressions, and Sheldon's story had excited, he consented, though with a fixed determination to show no mercy. James was not of the number of those, in whom the want of an extensive understanding is compensated by a delicacy of sentiment, or by those right feelings which are often found to be better guides for the conduct, than the most accurate reasoning. His nature did not revolt, his blood did not run cold, at the thoughts of beholding the son of a brother whom he had loved, embracing his knees, petitioning, and petitioning in vain, for life; of interchanging words and looks with a nephew on whom he was inexorably determined, within forty-eight short hours, to inflict an ignominious death.

'In Macpherson's extract from King's James's Memoirs, it is confessed that the King ought not to have seen, if he was not disposed to pardon the culprit; but whether the observation is made by the exiled prince himself, or by him who gives the extract, is in this, as in many other passages of those Memoirs, difficult to determine. Surely if the King had made this reflection before Monmouth's execution, it must have occurred to that Monarch, that if he had inadvertently done that which he ought not to have done without an intention to pardon, the only remedy was to correct that part of his conduct which was still in his power, and since he could not recall the interview, to grant the pardon.' p. 258, 259.

Being sentenced to die in two days, he made a humble application to the King for some little respite; but met with a positive and stern refusal. The most remarkable thing in the history of his last hours, is the persecution which he suffered from the bishops who had been sent to comfort him. These reverend persons, it appears, spent the greater part of the time in urging him

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to profess the orthodox doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance; without which, they said, he could not be an upright member of the church, nor attain to a proper state of repentance. It must never be forgotten, indeed, as Mr Fox has remarked, if we would understand the history of this period, 'that the orthodox members of the church regarded monarchy not as a human, but as a *divine* institution; and passive obedience and non-resistance, not as political measures, but as *articles of religion.*'

The following account of the dying scene of this misguided and unhappy youth, is very striking and pathetic; though a certain tone of sarcasm towards the reverend assistants does not, to our feelings, harmonize entirely with the more tender traits of the picture.

'At ten o'clock on the 15th, Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to Tower-Hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops were in the carriage with him, and one of them took that opportunity of informing him, that their controversial altercations were not yet at an end; and that upon the scaffold, he would again be pressed for more explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold, with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable, and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans, which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced, were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention, and affectionate anxiety, to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer. The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told, that, if he was of the church of England, he must acknowledge the doctrine of Non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the church in general, it included all: they insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case, and urged much more concerning their favourite point; upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repetition, in substance, of former answers.' p. 265, 266.

After making a public profession of his attachment to his beloved Lady Harriet Wentworth, and his persuasion that their connexion was innocent in the sight of God, he made reference to a paper he had signed in the morning, confessing the illegitimacy of his birth, and declaring that the title of King had been forced on him by his followers, much against his own inclination.

'The Bishop, however said, that there was nothing in that paper about

about resistance; nor, though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, in a most affecting manner, "I am to die,—Pray my Lord,—" I refer to my paper," would these men think it consistent with their duty to desist. They were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated, over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed, if the facts were not attested by the signature of the persons principally concerned. If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word invasion, "give it the true name," said they, "and call it rebellion." "What name you please," replied the mild-tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in his present circumstances, as a certain earnest of the favour of his Creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying; he should die like a lamb. "Much may come from natural courage," was the unfeeling and stupid reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

'At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer, but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture, than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance; would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his Majesty, to recommend the Dutchess and his children? As "you please;" was the reply, "I pray for him and for all men." He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that in this last sad ceremony, the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines would have been satisfied, that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them. They judged differently; and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. "I have said I will make no speeches," repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; "I will make no speeches. I come to die." "My Lord, ten words will be enough," said the persevering divine, to which the Duke made no answer, but turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russel. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough, but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the mean time, many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it

must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing; praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

'The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head, and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first, and the headsman in a fit of horror, declared he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body.' p. 267—269.

With the character of Monmouth, the second chapter of the history closes; and nothing seems to have been written for the third, but a few detached observations, occupying but two pages. The Appendix is rather longer than was necessary. The greater part of the diplomacy which it contains, had been previously published by Macpherson and Dalrymple; and the other articles are of little importance.

We have now only to add a few words as to the style and taste of composition which belongs to this work. We cannot say that we vehemently admire it. It is a diffuse, and somewhat heavy style,—clear and manly, indeed, for the most part, but sometimes deficient in force, and almost always in vivacity. In its general structure, it resembles the style of the age of which it treats, more than the balanced periods of the succeeding century—though the diction is scrupulously purified from the long and Latin words which defaced the compositions of Milton and Harrington. In his antipathy to every thing that might be supposed to look like pedantry or affected loftiness, it appears to us, indeed, that the illustrious author has sometimes fallen into an opposite error, and admitted a variety of words and phrases rather more homely and familiar than should find place in a grave composition. Thus, it is said in p. 12, that 'the King *made no point* of adhering to his concessions.' In p. 20, we hear of men '*swearing away* the lives of their accomplices;' and are afterwards told of 'the *style* of thinking' of the country—of '*the crying injustice*' of certain proceedings—and of persons who were '*fond of ill-treating* and insulting' other persons. These, we think, are phrases too colloquial for regular history, and which the author has probably been induced to admit into this composition from his long familiarity with spoken, rather than with written language. What is merely lively and natural in a speech, however, will often appear low and vapid in writing. The following is a still more striking illustration. In speaking of the Oxford Decree, which declared the doctrine of an original contract, the lawfulness of changing the succession, &c. to be *impious* as well as seditious, and leading

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to *atheism*, as well as rebellion, Mr Fox is pleased to observe—'If Much ado about Nothing had been published in those days, the town-clerk's declaration, that receiving a thousand ducats for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully, was "*flat burglary*," might be supposed to be a satire upon this decree; yet Shakespeare, well as he knew human nature, not only as to its general course, but in all its eccentric deviations, could never dream, that, in the persons of Dogberry, Verges, and their followers, he was representing the vice-chancellors and doctors of our learned University.' It would require all the credit of a well-established speaker, to have passed this comparison, with any success, upon the House of Commons; but even the high name of Mr Fox, we believe, will be insufficient to conceal its impropriety in a serious passage of a history, written in imitation of Livy and Thucydides.

As examples of an opposite fault of diction, we may mention the phrases, 'to *diffide in*, and to *defer to*,' the opinion of others; and allude to those extraordinary passages, in one of which it is gravely questioned, whether the parliamentary leaders had 'sufficiently attended *to that great dictum of Tully*, in questions of civil dissension,' &c.; or 'considered, that it is not peculiar *to the followers of Pompey*, or the civil wars *of Rome*, that the event to be looked for is, as the same Tully describes it, in case of defeat,—proscription; in that of victory,—servitude?' And in the other, of which he is pleased to remark, that 'if *Aristides* was banished, he was also recalled; and if *Dion* was repaid for his services *to the Syracusans* by ingratitude, that ingratitude was more than once repented of.' This unnecessary and almost unmeaning introduction of classical names, appears to us, we will acknowledge, extremely absurd, and an ornament far more suitable to the theme of a brisk Etonian, than to a history of the civil wars of England by the greatest of her practical statesmen.

We have also been struck with various instances of awkward collocation or expression; such as, in the very second paragraph, 'but what the tendency of such changes would be, *and much more*, in what manner they would be produced, might be a question of great difficulty.' And again, 'Some doubted whether, *short of establishing all the doctrines* preached by Cargill, there was any thing worth contending for.'—'Monmouth, having placed, of *his four field-pieces, two at the mouth of the lane*,' &c.—'The King did not suffer himself, *by any show of affection for his people*, to be diverted *from his design*,' &c. The following, we conceive, to be ungrammatical, as well as awkward; the word *whether* never being used, we apprehend, as equivalent to *either*. 'To this ditch the horse advanced, and no further; and whether immediately,

'diately, as according to some accounts, or after having been 'considerably harassed in their attempts to pass, according to o-'thers, quitted the field.' There are also very many instances of unnecessary and cumbrous redundance; as when, instead of saying 'incalculable advantages,' he is pleased to speak of 'advan-'tages of an importance and extent, of which no man could pre-'sume to calculate the limits.' We would object also to such expressions as 'the *then* state of Scotland,'—intelligence which appeared 'uncertain and *provisional*,'—and many others, which, after the specimens we have given, it is needless to enumerate.

Occupied, indeed, as we conceive all the readers of Mr Fox ought to be with the sentiments and the facts which he lays before them, we should scarcely have thought of noticing those verbal blemishes at all, had we not read so much in the preface, of the fastidious diligence with which the diction of this work was purified, and its style elaborated by the author. To this praise, we cannot say we think it entitled; but to praise of a far higher description, its claim, we think, is indisputable. Independent of its singular value as a memorial of the virtues and talents of the great statesman whose name it bears, we have no hesitation in saying, that it is written more truly in the spirit of constitutional freedom, and of temperate and practical patriotism, than any history of which the public is yet in possession.

ART. II. *Memoire sur les Quantités Imaginaires.* Par M. Buëe. From the Phil. Transf. for the year 1806. p. 23.

THE language of algebra deserves the attention, not of mathematicians only, but of all philosophers who would study the influence which SIGNS have on the formation of ideas, and the acquisition of knowledge. Other languages have been formed for the purpose of communicating thought from one person to another; and if they have served to make the individual think with more accuracy or extension, this effect is a secondary one, and in some degree accidental. Algebra, on the other hand, is a language invented expressly for the purpose of assisting the mind in the management of thought: this is its primary destination; and the business of communicating knowledge, which is principal with respect to other languages, with respect to it, is secondary and accidental.

When, therefore, we would trace the direct influence of signs on the operations of the mind, we must consider the algebraic language as the extreme case, or the *instantia singularis*, where the extent

extent of that influence, in ſome reſpects at leaſt, is moſt fully diſplayed.

Again, in the language of algebra itſelf, the part which is moſt curious, and is, as it were, the extreme of an extreme, is the application of imaginary expreſſions to the inveſtigation of theorems, where truth is ſometimes diſcovered by the help of ſigns alone, without any aſſiſtance at all from the ideas which they repreſent.

In a matter where any thing ſo paradoxical occurs as the entire ſeparation of the ſign from the thing ſignified, it will not appear ſurpriſing if different opinions have been entertained. The opinions that are ſupported in the paper before us, are accordingly conſiderably different from thoſe generally received. In order to judge of them correctly, it is neceſſary to conſider the manner in which the ſigns called imaginary, and the correſponding impoſſible quantities, are firſt introduced into the algebraic calculus.

In the reſolution of problems, whether geometrical or arithmetical, caſes occur when the conditions preſcribed are inconſiſtent with one another, and cannot poſſibly be united in the ſame ſubject. The problem, therefore, cannot be ſolved, and the quantity that was to be found is ſaid to become *impoſſible*. Thus, for example, if it were required to divide a line, 10 feet long, into two parts, ſuch, that the rectangle under thoſe two parts ſhould have an area of 26 ſquare feet, it would ſoon appear that the thing required is impoſſible to be done; or that there is no way in which a line only 10 feet long can be divided, ſo that the rectangle contained by the two parts ſhall be ſo great as 26 ſquare feet. The fact is, that the rectangle under the two parts of a given line, cannot exceed the ſquare of half the line; which ſquare, in the preſent inſtance, is 25; and if we ſeek for the parts on the ſuppoſition that their rectangle is 26, we find them equal to $5 \pm \sqrt{-1}$. In like manner, were we required to divide the ſame line of 10 feet, ſo that the *ſum of the ſquares* of the parts ſhould be leſs than 50, that is, leſs than the ſum of the ſquares of the parts when the line is biſected, we ſhould find that we were again attempting what was impoſſible to be done. If we would have the ſum of the ſaid ſquares, for inſtance, to be 49, the parts would come out $= 5 \pm \sqrt{-\frac{1}{2}}$, where the impoſſibility is denoted as in the former inſtance, by the ſquare root of a negative quantity. As no quantity, whether poſitive or negative, when multiplied into itſelf, can give a negative product, it follows, that no negative quantity can be the product of any quantity multiplied into itſelf; that is, it can have no ſquare root; and therefore, when ſuch a ſquare root appears in the value of any quantity, it expreſſes the impoſſibility of finding that quantity.

In the two problems juſt mentioned, we have two of the moſt

elementary examples that can be given of the impoſſibility of the conditions of a problem, ariſing from the quantities involved in one of the conditions being too great or too ſmall, in reſpect of thoſe involved in the other. In the firſt, the rectangle required to be made has a greater area than the ſum of its ſides will allow. In the ſecond, the ſum of the ſquares of the two lines is leſs than is conſiſtent with the ſum which the two lines themſelves are required to make up.

Though geometry has no character that expreſſes impoſſibility, it has a ſort of negative or indirect expreſſion for it. In the general conſtruction of a problem, the thing to be found is uſually determined by the interſection of a curve with a ſtraight line, or of one curve with another. Now, when the conditions of the problem are ſuch, that theſe lines do not interſect, then the ſolution is impoſſible; and this incompatibility of the conditions is the ſame that algebra denotes by the imaginary ſymbol $\sqrt{-1}$, or more generally, $\sqrt{-a}$.

No part of the language of algebra, it is plain, can be regarded as of greater importance than that in which theſe imaginary characters are employed. It explains the nature of thoſe limits by which the poſſible relations of things are circumſcribed, and marks out the conditions that are capable of being united in the ſame thing, or in the ſame ſyſtem of things. The greateſt and the leaſt degrees in which thoſe conditions can co-exiſt, come in this manner to be determined; and we arrive at a ſpecies of knowledge, which, as it is in itſelf the moſt perfect and moſt beautiful, is often the moſt valuable that the doctrine of quantity can ſupply. The whole of what regards the *maxima* and *minima* of quantities, in geometry and in mechanics, and the other branches either of pure or mixt mathematics, is thus eſſentially connected with the arithmetic of impoſſible quantity.

It is evident, from this account of their origin, that the eſſential character of imaginary expreſſions is to denote impoſſibility; and that nothing can deprive them of this ſignification. Nothing like a geometrical conſtruction can be applied to them; they are indications of the impoſſibility of any ſuch conſtruction, or of any thing that can be exhibited to the ſenſes. Though this concluſion ſeems to follow very evidently from what has juſt been ſtated, yet there have been more than one attempt to treat imaginary expreſſions as denoting things really exiſting, or as certain geometrical magnitudes which it is poſſible to aſſign.

The paper before us is one of theſe attempts; and the author, though an ingenious man, and, as we readily acknowledge, a ſkilful mathematician, has been betrayed into this inconſiſtency by a kind of metaphyſical reaſoning, which we confeſs ourſelves

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not always able to understand. He distinguishes between the mark of impossibility, as an arithmetical character, and as a term of algebraic language indicating certain operations that have been performed. In the first of these capacities, he considers the symbol $\sqrt{-1}$, as really denoting impossibility; in the second, he regards it as expressing something that can be actually exhibited. This distinction, in the very principle of it, seems to us extremely unsound; an expression that, in its most simple and abstract state, has a certain radical and primitive signification, cannot, by being applied to something less abstract, acquire a signification quite opposite, and nowise analogous to that which it had before. We transfer the common arithmetical cyphers from denoting number in the abstract, to denote, lines or angles, surfaces and solids; but we never, on that account, think of changing the rules of arithmetic, or supposing 3 times 3 to be 9, in the one case, and not in the other. The same may be said of the signs + and —; they denote opposition of direction when they are applied to the expression of geometric magnitudes; but they do not, on that account, lose any of the characters they before possessed: it is from the perfect analogy between opposition of direction in lines, and the opposition of addition and subtraction in numbers, that signs, which were originally appropriated to the latter, are so easily, and so safely transferable to the former signification. Just so, we apprehend, the mark of impossibility cannot be regarded as having one import considered arithmetically, and another quite opposite, when taken as a part of algebraic language, or when applied to geometry.

We do not, indeed, clearly understand what is meant by this distinction; and therefore shall not insist on the general speculation: but shall consider the evidence that is offered by our author for his fundamental proposition, that the square root of — 1 expressed *perpendicularity*. As we must give the reasoning without reference to a diagram, we cannot translate it literally, but we shall do so as nearly as possible.

'Suppose three equal straight lines to meet in a point, two of them to be in one straight line, the one to the right of the said point, the other to the left, and the third to be at right angles to them both. If we call the line taken to the right + 1, that taken to the left must be — 1, and the third, which is a mean proportional between them, must be $\sqrt{-1^2}$, or, more simply, $\sqrt{-1}$. Thus, $\sqrt{-1}$, is the sign of PERPENDICULARITY.' (§ 10.) Now, we must acknowledge, that though we have read over these few lines very often, and very carefully, we are unable to perceive any force in the argument they profess to contain, or to conceive how a man, so learned and ingenious as the author is on

all hands admitted to be, should have suffered himself for one moment to be deceived by it.

Any imaginable conclusion, it appears to us, might have been obtained in the same manner; the third line, for example, needed not have been placed at right angles to the other two, but making an angle, suppose of 120 degrees, with the one, and of 60 with the other. It would still be a mean proportional between them, and its square would be therefore, according to the above method of reasoning, equal to $+1 \times -1 = -1$, so that the line itself would be $= \sqrt{-1}$; and thus $\sqrt{-1}$ would denote, not *perpendicularity*, or the situation in which a line makes the adjacent angles equal, but that in which it makes one of these angles double of the other. The one of these arguments is just as good as the other; and neither of them, of course, is of any value.

Indeed, it would evidently be very unfortunate for science, and could not but be productive of inextricable confusion in mathematical language, if the character which denoted impossibility at one time, should at another signify something actually existing like perpendicularity. It should have occurred to our author, also, that perpendicularity not being a quantity, but a modification of quantity, (for it is neither the right angle nor the perpendicular itself, that the sign $\sqrt{-1}$ is supposed to denote, but the abstract notion perpendicularity), it would be strange indeed if a character that was applied to quantity, whether as possible or not possible, should pass to the expression of something, of which magnitude or quantity cannot be predicated.

The fundamental proposition which the whole paper is meant to illustrate, being thus, in our opinion, incapable of support, and essentially erroneous, we need not enter much into the consideration of the remaining illustrations. Some of the objections made to the ordinary doctrine of impossible quantities, are, however, of importance to be considered. That doctrine is certainly not in all respects without difficulty; and it is of consequence to know the objections which are stated by an expert algebraist, who entertains notions on the subject peculiar to himself.

At § 95, we meet with the following remarks. '$1^2 + 1^2 = (1 + \sqrt{-1})\ (1 - \sqrt{-1})$, or $(1 + \sqrt{-1})\ (1 - \sqrt{-1}) = 2$, wherefore $1 + \sqrt{-1} : \sqrt{2} :: \sqrt{2} : 1 - \sqrt{-1}$; a proposition absurd, if we give to $\sqrt{2}$ its arithmetical signification; but if we ascribe to $\sqrt{2}$ its geometric signification, if we make it represent the diagonal of a square, the side of which is unity, the above proportion ceases to be absurd.' M. Buëe goes on to prove, that in this latter signification of $\sqrt{2}$, the proportion that has just been stated, is reconcileable with the notion, that $\sqrt{-1}$ is the mark

mark of perpendicularity. Instead of following that demonstration, it is sufficient for us to show, that in ascribing to $\sqrt{2}$ its arithmetical meaning, that of a number which, multiplied into itself, gives 2 for the product, the above proportion $1+\sqrt{-1} : \sqrt{2} :: \sqrt{2} : 1-\sqrt{-1}$, is so far from absurd, that it is accurately true, and capable of being understood in the strictest sense. It signifies that two quantities of the form $1+\sqrt{a}$ and $1-\sqrt{a}$ cannot be found such that their product shall be equal to 2, or, which is the same, that it is impossible to find two numbers such that their sum shall be equal to 2, and that $\sqrt{2}$ shall be a mean proportional between them. This impossibility is, even without any investigation, abundantly evident; and is, in fact, all that is involved in the preceding proposition, interpreting it strictly, according to the notion, that $\sqrt{-1}$ denotes impossibility, and nothing else.

It is easy to prove this impossibility otherwise: Let x and y be the numbers, then $x+y=2$ and $xy=2$, whence $x+\frac{2}{x}=2$, or, $x^2-2x=-2$, so that $x^2-2x+1=-1$, and $x-1=\sqrt{-1}$, that is, $x=1\pm\sqrt{-1}$. The value of x therefore, and consequently of y, is impossible; these values have also the same form that was ascribed to them in the above proportion.

§ 47. affords a very singular example of the length to which a man may be carried, in the support of a favourite theory, without being conscious that he is departing in the least from philosophical reasoning.

The problem proposed is, to construct a triangle, of which the base shall be $2a$, and each of the sides $=\frac{1}{2}a$; a thing evidently impossible. The algebraic solution, if the perpendicular from the vertex on the base be the thing sought, gives that perpendicular equal to an impossible quantity. This is exactly what ought to happen, in the ordinary view of the subject. But our author, not content with this, goes on to show how the impossible expression may be interpreted according to his own theory, which makes $\sqrt{-1}$ the sign of perpendicularity. In order to do this, he is forced to suppose, that the given lines that are to constitute the sides of the triangle, are not lines without extension in any dimension but one; that they have, in reality, breadth as well as length; in short, that they are rectangles, and rectangles of such a magnitude that their diagonals meet in the middle of the base $2a$. This is certainly to depart from the notions that are most essential to mathematical science, and that form the sacred and indisputable basis by which the whole fabric of geometry is supported. In a science where all the parts are necessarily connected, an error can never stand singly; a departure from truth in one instance,

ſtance, muſt be followed with innumerable others; and thus it has happened, that the notion of $\sqrt{-1}$ being a mark both of things poſſible and things impoſſible, has led to an extravagance that could not eaſily have been foreſeen, viz. the exiſtence of a ſtraight line having two dimenſions; or, which comes to the ſame thing, the ſubſtitution of a rectangle for a ſtraight line. Another ſuppoſition, no leſs extraordinary, is introduced in another place, where M. Buëe ſays, that the ſign $\sqrt{-1}$ put before the expreſſion of a cube, or a parallelopiped, marks a *void* or *vacuity* of which the extent is equal to that of the ſaid cube or parallelopiped;—as if geometry meaſured matter by any means but the ſpace it occupies. § 81.

In the midſt of this error in principle, we diſcover a great deal of ſkilful and ingenious application of the calculus. This is particularly true of the remarks on Cardan's rule, and the irreducible caſe of that rule; in which, however, the errors of this theory are ſo much involved, that we cannot by any means inſure the accuracy of the reſults.

The objections which we have offered are ſo obvious, that they cannot but have occurred to a man ſo learned and acute as our author. He has, however, by certain metaphyſical ſubtleties, ſet himſelf above theſe plain dictates of elementary ſcience. We do not, indeed, very clearly comprehend many of theſe ſubtleties; and we do not much lament that we feel an incapacity of doing ſo. It ſeems very uſeful, on ſome occaſions, to have one's head fortified with a decent degree of obtuſeneſs, to prevent the influx of falſe refinements, which, when ſuffered to intrude themſelves into the mind, are very apt to diſpoſſeſs the lawful inhabitants. From a remark which M. Buëe makes on a paſſage from the Turin Memoirs, it is evident that he was not unacquainted with objections ſimilar to thoſe now ſtated, to which his notion of imaginary quantities is expoſed. Theſe are objections ſtated by the Chevalier Foncenex to a conſtruction of impoſſible quantities, that had been attempted long ago on principles not wholly diſſimilar to thoſe contained in the Memoir before us. 'If we reflect on the nature of imaginary roots, which, as is well known, imply a contradiction among the things given, it will appear evident, that they cannot poſſibly admit of a geometrical conſtruction, ſince there is no way of conſidering them that can remove the contradiction that exiſts among *data* which are themſelves immoveable. Nevertheleſs, in order to preſerve a certain analogy with negative quantities, an author, from whom we have a very good courſe of algebra, conceives, that they ought to be taken in a line perpendicular to that in which they were ſuppoſed to be taken.' M. de Foncenex goes on to ſhow, that the notion of the author he refers

fers to is abſurd. He does ſo, as we think, very ſucceſsfully; but M. Buëe, who had this paſſage before him, and quotes it in his Memoir, ſeems to get rid of the difficulty by means of the diſtinctions mentioned above.

We ſhall conclude theſe remarks with ſome reflections on what we conſider as the great paradox in the arithmetic of impoſſible quantities, and as one of the moſt curious examples of the power of ſigns which the hiſtory of language affords, viz. the purpoſe which imaginary expreſſions ſerve, not for marking the limits of poſſibility, but for demonſtrating theorems concerning quantities that really exiſt.

The character that denotes impoſſibility, as we have ſeen, appears always in the form of the value of a quantity of ſome deſcription. It is not a mere abſtract note of impoſſibility, but of impoſſibility attached to ſome particular quantity, on account of inconſiſtent conditions introduced into the *data* from which that quantity muſt be determined. As the character $\sqrt{-1}$, or $\sqrt{-a}$, appears, therefore, as the expreſſion of a magnitude, it is a ſymbol ſubject to the ſame operations of arithmetic, addition, ſubtraction, &c. with other algebraic expreſſions of quantity. Hence the imaginary ſymbols, conſidering them quite abſtractly from their ſignification, may be treated by the rules uſually employed in thoſe operations; and the ſame changes may be made on them as if they really ſignified things poſſible, and actually exiſting. Now it ſometimes happens, that, by comparing two expreſſions thus involving impoſſible quantities in both, and combining them by the ordinary rules that would be applicable to them in ſtrict logic, if they denoted things really exiſting, the impoſſible ſymbols finally diſappear, having been exterminated by ſome of the ordinary operations of algebra; ſo that an equation reſults that contains nothing impoſſible, or involves no quantities but ſuch as are real. Thus we have a propoſition affirmed concerning real quantities; and it is very well underſtood, that the propoſition thus diſcovered is always a truth,—a truth that is often very valuable, that in general is ſuſceptible of demonſtration without impoſſible ſymbols, though without the uſe of them it might never have been diſcovered. Now, in this we have certainly a moſt extraordinary example of the power of ſigns, or of algebraic language. A ſet of quantities, or of conditions, ſome of which are inconſiſtent with one another, are thus combined together: no idea is attached to the ſymbols; and from the ſeries of operations, that may be ſaid to be mechanical, and performed merely by the hand, a truth, applicable to quantities that really exiſt, emerges at laſt. Were we to attempt to reaſon concerning theſe impoſſibilities by any other means, than by thus ſubjecting them

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to a treatment which belongs only to the ſigns, no force of head could have brought out any thing, not to ſay rational and true, but any thing that poſſeſſed even the form of a propoſition.

We come at truth by help of the ſymbols alone; by operations that are applicable to them only, and that have no reference to any thing actually exiſting. Nothing, certainly, can ſhow ſo clearly the power of conventional ſigns in matters of reaſoning; and the importance, on many occaſions, of neglecting the object, and attending to the ſign only.

It is indeed no wonder at all, to see men reason, or pretend to reason, in every one of the sciences, by help of imaginary expressions, or words that denote nothing having an actual or even a possible existence; but the wonder is to find, that, by such a process, they are led to the discovery of truth. The history of philosophy is full of instances in which words, having nothing real that corresponded to them, have been combined according to the rules of logic, and, in the forms of syllogism, have been the study of the learned and ingenious of almost every age. If we take the terms which have made the greatest noise in the world from the Quintessence and Entelecheia of the ancients, to the Vortices and Phlogiston of the moderns, and the arguments that have been held concerning them; we shall find a vast deal that has no small resemblance to the operations of our imaginary arithmetic. But, in one thing, the practice of the philosopher was different from that of the mathematician: he had not the secret of exterminating the impossible quantities in the end; so that they remained involved in the conclusion, just as they had done in the premises. The extermination of them he left to his adversaries, or his successors; and, when they accomplished it, the whole system, both the argument and the conclusion, fell to the ground at once, and left nothing behind, but one fact more, to be recorded in the history of error. If the imaginary arithmetic of the algebraist exemplifies the benefit arising from the use of *signs*, in the highest degree, the imaginary logic of philosophers places the mischiefs that may follow from it in a light hardly less striking.

An example of this imaginary arithmetic will explain what has been said. Let us imagine that we have, by some means or other, come to this equation: x being an arch of a circle, $(2 \sin x)\sqrt{-1} = e^{x\sqrt{-1}} - e^{-x\sqrt{-1}}$, in which all the quantities are affected by the imaginary symbol, and to which no direct meaning can be affixed, but that between an arch and its sine; no such relation as is expressed by the equation $(2 \sin x)n = e^{nx} - e^{-nx}$ can possibly exist, whatever value be given to the letter n. This

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is all the direct information that the imaginary equation conveys: it is merely a negative conclusion, and, one would think, not very likely to lead to any valuable and affirmative truth. Yet, observe the proposition that may be extracted from these very unpromising premises, by treating $\sqrt{-1}$ as if it were a real quantity.

From the theory of logarithms and of exponentials, we know that $e^{n\pi} = 1 + n\pi + \frac{n^2\pi^2}{2} + \frac{n^3\pi^3}{2.3} + \frac{n^4\pi^4}{2.3.4} +$, &c.; so that, if we write $\sqrt{-1}$ instead of n, we have

$$e^{\pi\sqrt{-1}} = 1 + \pi\sqrt{-1} - \frac{\pi^2}{2} - \frac{\pi^3\sqrt{-1}}{2.3} + \frac{\pi^4}{2.3.4} +, \&c.$$

In the same manner,

$$e^{-\pi\sqrt{-1}} = 1 - \pi\sqrt{-1} - \frac{\pi^2}{2} + \frac{\pi^3\sqrt{-1}}{2.3} + \frac{\pi^4}{2.3.4} -, \&c.$$

Therefore, subtracting this last from the former,

$$e^{\pi\sqrt{-1}} - e^{-\pi\sqrt{-1}} = 2\pi\sqrt{-1} - \frac{2\pi^3\sqrt{-1}}{2.3} + \frac{2\pi^5\sqrt{-1}}{2.3.4.5}, \&c.$$

But $e^{\pi\sqrt{-1}} - e^{-\pi\sqrt{-1}} = 2\sin\pi\sqrt{-1}$, by supposition.

Therefore, $2\sin\pi\sqrt{-1} = 2\pi\sqrt{-1} - \frac{2\pi^3\sqrt{-1}}{2.3} + \frac{2\pi^5\sqrt{-1}}{2.3.4.5}$;

and, dividing by $2\sqrt{-1}$, just as if $\sqrt{-1}$ were a real quantity,

$$\sin\pi = \pi - \frac{\pi^3}{2.3} + \frac{\pi^5}{2.3.4.5} -, \&c.$$

Now, this is an equation between the arch and its sine, where there are none but real quantities. We have thus an infinite series for the value of the sine in terms of the arch; and, on examination, it is found to be a theorem known from other principles to be true, and the very proposition from which the sines of the small arches in the trigonometric tables are computed.

Though the preceding operations have led to a true and important conclusion, it is not obvious on what principle they have done so. When we effaced the character $\sqrt{-1}$ from all the terms of the equation, we performed the same change on the algebraic characters that is usually expressive of division; but we certainly did not really perform division; for what is meant by dividing by an impossible quantity, or telling how often an impossible quantity contains another; if the quantity be impossible to multiply or divide by it, or to make it the subject of any arithmetical operation, must be impossible also. The operations performed with the symbols are therefore destitute of meaning; they are as imaginary as the symbols themselves; and yet they have led to a conclusion that is true, and by no means obvious. The efficacy of signs taken distinctly from the ideas they represent,

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was never so strongly evinced; and the result now obtained, by considering the former and neglecting the latter, is a triumph which the imagination of the most sanguine *nominalist* could never have anticipated.

But what is the real principle on which such investigations as the foregoing are successful? and what is the precise nature of the evidence that they afford? As to the latter question, we know from experience, that in all the instances where we could compare the conclusions obtained by help of impossible quantities with the results of ordinary investigation, we have found that they agreed perfectly. This agreement cannot be the effect of chance; no man, by tossing about at random the symbols that denote quantities, ever arrived at a true, or even an intelligible proposition. It is therefore clear, that a fixt and determinate principle directs the mathematician, in this case, as well as in those where his understanding accompanies every step of his demonstration. The principle may not be obvious, but its existence is thus rendered undeniable. Many mathematicians, we are convinced, rest here, and carry their inquiries no further; confiding perfectly in the imaginary operations, which, from experience, they have found to lead to truth, whenever a perfect analogy is kept up between them and the real operations of arithmetic and of algebra. But it is certainly reasonable to go a little further, and to inquire what this principle really is. Without knowing it precisely, we shall always be in danger of error. M. D'Alembert, who had bestowed much attention on the subject of impossible quantities, appears, from many passages in his writings, to have been fully aware of the importance of this inquiry, though he has not professedly entered on it, nor given us any ground to conjecture what was the opinion which he entertained. Maclaurin satisfies himself with supposing, that a certain compensation takes place among the impossible quantities, by which they destroy the effects of one another. This, however, presents no clear idea to the mind, and leaves the difficulty of applying the notion of subtraction, &c. to things that cannot exist. More lately, Mr Woodhouse, treating of the same subject, seems to be of opinion that no inquiry of this kind is at all necessary, the identity of the operations performed on the symbols being a sufficient security against error, whatever these symbols denote, whether things real or impossible. We have already stated the reasons that prevent us from acquiescing in this view of the matter, and for thinking that the subject ought to be further investigated. One idea concerning it we must mention, as not destitute of plausibility, founded on this remark; that in all the instances where impossible quantities or imaginary expressions have been of use in the investigation

vestigation of mathematical theorems, those theorems have related either to circular arches, or hyperbolic areas; quantities so remarkable for analogical properties, that there is no general affection of the one to which there is not a corresponding affection of the other. The theorems then that admit of investigation by an imaginary process, are of such a nature as to go always in pairs, one belonging to the hyperbola, the other to the circle; or, one to the measures of ratios, and the other to the measures of angles. One of these twin theorems can always be investigated by the real, or ordinary processes of algebra; but when the same method is to be extended to the other, the imaginary character makes its appearance; if, however, the symbols be treated in the same way as in the other case, that character disappears, and a theorem emerges perfectly analagous to that already investigated. In this view of the matter, the operations with the imaginary characters are nothing but a mode of tracing, or keeping in sight, the analogy between the circle and hyperbola, and have no more force than any other conclusion founded on that analogy. This may be illustrated by the example formerly given from the circle.

Another question has arisen concerning the investigations carried on by help of imaginary expressions, viz. Whether they ought to be tolerated in sciences that boast, like geometry and arithmetic, of the evidence and clearness of their demonstrations. Among certain *Purists* in algebraic language, no quarter is allowed to such modes of expression as we have been here treating of; and the investigations that proceed by help of them are considered as delusive artifices, unworthy of the name of science. To this opinion, however, we can by no means subscribe. Whatever has served for the discovery of truth, has a character too sacred to be rashly thrown aside, or to be sacrificed to the fastidious taste of those who make truth welcome only when it wears a particular dress, and appears arrayed in the *costume* of antiquity. Admitting that imaginary expressions, when applied in the manner we have seen, do nothing more than trace an analogy between two curves related to one another like the circle and hyperbola, and therefore have no force beyond what belongs to analogical reasoning; yet, the simple fact, that the conclusions they have led to have been confirmed by the other less exceptionable modes of demonstration (often by the most rigorous synthesis), is reason sufficient for regarding them as valuable instruments for the discovery of truth. The anticipations they afford are of infinite value; and no man who knows the importance even of scientific conjecture, will willingly give up the advantage to be derived from them.

The conclusions of the investigations by help of imaginary expressions, have been so often verified by other methods, both analytical

lytical and synthetical, that no doubt can remain that they proceed on sound and geometric principles, though perhaps not easy to demonstrate with rigour in their utmost generality. The great generality of a proposition often renders the rigorous demonstration of it difficult; and though we can apply such demonstration when the proposition is broke down, as we may call it, into particular cases, we are yet unable to do so when it remains in its most general form. It is, nevertheless, of great importance to know what that form really consists of.

Though it is true that the investigations which have imaginary expressions for their instrument have been confirmed by other methods, yet the matter was in some instances so difficult, and the result obtained so complete, that the ordinary methods of verification could not be applied, and the method of impossible quantities, from its superior facility, was the only one that could be used with success. This has happened in two or three instances of integration given by Euler, where that great mathematician has performed what, one would have supposed, must greatly surpass the powers even of the most improved analysis. The method he employed depended on imaginary expressions, and he appears very much to regret that he had not been able to accomplish the same by any other means. Though it does not appear that Euler ever gave himself much trouble about settling the metaphysical principles of this part of the calculus, his practice was very conformable to the notion we have been endeavouring to enforce; he used the imaginary expressions as the readiest and most expeditious methods of investigation, and those by which great difficulties were most likely to be overcome; but he was always desirous of finding such verifications as are afforded by a more rigorous analysis. We may safely recommend a rule that directed the practice of this profound and experienced analyst.

ART. III. *Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia, during the Years 1803, 1804, 1805 & 1806. With an Account of some of the Greek Islands.* By Thomas Macgill. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 522. London, Murray. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. 1808.

In our account of Mr Semple's Travels (No. XXI.) we expressed very great satisfaction at receiving from the hand of a mercantile gentleman a sketch of those foreign countries scarcely accessible to any one else, which he had occasion to visit in the course of his professional pursuits; and we strongly recommended so good an example to the attention of others in similar circumstances.

stances. The author of the volumes before us belongs to the same class with Mr Semple, but his work is of very inferior interest and merit in every respect. Mr Macgill, indeed, seems rather to have published his travelling notes as an additional commercial speculation, or a winding up of his accounts, than to have described his tour because it was interesting, or the countries he saw because he had observed them attentively. We do not perceive that he kept any journal or took regular notes of what he saw. He wrote several letters to different friends, sometimes half a year after the anecdotes had occurred which he wished to relate; and, finding that the public would read any thing like travels, and every thing called letters, he seems to have considered the manufacture of two volumes as a fit termination to his trading voyage: which having resolved to do, he could have very little difficulty in obtaining the necessary passports of 'advice of friends to whose inspection they were submitted;' 'their opinion that they would be favourably received;' the consent of a bookseller; the assistance of a printer; and all the other encouragements requisite on the occasion. That of employing an author to write for him, we should think, he has omitted entirely; and, however much we may expose ourselves to contempt for so unfashionable a taste, we will own that the omission gives us satisfaction

Notwithstanding the great inferiority of this work to Mr Semple's, and the slender qualifications, either for speculation or remark, which Mr Macgill appears to possess, we are far from regretting that he has made his letters public. They are by no means devoid of information, although the more important topics are slightly touched, and many things altogether passed over, which an inquisitive and learned reader must greatly desire to find in a work with this title. They contain a number of anecdotes which throw light on the Turkish character, and bring us better acquainted with the present state of their country. They likewise communicate some very useful notices respecting the trade of the Levant and Black Sea, which cannot fail of proving serviceable to mercantile people. It may be added, that the author knows a secret, far from being common with those who have no talent for fine writing,—to write plainly and unaffectedly; and while his letters, if not always very instructive and entertaining, are pretty uniformly sensible, and inoffensive both to our feelings and our taste, his modesty, both in ushering them into notice, and in describing what he has done and seen, cannot be passed over without much commendation. He may, by previously reading some books of general knowledge, and observing more carefully the next country he visits, present us with a more valuable account of it; and in the mean time, in spite of the remarks we

have now made, we prize his present contribution to the stock of public information, infinitely more highly than the feeble and garrulous quartos of the Stranger Knight, or the pompous inanities of William Hunter, Esq. We shall, therefore, follow him rapidly in his tour, and point out what may occur worthy of notice,—an office which we should scarcely be induced to perform towards Sir John Carr, were he to write a Stranger in Japan; or to Mr Hunter for all the letters he might indite, were his positions, like those of his former volumes, as true and as amusing as Cocker, and his language as glowing as Tom Thumb.

The first letters are from Venice, whither our author retired upon the breaking out of the present inexplicable war. His remarks on that singular place are rather of a gloomy cast. He seems to have found neither mirth nor amusement there; and, after a whole year's residence, was able to discern only indigence and misery. That there may be some truth in this picture, we cannot deny. The nobles certainly suffered greatly from the change of government; that is, from the overthrow of the most tyrannical aristocracy in the world; and the fortunes of some were probably impaired by contributions; but, in general, they sustained far more damage from the loss of those means of extortion which they had formerly enjoyed in secure monopoly. But how the city in general, how the bulk of the people, could have any reason to lament the revolution, we cannot conceive. A few of the chief aristocratic houses are ruined; many of those which survived have deserted Venice, and prefer living on the Terra Firma, where they may still domineer over their vassals, to continuing in the city which they can no longer either frighten or plunder. A few German soldiers parade the streets, with whiskers, and pipes in their mouths; and their officers disfigure the theatres, or insult the audience with talking, and making about a twentieth part as much noise as all ranks of men do in an English theatre during the finest passages. These, we believe, are the chief inconveniences which the people have to suffer in return for the abolition of the state prisons, and other engines of torture; the destruction of secret inquisitors and unknown accusers; the equalization of all taxes and public burdens; and the introduction of the best police known in the south of Europe. Mr Macgill exaggerates even the distresses of the nobility. He may be assured, that whoever told him that above a thousand heads of noble families were begging on the streets in the year 1804, greatly deceived him. A dissolute nobility, like the Venetian, is always sure to number among its ranks many persons too lazy to work, too poor to live idle, and not too proud to beg. These, in the best times of Venice, would thankfully accept of charity; but

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their numbers were not very considerably augmented by the revolution. He finds out, to be sure, the case of a Countess C., whose means of idleness and dissipation being destroyed by the change, reduced her to a necessity bitterly deplored by our author,—that of supporting herself and her family by her musical talents. By this statement, she appears to have been a less profligate and lazy personage than the common run of the nobles; but is it any thing so very rare, in this happy country, or, when it happens, do any of our nobility so very much bewail it, to see a reputable tradesman's wife and daughters reduced to support themselves by their needle, in consequence of a bankruptcy, owing most likely to one of those *just and necessary* wars which we are perpetually waging to quiet the senseless alarms of the higher classes of society about Jacobinism, and rank, and property, and French ambition? Nay, did any of these orders ever think twice about it, when they heard perhaps the story of some half-pay captain and his family living upon half the sum they pay their menial servants, after being mutilated in these disastrous wars? We confess, that we are not touched exclusively by the calamities which their follies and intrigues now and then bring upon a few of the privileged orders; and; far from lamenting the revolution which reduced several of them to beggary in Venice, and overthrew the tyranny of the whole body, we look upon it as an event highly beneficial to the mass of the state, and most cheaply purchased, by making the nobles share in some of the miseries which they had for ages been inflicting without remorse on those beneath them. Such, too, we conceive to be the sentiments of every reflecting person. To take Mr Macgill's view of the matter, and see only wretchedness to the whole people, in an event which happens to afflict the nobles, one must really be as blind as a mole, or as aristocratic as a city peer or a Whig patriot.

Our author's account of the natural beauties of this singular place, and his notices of its various works of art, are extremely meagre, considering his long residence there; and confirm us in the belief that he omitted to take any notes at the time, and that the whole description of his travels was an afterthought of himself or his bookseller. Perhaps our readers may feel disposed to doubt, whether Mr Macgill's taste is such as to make it matter of regret that he has left the interesting objects alluded to, almost without description, when we state his opinion touching the Rialto. It by no means equalled his expectations. Why? Because, though a large arch, it is so very low, and its effect is entirely concealed by the houses on the top of it! Wherefore, our author very judiciously recommends the substitution of *a cast-iron bridge!* and says, that the Rialto will bear no sort of comparison with our buildings

of that kind! We believe he is really the firſt man who ever objected to an arch, that it was long in the ſpan, and low in the ſpring—flatneſs being exactly the grand and difficult attainment in ſuch buildings—or who expected to find in the upper part of the Rialto the object of his wonder, inſtead of that unrivalled beauty of curvature in the arch, which all the buildings in the world, if crowded upon the road which runs over it, could not disfigure, or in any reſpect interfere with. The following lines deſcribe one of the characteriſtics of Venice tolerably well.

'St Mark's tower is a high ſquare brick building, the aſcent to which is not by ſteps, but by a winding path. The proſpect from the top of this tower is extenſive, and the view of Venice which preſents itſelf is ſingular. You behold yourſelf ſurrounded by canals and bridges, and even ſtill may be ſeen many gay gondolas ſkimming along the ſurface of the water. You never ſaw a gondola: it is a barge of conſiderable length, and, from its peculiar conſtruction, ſits very ſteady in the water. It is painted black by order of government, and has on its prow a piece of flat iron, highly poliſhed, reſembling the neck of a horſe. The after part of the boat is ſeveral feet out of the water; and almoſt on the point of the ſtern ſtands the rower, who having from long practice acquired great dexterity, ſteers his gondola with one oar, with much exactneſs and velocity. I mention the one-oared gondola, becauſe I admire it the moſt, and think it by far more ſingular than any other. I never ſaw men ſtand and row ſo elegantly as the Venetian gondoliers. In the middle of the boat is a ſmall place covered with black velvet, which much reſembles a hearſe; in the front of this is a curtain; at each ſide a window with Venetian blinds; and on the part next the ſtern, is a cuſhion large enough for two people. Underneath each window is a ſtool, on a level with the cuſhion; ſo that the perſons within are placed in a reclining poſture. Theſe gondolas will turn a corner at full ſpeed, and it is very rarely that any accident happens to them. The rowers have certain expreſſions which they repeat to one another, in order to give warning of their approach, and which ſerve as a mutual direction which ſide of the canal they are to take.' I. p. 11—13.

From Venice Mr Macgill made an excurſion to Ancona, and, of courſe, went to ſee the famous Houſe of God at Loretto. He devoutly believes here, that Bonaparte, (being indeed the very root of all evil now-a-days), with his own hand, in open daylight, and in the midſt of the multitude, took off all the jewels from the Virgin's image, and collected them in his hat, which he gave an aid-de-camp to carry home; but affecting to ſee the image give an angry look, replaced them, with falſe ſtones of the ſame ſize and form, which he had prepared for the purpoſe,—an elaborate and clumſy method of plunder, exceedingly inconſiſtent with the ordinary tactics of this *parent of ill*,—of whom, alone,

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we ſeem reſolved to believe every thing that is contradictory and inconſiſtent, as if he could at once unite the extremes of cunning and of raſhneſs in his own perſon, and yet conſtantly ſucceed in what he attempts. Indeed, Mr Macgill has, three pages further on, taken good care to contradict his former ſtory; for he recounts that all the wealth of Loretto was carried off to Rome by the Pope ſome time before the French arrived; that the naked image alone was left ſtripped of its finery; and that, though Bonaparte carried this off in a paſſion at firſt, yet he afterwards ſent it back. There is nothing worthy of extract in our author's obſervations upon Ancona, except perhaps the following ſhort deſcription of an Italian horſe-race, which he holds up to the contempt of the *true Britiſh* reader.

'The method of horſe-racing in Italy is ſingular. The horſes run without riders; and to urge them on, little balls with ſharp points in them are hung to their ſides, which, when the horſe is employed in the race, act like ſpurs. They have alſo pieces of tinfoil faſtened on their hinder parts, which, as the animals ruſh through the air, make a loud ruſtling noiſe, and frighten them forward. I was much amuſed with the horſe-races at Ancona. A gun is fired when they firſt ſtart, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end; when they have run half-way, another gun is fired; and a third when they arrive at the goal. To aſcertain, without diſpute, which wins the race, acroſs the winning-poſt a thread is ſtretched, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his cheſt, and this mark is deciſive. The firſt race was declared unfair, as one horſe had ſtarted before the reſt; and the governor ordered another to be run the following evening. To guard the courſe, a great number of Roman ſoldiers under arms were ranged on each ſide of it, from one end to the other. The morning after the firſt race, the wind blew from the north, and was rather cold. I was ſitting with his Excellency the governor, Signor Vidoni, when a meſſenger arrived from the general, with his compliments, requeſting that the race might be deferred till another day, as he thought the weather too cold to put his troops under arms. The governor replied to him, that, "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much ſo for Roman ſoldiers." I have ſeen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Romans turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer alone excepted.' I. p. 22—24.

Soon after his return from this excurſion, Mr Macgill quitted Venice for the Levant. He firſt ſailed for Smyrna, and in the way ſtopped for ſome time at Scio, of which he gives a very favourable account. He was ſhown the place where Homer kept *his ſchool*, (for our author, though he is not quite poſitive that this is the ſpot, never entertains a doubt that Homer was a village pedagogue), and ſaw even ſome of the ſeats where it is ſaid the

ſcholars ſat—conſtruing and ſcanning the Iliad, we preſume. In the ſame claſſical neighbourhood, they celebrated the birth-day 'of the beſt of ſovereigns,' with due zeal and ſolemnity. They drank 'Homer's wine' to his health;—they ſung 'the Briton's hymn, God ſave the King;' and our author having taken with him, for the occaſion, a *pair of turtle doves* from Italy, ſet them at large on the royal ſalute being fired, 'that they might return to land, and proſecute their loves at liberty.' The Greeks, on their part, receiving ſome bottles of rum from our author, on this heart-inſpiring occaſion, broke forth in devotional exerciſes, in favour of our monarch, whom they prayed for to all their ſaints, under the appropriate appellation which they gave him, after their accurate Oriental manner, of '*The Favourite of God;*' a name happily expreſſive of the whole courſe and character of the moſt fortunate, glorious, and ſucceſsful reign, both abroad and at home, in America, as well as in Europe, of which the hiſtory of the world hath preſerved any record. A conſiderable abuſe then follows, judiciouſly directed, in honour of the ſame great occaſion, at the French conſul,—who ſtole an umbrella from the Engliſh conſul, and kept it after war broke out, on pretence that it had become prize—viewing it, we preſume, as a ſort of *Droit of Admiralty*. This perſon, it ſhould ſeem, is the only rival of our gracious monarch in the whole iſland of Scio, and was the only perſon who did not drink rum on his birth-day.

From Scio this Loyal North Briton proceeded to Smyrna, where he arrived without any miſadventure; and here, we meet with another ſchool of that eminent Greek tutor Homer, who appears indeed to have been the chief pedagogue of his day in the Levant, and ſeems to be taken by Mr Macgill for a perſon ſkilled in modern Greek and lingua Franca, and gaining his livelihood by teaching thoſe uſeful languages to the captains of traders in thoſe parts. The prevalence of ſome pretty general tradition reſpecting him, is, however, ſufficiently deſerving of our notice, that we ſhould give the following extract, premiſing, that in this, as in the former inſtance at Scio, Mr Macgill, though he may doubt the locality of the ſchoolhouſe, never, for a moment, queſtions the fact of the profeſſion of Homer being that of a ſchoolmaſter; and muſt, therefore, we ſhould infer, have been perſuaded at Naples, that Virgil was an eminent magician, however much he may have been diſpoſed to queſtion the preciſe miracles aſcribed to him.

'This city boaſts of having given birth to Homer. It is aſcertained, that at one time he had a ſchool here, the ſuppoſed ſite of which is to this day held in veneration, and ſhown to travellers as one of the curioſities of the place. This, however, can be nothing but a mere traditional chimera, as the city has been ſo frequently deſtroyed, and its ſituation ſo often changed ſince the period at which he lived. A garden

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is alſo ſhown near Smyrna, called the "Garden of Homer;" but, as there are many people of that name here, it is probable that this garden belonged to one of their anceſtors, who has been miſtaken by poſterity for the poet. On the banks of the river Melicè, about an hour's ride from the village of Bournabat, is a grotto, called "Homer's grotto," in which it is aſſerted he wrote his Iliad; and from its charming and retired ſituation, it is not impoſſible that he might make uſe of it as a retreat from ſociety, and from the ſcorching rays of an ardent ſun.' I. p. 71, 72.

The account which our author gives of Smyrna, where he reſided for a conſiderable length of time, is tolerably full and ſatisfactory. He repreſents it as inhabited by 150,000 perſons, of whom 70,000 only are Turks, 30,000 Greeks, and the reſt Armenians, Jews and Franks. The labouring claſſes and the handicraftſmen are in general from the iſlands of Scio and Tino; the ſhopkeepers are chiefly from the former iſland. All theſe iſlanders come to Smyrna to gain fortunes, with which they uniformly return home. The natives of the other iſlands are for the moſt part idle and ignorant, and are reduced to the neceſſity of following a ſeafaring life for ſubſiſtence. The governor, appointed by the Porte, pays ſmartly for his place, and repays himſelf, of courſe, by all manner of extortion upon the people committed to his care. He makes, in common years, of this plunder, only about 17,000 pounds Sterling; and we rather marvel that Mr Macgill, in the ſpirit of his remarks on Venice, does not lament the unfortunate condition of ſo noble and powerful a perſonage. Were any change, from French invaſion or otherwiſe, to happen in the Turkiſh empire, the lot of this great man would be ſtill more deplorable; and a future traveller might have to bewail the fate of his ſeventy wives reduced to beg, or ſupport themſelves by the labour of their fair hands. We are next preſented with ſome details reſpecting the commerce of Smyrna, which our author denominates 'very extenſive;' and to 'give ſome idea of its immenſity,' he mentions, what to our minds certainly conveys no ſuch notion, that there are ſeldom fewer than fifteen or eighteen veſſels loading in its roads for different countries. It ſeems that, in one year, ſixty veſſels from foreign ports have been known to enter inwards, beſides thoſe from the other Turkiſh ports; and in the ſame year, ninety-three veſſels cleared out for foreign ports; of which, twelve for London, forty-one for Trieſte, and eighteen for Marſeilles. Upon the ſame topic, a long appendix is added, particularizing the cargoes of the importing and exporting veſſels very minutely, and in a manner which cannot fail to be uſeful to mercantile men, eſpecially if coupled with ſome valuable notices given by our author in another part of his work, of the ſtate of the Smyrna and other markets of the Levant.

In this city, commercial affairs have assembled so many foreigners, and produced such profit to the bigotted and barbarous rulers of the land, that the severity of Turkish customs seems to have been greatly relaxed in favour of the strangers; and in reading the description which Mr Macgill gives of its society, we appear to be viewing some European town, where a Turk only intrudes as a casual visitor. In the suburbs, the scene is somewhat more Oriental; for there, a Christian cannot walk without insults; and the natives will be every now and then firing off their muskets at him, as if he were a dog or a mark, and rather take a delight in killing or winging the unlucky infidel. In like manner, when a party of Christians goes out to fish on the river, if they are not pretty well armed, the natives will let them fill their boats with fish, and then, in their unceremonious way, fall upon them and take all the produce of their day's sport, besides, perhaps, killing a few of the company. But if the sportsmen are well provided with arms, those followers of the Prophet will stop short, and salute them courteously with a *Salam*, or some other compliment. When a Turk hears the paddle of oars passing him in the dark on the river, it seems to be his instinct to fire in the direction of the noise, for the chance of its being an infidel traveller. In this way our author was frequently shot at, and had only the satisfaction of returning the fire as nearly as possible in the direction of the former shot.

Although the plague had not been known for five years previous to Mr Macgill's arrival at Smyrna, the Christians and other foreigners there lived in perpetual expectation of that terrible visitor; for whose inroads, however, they seem to have been very well prepared. The following passage gives us an accurate idea of their very judicious precautions, which, if generally practised, would in a few years root out that dreadful malady from the whole face of the earth. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the children of Allah never trouble themselves with any such thoughts, and view the infidels as eminently silly, or rather sinful, for their attempts to counteract it; resembling herein Dr Mosely, and the other worthy disciples of that very small school, which has of late been opened in London against the system of vaccination, with but moderate success; but which should properly be transplanted to the Turkish dominions, where a certain success awaits its enlightened labours.

'The precautions used against the plague by Christians are simple and effectual. Their houses, that is to say, the best houses in Frank-street, are for many reasons built like little fortresses, and in general extend from the street down to the water side. At each of them there is a strong gate, mostly of iron, to prevent their being

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set fire to, and within that one toward the street, at the distance of ten feet from it and each other, are two more formed of spars. When the pestilence rages violently, both the outer and inner gates are kept constantly locked, and the master, or some confidential person, has the keys. When any one rings at the gate, the door is opened by a cord, and the person is admitted to the first spar gate, through which he communicates the intention of his errand. If he brings provisions, within the middle gate stands a large tub of water, into which they are thrown from a little door, and are not taken out again until the outer gate is shut: if bread is brought, it must be hot, at which time it cannot communicate infection. Letters and other papers are conveyed on the end of a piece of wood or cane, with a slit in it, and are fumigated with nitre and brimstone. By these means, it is almost impossible that the plague should find entrance into the houses, where the inhabitants keep themselves closely confined till its rage is spent.

'The greatest danger is at the first breaking out of the disease, before they make use of any precautions; for they seldom think of shutting themselves up, until they hear of eight or nine accidents, as they are called, each day.

'In case of any member of a family being attacked by the plague, the person so seized is immediately carried to the hospital; the rest of the family sprinkle themselves with vinegar, and are fumigated. They generally leave the house they are in, and inhabit another for forty days.

'The hospitals are attended by people who have had the plague; but it is a mistaken idea, that, under these circumstances, they are secure from future infection. Padre Luigi, a humane friar, who has attended one of the hospitals for upwards of thirty years, says, that every time there is the plague in his hospital, his old sores open afresh, though with less virulence; but that a great number of the plague nurses die under as violent attacks of it as if it had seized them for the first time. This worthy father Luigi says further, that he never found any remedy so effectual as friction with oil, when applied in time, and carefully repeated: he has frequently witnessed its salutary effects.' I. p. 120—123.

It is a common popular belief in the Levant, that they never have the two plagues, of locusts and pestilence, at the same time; and Smyrna, which has for some years past been quite free from the latter, has constantly suffered from the ravages of the former. Against them the storks are the best defence;-and Mr Macgill furnishes us with some curious particulars relative to that useful bird.

'The stork, which abounds in Turkey, destroys the locusts in great quantities. These birds are great favourites with the Mahometans. They build their nests in the roofs of their houses, or in high trees in the neighbourhood of their villages, where they remain quite tame, and free from molestation. They live upon vermin and reptiles,

reptiles, and destroy snakes innumerable. In shape and size they resemble a heron; the legs and the beak are red and very long; the body and neck pure white, and the wings jet black; notwithstanding this, they appear very ugly birds. They pay an annual visit to Turkey. They arrive in vast numbers about the middle of March, and always in the night. They arrange their progress very systematically. They send forward their scouts, who make their appearance a day or two before the grand army, and then return to give in their report; after which the whole body advances, and on its passage leaves, during the night, its detachments to garrison the different towns and villages on their way. Early in October, they take their departure in the same manner, so that no one can tell from whence they come, or whither they go. They are known in the night-time to leave all the villages, and have been seen in the air like immense clouds. They leave none behind but those who, from infirmity or accident, are unable to fly. A person who, at the season of their departure, was in the habit of coming from the interior, told me, that, on his journey the year preceding, he had seen thousands and hundreds of thousands of them near the banks of a river, and that they annually assemble there; and when the general sees that his whole army is collected, he at a given moment sets them in motion, leaving a detachment, no doubt, to bring up the stragglers.' 1. p. 125—127.

After residing for a considerable time in Smyrna, our author set out by land for Constantinople. When he arrives there, he tells his correspondent rather archly, 'You will now expect that I should give you an account of Constantinople;' but he adds, that he means to do no such thing, but only to say, it looks better at a distance than when you come near it,—a very common case with most towns; and all the rest of his remarks are reserved for a future visit, which he makes after returning again to Smyrna. In the mean time, he makes divers other excursions from that city; and the one which he seems to think the most interesting, is to Ephesus, a journey of about a day and a half. On the way, in the morning of the second day, his feelings get the better of him, at seeing how amiably the Turks 'respect and venerate old age.' This virtue turns out, indeed, to be shown in the instance of an *old she-camel*, 'who was passing the evening of her days in plenty and tranquillity.'—'Here she lay, basking in the sun's rays, beside a plenteous fountain, or browsing in the verdant shade, as *fancy* or appetite dictated, with the children of the village playing around her.' The once famous city of Ephesus is now one of the most wretched villages, even in the Turkish empire. The beautiful plains in which it stands are totally uncultivated; and the river, being allowed to choke itself up by the deposit of mud and sand, so frequently overflows its banks, that they are reduced to the state of perfect marshes.

marshes. The ancient port was about a mile distant from the present bed of the river. The temple of Diana covers with its ruins a great space of the Amphitheatre. Its huge pillars broken and scattered, numberless arches, pedestals, architraves, pieces of sculpture, are all that remain of it; but they give mighty indications of its former grandeur. The ruins of other magnificent buildings are likewise to be traced, particularly a vast palace and several mausoleums of white marble. We lament that Mr Macgill did not take the assistance of some artist, to preserve the delineations of these interesting remains. The only adventure of any consequence which occurred to our author on this expedition, was his visit to Osman Oglu, prince of the country, who was there on a shooting party. Mr Macgill joined him in one day's sport, and escaped being shot at, of which he run a constant risk, as there is no beating into the head of a Turk, that a Christian (*Pesavenk Yahour*, or infidel pimp, as they call him) is a human being, and merits the slightest consideration; the followers of Mahomet resembling, in this respect, our West Indians, in their conceptions of the value of negro life.

On his second arrival at Constantinople, Mr Macgill keeps his promise of describing it; but it is too well known, and he adds too little to the former accounts, to make it worth our while to abridge and extract any part of his narrative. But we shall present our readers with the account of an English ambassador's presentation, which is more minute than we have elsewhere seen, and we have reason to know is perfectly accurate.

'When we arrived, we found horses from the stud of the Sultan waiting to convey us to the seraglio. After some little ceremonies we again set forward for the Sublime Porte. Before entering it, we all alighted, and proceeded onward between the gates. The outer and inner ones were then shut, and information was sent to the Divan, that an infidel ambassador was without, who wished to throw himself at the feet of the Great Sultan. The place in which we were enclosed is that where criminals are decapitated, and where the heads of traitors are exposed for the satisfaction of the Sultan. After a short time the inner gate was thrown open, and an exhibition truly novel presented itself; a great number of dishes of pillau and cakes of bread were strewed on the ground at appropriate distances, which, at a signal given, a troop of Janizaries ran in, in the nimblest manner, and carried off. On inquiry, I found that this grotesque spectacle was intended to show to us infidels in what manner the Turkish troops are fed, and also how active they are.

'At length we were permitted to advance, and after crossing an exterior court of the seraglio, arrived at the entrance of the Divan, near the door of which were exposed on the ground the presents brought by the ambassador, in order to gain or secure the friendship

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of the Turks; amongst these were several pieces of fine cloth, some of rich silk, a table clock, and many other articles.

'Here his Excellency presented his credentials to the Vizir, who by some gentlemen of the long robe sent them to the Sultan to know his pleasure. The interval between this and the arrival of the answer was employed by us in examining and admiring the magnificence of the apartment in which we were, and which was richly gilt and painted on the roof and columns. The floor was of variegated marble: around the room were sophas covered with costly stuff. In the middle of the side opposite the door, upon a cushion more elevated than the rest, sat the Vizir. Over his head we observed the little window covered by a thick grating, at which it is said the Sultan sits to hear what passes on occasions of this kind. It was evident to perceive through the grating that some person sat there, but conjecture alone could lead us to conclude that it was Selim.

'A gracious answer from the Sultan at length arrived, which was received with a shout of "Long live the King of Kings, Selim the Sultan of Sultans!" Here every one arose, even his Highness the Vizir slipt from his throne, and met the bearer half way to the door. The order was delivered into his hands. He first kissed it, then placed it to his forehead, kissed it again, and then, and not till then, presumed to break the seals. The order was to feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and then admit them to his presence. In a short time, some little stools were arranged in different parts of the divan, on the top of which were placed large trays of gold and silver, about four feet diameter, and of a circular form, from which we were to be fed at the expense of the Turks. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up; first, a kind of blancmanger; next, different kinds of roasted and baked meats; sweetmeats followed, and to conclude, a delicious cooling sherbet was handed round in gold and silver basons.

'We experienced one grievous want at this feast, for we were not furnished either with knife or fork, and were obliged to tear in pieces whatever was set before us; for the articles of a liquid kind, spoons of tortoise-shell, studded with gold, were handed to us.

'The eating part of the farce being over, perfumed water was poured on the hands of his Excellency, and a napkin of rich embroidery was thrown to him to wipe them with; he was farther perfumed with aloes wood and ambergris.

'The usual ceremony of paying the Janizaries takes place in general after this part of the audience, but his Excellency had, I suppose, expressed himself sufficiently satisfied of the riches of the Sultan, and it was dispensed with.

'We were now marched to a kind of open room under the piazzas, where coffee was served, and where the infidels were clothed in a manner suitable to their making their appearance before the Sublime Sultan. This dress consisted of pelisses; that of his Excellency was lined with samour, worth no small sum; those for the secreta-

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ries were very good; the dragomen, who generally take care o themselves, having in some measure the arrangement of this part of the business, were served with a pelisse each, little inferior to that of the ambassador; the others were of trifling value.

'To the presence of the Sultan only fourteen can be admitted, and they must be unarmed; so here his Excellency, and those who wore swords, unbuckled. We now passed to the gate of the second court, where we encountered the first guard of eunuchs. This guard was composed of the ugliest monsters that ever wore the human form; their features were horrible, with the flesh depending from them; their faces were of the mo t deadly hue. Each infidel was now adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the King of Kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence. In this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.

'The Sultan was sitting on a bed, for his throne has the appearance of a large four posted bed; indeed it is exactly that shape. The posts were inlaid with precious stones. The cushion on which Selim sat was composed of a massy embroidery of pearls; before him stood his boots, beside him lay his sword, and some turbans of state with rich aigrettes in them.

'Selim is a man of about forty-three years of age. His beard is become grisly, his countenance is attractive, the *tout ensemble* of his physiognomy benign. He never lifted his eyes, nor even gave a side glance. The ambassador made a polite speech to him, which the Prince Marwze, first dragoman at the Porte, translated to the Vizir, who repeated it to the Sultan. He made his reply in simple, kind, and elegant expressions. It was likewise spoken to the Vizir, who passed it to the Prince, who then repeated it to the British Company's dragoman, and he to the ambassador. Our audience being finished, we turned to depart, still in our humiliating condition, like criminals. The Sultan, just as we were leaving the room, desired the dragoman to inform his Excellency, that he had ordered him a horse, which he hoped would turn out a good one. His Excellency thanked him, and we departed. A strong guard of janizaries attended during the whole of the procession.' II. p. 3—11.

From Constantinople, Mr Macgill made an interesting voyage to the coasts of the Black Sea, and visited with great care the towns of Taganrock and Odessa. His account of both of these new communities, is highly useful and interesting in every point of view. His description of the latter, especially, is by much the best calculated of any we have seen to give us an idea of the rising importance of that place. Odessa had scarcely existed four years when he visited it in 1805, and yet contained a population of ten thousand persons. The houses are well built of freestone, and disposed according to a regular plan. There is a secure harbour for vessels of considerable burthen, and a mole or quay (a *key* as

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our author chuses to term it) extending half a werst (above a quarter of a mile) into the sea, of which the uses are likely to be incalculable. There are warehouses for depositing bonded goods, in case the market should prove unfavourable, well supplied markets, and two good theatres, besides other places of public amusement. The Polish nobles resort to this thriving town in great numbers, and render its society extremely gay. The merchants are chiefly Germans and Italians, though there are two English houses of respectability already established. One thousand ships have been loaded in the port in a single year, almost entirely with wheat; but we do not exactly comprehend Mr Macgill, when he says that they scarcely have any articles of importation. Among the natural disadvantages of Odessa, must be reckoned the bareness and want of wood in its immediate neighbourhood, and the dangerous navigation of the Black Sea from currents and want of sea-room. Much of the prosperity of the place is owing, by our author's account of the matter, to the wise and upright administration of the Duke de Richilieu, the tutelar or governor; an instance, we are afraid almost solitary, of a French emigrant nobleman having either thriven himself, or rendered his stay useful to the country which has given him a reception. We can scarcely conceive any thing more descriptive of want of comfort, than the account which Mr Macgill gives of the dust at Taganrock. It seems to surpass all the plagues of Egypt, and is an evil of a hot climate never before inserted in the catalogue.

'The streets are wide and unpaved. When it rains for only an hour, they become impassable. The soil is so fine, that the mud is immediately knee-deep in many places; and so clammy and slippery, that it is both disagreeable and dangerous to a foot passenger. You will think me capricious, but this I can assure you is not the case. When the rain ceases for a few hours, the streets still continue intolerable; the sun and wind quickly dry up the moisture, and raise a cloud of dust from the fine mould, which I have mentioned to you, and which is reduced to an impalpable powder by the feet of crowds of oxen and horses, that are passing every instant with produce from the country. The wind, which is generally strong, carries this dust into the air in such clouds, that I have actually seen the sun darkened by them for a considerable time, and at the breadth of a street have not been able for several minutes to distinguish a man from a horse. This dust is carried so far, that with the wind off the land, at three wersts distance, I have been almost choked with it. The first time I saw these clouds, I concluded that they were certainly the forerunners of an earthquake. I esteem this circumstance as one of the most unpleasant attending a residence here, and should have supposed it very pernicious to the health of the inhabitants;

tants; but they all look well and hardy; and a medical friend, who had received his education in Edinburgh, assured me that they were not afflicted with disease any more than other people. I observed, however, that the doctor, who, like myself, had no inclination to drink water impregnated with dust, always had it boiled with a little salt of tartar, which precipitated all the sediment. I found it impossible to keep out the dust: the houses were filled with it even when the windows were kept down; and although I wore thick pantaloons and boots, at night I found my skin perfectly black. This, in some measure, accounts for the dirtiness of the Russians in this quarter. I never saw a dirtier set of men; and upon mentioning it, I was told that they said, this was to be "in the English fashion." They were quite surprised to see me always the cleanest in the company.' I. p. 201—204.

Mr Macgill is one of those who regret that the Turkish character has suffered from the prejudices of Christians, and endeavour to rescue it in part from the effects of the common but erroneous estimate. We do not think him very successful in this part of his undertaking. His chief support is an appeal to abuses among Christian countries. If cruelty, for example, be imputed to the Mussulmans, or disregard of life of a fellow creature, or oppression towards inferiors, or even the public despotism of the government, we are told to look at the West India islands, where Christians commit a thousand enormities under the protection of the laws of civilized communities;—an argument which, if it proves any thing, only throws a great stain on those Christian countries, without in the smallest degree vindicating the Turks. We have remarked some other attempts in favour of the Ottomans, not much more successful.—For instance, it seems absurd enough to deny that they are of a jealous disposition, and to resolve all their jealousy into a religious principle, contending, as our author does, that it is only pointed at Christians, and not at *true believers*. In the first place, we do not believe the fact; and conceive that it stands contradicted by every thing which we know of Eastern manners and character from other sources. There is a jealousy shown towards Christians, no doubt, of a much higher nature; but it is so perfectly different, in every respect, from the sort of jealousy which commonly goes by that name, that we are surprised to find so acute a person as Mr Macgill confounding the two feelings together. A Christian is punished most unmercifully, generally with death, if he is found to have had connexion with a Mussulman woman, who suffers nearly the same fate. But it does not follow, because such indignation is excited by such a pollution, that therefore there is no jealousy in an individual when his haram is violated, whether by Mussulman or Christian. The Christian is punished by the public prejudices and religious observances for violating

violating a law of the ſtate, and without any reference to the individual rights which he encroaches upon. The Turkiſh huſband may ſtill be the moſt jealous of lovers or maſters in protecting his females from the approach of a ſpoiler, whether Chriſtian or Turkiſh. For the reſt, we think the notion of denying that the Turks are jealous, in the common acceptation of the term, is about as hopeleſs as the attempt of thoſe who, in their admiration of the Spaniſh character, vindicate it from the ſame imputation, by aſſerting, that it is the Cicisbeo, or Cortejo, and not the huſband, who feels the green-eyed paſſion; thus converting an accuſation of jealouſy into the graver charge of jealouſy combined with cuckoldom and adultery. This is the error into which one of our very beſt modern travellers has unwarily fallen; we mean the well informed, accurate, and indefatigable Mr Townſend.

Some of the most interesting notices which Mr Macgill's book contains, are the facts scattered over it, relating to the improvement which, in spite of every obstacle, seems to be making some progress in the Turkish dominions. Selim III., the Sultan under whose reign our author visited Turkey, but who has since, unhappily, been deposed by the Janizaries, appears to have been a man of very uncommon views and talents, for a child of the seraglio. Aware that the despotism exercised by the Janizaries for ages, both over prince and people, was the chief cause of the feebleness of the government, Mustapha, the predecessor of Selim, took the wise and bold resolution of undermining their power, by forming a new establishment of troops upon the European model; and, in pursuing this plan, Selim showed such vigour and perseverance, that, in 1805, the numbers of the new troops, or Nizami-Djedid, amounted to about sixty thousand, according to Mr Macgill's statement; which, however, we are disposed, on every account, to think a great exaggeration. Still it is certain, that a respectable force was embodied, armed and accoutered after the European manner, quite unconnected with the Janizaries, and kept also separated from the body of the people, in barracks of their own, and encouraged, by every mark of favour, in their attachment to the Sultan. There was thus every appearance of a speedy period being put to the violent and anarchical tyranny of the Janizaries. Similar improvements were going on in the arsenals and dock-yards; so that some prospect of regaining their naval strength was now afforded to the Turks. The traffic in protections, carried on by foreign ministers to such an excess, that Russia alone was computed at one time to have protected 80,000 Turkish subjects, was totally abolished by Selim, after a struggle, in which his firmness appeared to great advantage. Under his care manufactures were beginning to flourish, especial-

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ly in the neighbourhood of the capital, where about 10,000 looms were at work in making the silk stuffs used by the Turks, and other cloths of an inferior quality. In Scutari, where Selim built a mole for the convenience of the shipping, and in other parts of the environs, immense quantities of India, British, and German cloths were printed and dyed in a very superior style. But a species of manufacture, wholly introduced by Selim III., and that in opposition to the most rooted prejudices and superstitions of the country, as well as in complete dereliction of the political maxims of the barbarous predecessors, was the printing-press which he established in Scutari. The building was on a pretty extensive scale; and ten presses were at work when Mr Macgill visited it. Subservient to it was a very fine paper manufactory, likewise established by Selim. Our author saw various books of geography in Turkish printed here, a translation of Cook's Voyages, Euclid's Elements, and others, besides maps and charts. It was this singular personage against whom the Janizaries and their mob raised a revolt about a year ago, alarmed at the progress of his improvements, so fatal to the system of abuse which supports them; and it is melancholy to reflect, that the British public, on account of the war with the Porte, which had a short time before broken out, rejoiced in this rebellion, and were full of expectations from the event to which it led—the deposition of Selim. The people of this country, it must be admitted, acted in this instance with the selfishness and narrowness which too generally marks their views of foreign nations. They never can think of any event but as it may *immediately* influence 'British objects.' They are distractedly fond of any foreign prince while he will fight against France, and ruin himself for English money; but, let him only be beaten into a love of peace, pursue his own plain and obvious interests, according to the duties he owes his people, and all England resounds with wishes for his destruction—nay, with pretty loud hints that we may hope to see him carried off by some rebellion or intrigue,—a great deal too base ever to have been practised by ourselves, even in our greatest need. This, and our love of power, being the worst feature in the national character of the English, we always deem it our duty to comment upon it as often as the opportunity occurs; and, however unpleasant the task, (for what can be so ungrateful as to tell a whole nation the whole of its faults?) we think it necessary even to go out of our way, in order to stigmatize that meanness of spirit and narrowness of views, which have done more to dishonour England, and to frustrate her plans for the liberation of Europe, than all the victories of her enemies, and all the blunders of her allies.

ART. IV. *A Statistical and Historical Inquiry into the Progress and Magnitude of the Population of Ireland.* By Thomas Newenham, Esq.

A Short Address to the Most Reverend and Honourable William, Lord Primate of all Ireland, recommendatory of some Commutation or Modification of the Tithes of that Country. By the Reverend H. Dudley.

A Sketch of the State of Ireland, Past and Present.

It has long been a matter of just complaint with the public, that, among the few persons whose situations and habits have led them to an intimate knowledge of the state of Ireland, and who are daily compelled to contemplate what *is*, and to contrast it with what *might* be, that there has hitherto been so little anxiety either to collect or to circulate correct information. The attention which the affairs of Ireland have, from particular causes, excited, since the last dissolution of Parliament, and the publications relating to them, which are now daily issuing from the press, will, we earnestly hope, in no great length of time, remove this cause of complaint; and, whatever views they may embrace, or in whatever garb they may be arrayed, we shall be disposed to hail them with satisfaction, as certainly conducing at least to one great object needful on this subject—*discussion*. The necessity, indeed, of making the British public more familiar with the state of Ireland, in all its relations, has been strikingly evinced by the allusions made to the opinions of the people, in the late debates on the Catholic petition. If it be really true, that the middling and lower ranks of society in this country are by no means prepared to consider the Irish Roman Catholics as fellow Christians worshipping the same God, and fellow subjects entitled to the same civil privileges; if they are really so bigoted as to wish to deny the benefits of the British constitution to above a fourth part of the population of the empire, and so ignorant as to imagine they can do it with safety, the evil admits of no other remedy than that of bringing the subject repeatedly before them —of familiarizing them to a more just and rational consideration of it—and of endeavouring to work into their minds the conviction, that, in holding such opinions, they are not only violating the genuine spirit of Christianity, but blindly endangering their own security, and risking the subjugation or dismemberment of the empire. As the denunciation of offences committed against the principles of an enlightened policy, is more peculiarly within our province than the violation of religious duties, it is to the former

former that we shall at present principally call the reader's attention.

Among the subjects peculiar to the state of Ireland, which have hitherto been comparatively but little noticed, is the extraordinary phenomenon of the very rapid increase of its population. While many of the countries of Europe have been slumbering on with a population nearly stationary, or, at most, increasing very slowly; while even the most prosperous (except the newly civilized country of Russia) have not approached towards doubling their numbers during the course of the last century, Ireland, in the same period, has more than quadrupled them

The proofs of this position are brought forward by Mr Newenham in a manner which does credit to his industry and information; and we really think that the public is much indebted to him for the results of his labours. It appears that some unworthy efforts have at different times been made to *conceal* the full amount of the population of Ireland, and the rapidity of its increase. We can hardly imagine that our Government could at any time have been so weak, as directly to encourage such misrepresentations, or attempt to conceal the relative strength and importance of a particular part of the empire, for the purpose of blinding themselves and others to the dangers with which they are surrounded. It is more probable that misrepresentations of this kind should have proceeded, in the first instance, from the friends of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, though they might afterwards be too readily adopted by the Government. But, however this may be, one of the principal motives which incited Mr Newenham to engage in these inquiries, seems to have been the fear, that even any official returns that might in future be published by authority, collected, as they probably would be, by the Protestant clergy, and revised by persons not unwilling to be deceived, might give a very incorrect statement of the real magnitude of the Catholic population in Ireland.

With the importance of knowing the whole truth on this subject, on whatever side it may lye, Mr Newenham seems fully impressed; and, in order to ascertain it as nearly as possible, he has collected all the *data* respecting the population of Ireland, at different periods, furnished by previous inquiries; has enlarged and extended them by his own personal researches, and those of his friends; and has strengthened the whole by a variety of collateral information, all bearing upon the main question.

The actual population in 1804, Mr Newenham estimates at 5,400,000. This result is obtained, by applying the present apparent rate of increase, which is stated to be such as would make the period of doubling forty-six years, to the acknowledged po-

pulation of 1791, deduced from the last returns for the hearth-tax. In this estimate, of course, much depends upon the correctness with which the rate of increase is determined; and though this part of the calculation is not made in a manner which bespeaks a familiar acquaintance with the technical parts of the science, yet we think it founded on sufficient evidence to justify our conviction, that it is not overrated. A still more rapid increase, indeed, seems to have taken place in all the districts of which particular surveys have been collected; and, wherever an opportunity has occurred of procuring any accurate information respecting the number of children produced by each marriage, the earliness of marriages, and the proportion of the population under puberty, the results, which are very curious and interesting, bear unequivocal testimony to a progress in population at least as quick as that which has been stated.

The average rate of increase throughout the country, can only be correctly determined by setting out from a correct estimate at first; and here, perhaps, the statement of Mr Newenham may be most open to objection. The estimate he adopts, as nearest the beginning of the century, and the most accurate that could be obtained, is that of Captain South in 1695, which makes the population at that time amount to 1,034,102; but as it was calculated from the assessments of a poll-tax, though it appears to have been done with considerable care, it is probable, or rather certain, that the usual evasions of such taxes have made it fall below the truth. And this seems to be in some degree corroborated by the result of an enumeration in 1731, from which the population appeared to amount to 2,010,221, which would imply an increase from 1695 considerably greater than the average rate of the century. This objection, however, is expressly noticed by Mr Newenham; and in answer to it he observes, that the omissions in 1695 were probably not greater than those of 1791, relative to which, the Inspector-general of hearth-money declared to him, that there was no truth of which he was more thoroughly convinced, than that the return should have comprised a much greater number of houses exempt from the hearth-tax than it did. Were this really the case, and the proportion of omissions the same, any supposed deficiency in the computation of 1695 would not, of course, affect the average rate of increase throughout the century; but, even allowing for some difference in these proportions, our general position, that the population of Ireland has quadrupled during the last century, cannot be on either side far from the truth.

The *causes* of this rapid increase, among a people groaning under a penal code of singular severity, and oppressed for three

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fourths of the period in a manner of which history does not furnish a second example, cannot fail of exciting our astonishment and curiosity. We are at a loss to reconcile such an instance to those causes of increase laid down by Hume and Smith,—'wise institutions,' and an 'increasing demand for labour.' Under circumstances apparently the most opposite, Ireland has increased with extraordinary rapidity; and this fact affords so striking an illustration of the doctrines which Mr Malthus has advanced in his late Essay on Population, that we are surprised that he did not enter into it more in detail. Nothing, however, that this author has said tends really to contradict these positions of our illustrious countrymen. It is still true that wise institutions, and an increasing demand for labour, are most powerful promoters of population; because, in all ordinary cases, they most effectually tend to produce the means for its support. But in any particular case, where such means could be produced and distributed without the aid of these advantages, population would still make a rapid progress under circumstances in other respects the most adverse.

The introduction of the POTATOE into Ireland, and its becoming the general food of the common people, seems to have formed this particular case; and to be the single cause which has produced the effects that excite our astonishment. At what period potatoes became the staple support of the Irish poor, it is difficult precisely to ascertain; but, whenever this event took place, it would necessarily occasion a most prodigious facility in the payment and production of labour. The way in which the means of subsistence practically regulate the increase of population in civilized societies, is, by limiting and determining the real wages of the labourer, or the number of persons which the labour of one man will support upon the staple food of the country. In England, at present, reckoning labour at ten shillings a week, the quartern loaf at a shilling, and allowing a half peck loaf a week to each individual, the earnings of a single man will support, on bread alone, five persons. With his weekly wages he will be able to purchase 43 pounds 7 ounces * of bread, his usual nourishment.

In Ireland, at the time that Mr Young made his tour, the average price of labour was 6½d., and the prime cost of potatoes to the cultivator 1½d. † the stone of 14 pounds. At these rates, the

* The half peck loaf weighs 8 lib. 11 oz.

† In estimating the effect of potatoes upon the population of Ireland, it is necessary to take them at their cost to the cultivator; because, according to Mr Newenham, four fifths of the people are supported on the produce of land cultivated by themselves. (p. 271.)

labourer would be able to procure, with his weekly earnings, 364 pounds of potatoes, and, allowing four pounds of potatoes to one of bread, 91 pounds of solid nourishment,—above double the quantity earned by the higher wages of the English labourer, and adequate to the weekly support of above double the number of persons. If either the wages of labour in England have been taken too low, or the price of bread too high for the general average; or, if a pound of bread contain more nourishment than four pounds of potatoes,* the difference of course will not be so great as here stated; but, at all events, it will be prodigious, and sufficient to account at once for the much more rapid increase of population in the one country than in the other.

According to Mr Young, four times the quantity of land is required in Ireland to yield the same nourishment in wheat as in potatoes.† In the cottar system, which is almost necessarily adopted in every agricultural country deficient in capital, this circumstance must afford incalculable advantages. The farmer would be able, by letting a very small proportion of his land, to provide that most important branch of capital, the wages of labour; and the facility with which labour could thus be paid, would naturally prompt him to procure it in abundance; more solicitous to have an ample supply in seasons of pressure, than fearful of not being able to keep all his cottars constantly employed. The latter consideration, indeed, would chiefly rest with the labourer himself. The farmer would at all events receive a fair price for his land, and would only deduct so much from the rent of it, as the number of days labour which he had required might amount to. It would depend upon the judgement

* Mr Newenham is of opinion, that three pounds of good mealy potatoes are more than an equivalent for one pound of bread; but, in allowing thirty-six pounds of potatoes for the daily consumption of a family of six persons (p. 340.), he does not seem to adhere to this estimate, unless indeed we suppose with Mr Young, that the Irishman has always a bellyful, and the Englishman not. We understand that, in England, a half peck loaf a week, or 8 lib. 11 oz. in seven days, is considered as a fair average allowance for each individual of those families that live almost wholly on bread; but we know, at the same time, that a young and healthy labourer will eat double the quantity. We believe that the Irish labourer in general lives more exclusively upon potatoes than the English labourer upon bread; and this is probably the chief reason why the allowance to an Irish family is greater in weight than the proportion of 4 to 1, though, as to the comparative nourishment of the two kinds of food, Mr Newenham's estimate is probably nearer the truth than ours.

† Tour in Ireland, vol. II. p. 120.

ment of the labourer to decide, whether the work of the farm on which he was settled, and the occasional employment which he might elsewhere obtain, would enable him to pay his rent, and procure the proper assistance for the cultivation of his potatoes. In this state of things, aided by the singular advantage, that in the cultivation of potatoes in Ireland, the attention of the cottar is directed to a small portion of good land, instead of a comparatively large portion of poor land, as in most other countries, great scope would naturally be given to the principle of increase; and the abundance of labour thus produced, would react upon the agriculture of the country, and force on a production of capital, and of funds for the maintenance of labour, in spite of every disadvantage of government.

The indolence of the Irish peasantry, which has been so frequently the subject of remark, has naturally been occasioned by this redundancy of labour, combined with the habit of working for the farmers, on whose lands they are settled at a fixed and under price. But, paradoxical as it may at first appear, it is probable, that this indolence, and the number of holidays that it prompts them to keep, has rather tended to improve, than to lower their condition, and has been one, among other causes, which has prevented the price of labour from falling, in proportion to the cheapness of the food on which it is supported.

But though it is certainly true that the Iriſh peaſant has hitherto been able to command a greater quantity of the food to which he is accuſtomed, than the Engliſh labourer can of bread, yet it by no means follows that his general condition ſhould be proportionably better. Something elſe beſides food is required to make life comfortable; and the ſurplus potatoes of the Iriſhman, when converted into money, will have but a ſmall power in purchaſing other articles. Owing to the deficiency of manufacturing capital in Ireland, and the indolent habits of workmen in general, the conveniences of clothing, furniture, &c. are as dear as in England; while the pecuniary wages of the Iriſh labourer are not equal to half the earnings of the Engliſhman.* Hence ariſes the unſparing meal of potatoes noticed by Mr Young, at which the beggar, the pig, the dog, the cat, and the poultry, ſeem all equally welcome; while the cabin that affords ſhelter to all theſe various

* Mr Newenham says in a note, page 273, that labour is more than twice as high as in the year 1777; but, as far as we have been able to learn, the average is rather under than over 10d. There is a great difference in the prices both of potatoes and labour in the towns of Ireland, compared with the country, on account of the bulk and weight of potatoes, and the consequent expense of carriage.

ous inhabitants, is hardly ſuperior to an Engliſh pigſtye;—its furniture confined almoſt excluſively to the pot in which the potatoes are boiled; and the clothing of its human inmates as deficient in quantity as it is wretched in quality. Mr Young obſerves, that an Iriſhman and his wife are much more ſolicitous to feed than to clothe their children; but the fact is, that they have the power of doing the one, and not that of doing the other.

This kind of ſupport, though it might be ſufficient to give play to the ſtrong principle of increaſe among a people long oppreſſed and degraded, could never preſent very flattering proſpects of happineſs; and when joined to the occaſional difficulty of getting ſufficient employment to enable them to pay the rent of their potatoe grounds, would naturally prompt them to emigration. Ireland has, in conſequence, long been conſidered as the great *officina militum*, not only for England, but for other countries.

It has been calculated, though it is probably an exaggeration, that, from 1691 to 1745, 450,000 Iriſhmen periſhed in the ſervice of France; and, for fifty years of the laſt century, the annual emigration to America is eſtimated, by Mr Newenham, at 4000. During three years from 1771, of which there are accurate accounts, the average annual emigrations to America alone, were 9533. Additional encouragement would, of courſe, be given by theſe emigrations, to the habit of early marriages, the prevalence of which in Ireland Mr Newenham particularly notices: and though ſuch drains muſt neceſſarily prevent the poſſibility of a full development of the power of increaſe in the country where they take place; yet it is probable, that, in the actual ſtate of things, the population of Ireland was not diminiſhed by them; and that the remaining inhabitants were always as numerous as the progreſs of its reſources would enable it to employ and ſupport.

Theſe emigrations of different kinds were checked by the American war; but about the ſame time, the diſgraceful code under which the Catholics had been ſo long oppreſſed, began to be relaxed; and ſhortly after, under a leſs ſhackled trade, and a ſomewhat improved government, a new life was given to induſtry; and the rapid increaſe of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, found employment for a great increaſe of people at home. Theſe advantages, the effects of which are detailed at large by Mr Newenham, appear to have more than counterbalanced any diſadvantages which may be ſuppoſed to have ariſen from the increaſing dearneſs and ſcarcity of land: and, on the whole, there ſeems to be good reaſon to believe, that, in ſpite of the late rebellion, and the two years of ſcarcity, the progreſs of population ſince 1777 has been decidedly above the average rate of the century.

The conſequences of ſuch a rapid rate of increaſe deſerve our moſt

moſt ſerious attention. Either the increaſe will continue at its preſent rate, or it will not. If the rate continue, Ireland will contain *twenty millions* of people in the courſe of the preſent century; and we need not inſiſt upon the reſult. With ſuch a phyſical force, it is quite impoſſible that it ſhould remain united to Great Britain, without ſharing, in every reſpect, the full benefits of its conſtitution.

If the rate do not continue to the end of the century, which is certainly the more probable ſuppoſition, it will be intereſting to aſk ourſelves, what will be the principal cauſes of its retardation, and in what manner they will practically operate? The cauſe firſt generally felt, will be the dearneſs of land; and the advance of rent will continue, till the uſual quantity of land conſidered as neceſſary to ſupport a large family, cannot be obtained for the amount of the average earnings of a year's labour. Smaller portions will then be taken; but even theſe, in time, becoming ſcarce, and difficult to be procured, the cottar ſyſtem will be gradually deſtroyed, and give place to a ſet of labourers earning their pecuniary wages like the peaſantry of England, but ſtill living upon potatoes as their principal food. Theſe potatoes will then be raiſed by the farmers, and will become a principal object of cultivation for the market, as the great ſtaple food of the country.

The other, and ultimate cauſe of retardation, will be ſuch a riſe in the price of potatoes, compared with the price of labour, as will give the labourer no greater command over ſubſiſtence in the ſhape of potatoes, than he has at preſent over corn, in ſome of the ſtationary, or ſlowly-increaſing countries of Europe. When the Iriſh peaſant can only earn the maintenance of five, inſtead of ten perſons, the habit of early marriages will neceſſarily be checked; the rearing of families will be impeded; and the cabins will ceaſe to ſwarm, as they do at preſent, with overflowing broods of healthy children.

But before this laſt cauſe has produced an approach to a ſtationary population, Ireland will contain, in proportion to its ſize, a prodigious maſs of people. It is the firſt and only country that has yet fully taken to a ſpecies of food, which, at the moſt, requires only one third of the land neceſſary to yield the ſame nouriſhment in wheat. * Its effects, hitherto, have been truly aſtoniſhing;

* According to Mr Young, the average produce of the whole kingdom is 82 barrels per Irish acre, (Irish Tour, vol. ii. p. 120.) each barrel weighing 20 stone. This, in pounds, amounts to 22,960, and divided by 4 to reduce it to the solid nourishment of wheat, will be 5740 pounds. The average produce of an Irish acre in wheat,

niſhing; and, in its future progreſs, it may be expected to produce proportionate reſults. We ſhould not wonder if Ireland were deſtined to become an inſtance of the greateſt denſity of population yet known in the world: and it has ſometimes ſtruck us as poſſible, that the prodigious phyſical force thus created in a particular country, might, like the ſtanding armies introduced into modern Europe by France, occaſion the adoption of the ſame ſyſtem in the neighbouring ſtates. We own that we do not contemplate ſuch a change as favourable to the happineſs of mankind. That ſo great an increaſe of human beings, if they could be well ſupported, would be highly deſirable, cannot admit of a doubt; but it ſeems ſcarcely poſſible that they ſhould be ſo ſupported; and we feel convinced, that if the lower claſſes of ſociety lived excluſively upon potatoes, they would not only have leſs power to purchaſe the conveniences and comforts of life, but would be much more expoſed to the preſſure of ſcarcity than they are at preſent. As long as potatoes can be kept to act only as ſubſidiaries to the main food of the country, they appear to be calculated to produce the higheſt benefits to the poor, as affording a moſt admirable and timely ſupply to thoſe who have larger families than uſual; and the beſt and cheapeſt reſource in ſeaſons of ſcarcity. Theſe advantages would be ſtill further extended in England, if cattle, pigs and poultry were more generally fed upon them; as the ſtore would then be greater in a deficiency of corn. In the actual ſtate of things, however, both in England and Scotland, the poor derive great benefit from them. But when once they ſhall have become the main food of the country, ſo as to be the principal regulator of the price of labour, the ſcene will be moſt decidedly changed. The never-failing bellyful to all the children of a family noticed by Mr Young, as the circumſtance which muſt ever recommend potatoes, was procured, not by any quality neceſſarily and unalterably inherent in this kind of food, but by the rapid increaſe of the funds for the maintenance of labour in Ireland, at the time that he made his tour,—

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is 4 quarters, which, at 460 pounds the quarter, amounts to 1840, leſs than one third of the ſolid nourishment yielded by an acre of potatoes; independently of the important circumſtance, that the cultivation of wheat requires the intervention of more fallows or green crops, than that of potatoes. If we take Mr Newenham's eſtimate of three pounds of potatoes to one of bread, the produce of an acre of potatoes will be at once more than quadruple that of an acre of wheat. A certain weight of wheat will yield nearly the ſame weight of bread, on account of the water abſorbed in its compoſition, which about balances the loſs of the bran and coarſe parts.

tour,—by causes, in short, similar to those which secure to the American labourer, and all his children, a never-failing bellyful of bread. But, when these funds cease to advance with the same rapidity, which they necessarily must do in time, there is no reason why potatoes should not ultimately be as scarce, and as economically consumed, as the bread and cheese of the English labourer. And, under such circumstances, there can be no doubt, that the lot of the labouring poor would be worse, than if they had still continued to live upon bread corn.

But to return from this digression, which has led us further than we intended. Although it is quite certain that the population of Ireland cannot continue permanently to increase at its present rate, yet it is as certain that it will not *suddenly* come to a stop. Mr Newenham, assuming that it will go on for some time, at least, as it has done of late years, supposes that the country will contain 8,413,224 inhabitants in 1837; and enters into an elaborate calculation to show that it is fully capable of maintaining such a number. Knowing the uncertainty of all particular estimates of future population, we shall not give our sanction to the present, though it is certainly not impossible, nor even very improbable; and we feel confident, that a much greater population might in time be supported in that country if potatoes continue to be its staple food. But what we wish to notice at present is, that Mr Newenham stops short with 1837, the period of doubling from 1791, and, satisfied with having proved that Ireland will be able to maintain the numbers which he supposes it will then have, dismisses the subject without consideration of further consequences. It is quite clear, however, that if Ireland can only maintain the number which the present rate of increase will produce in 1837, such a number will *not* be found in it in so short a period. Both theory and experience uniformly instruct us, that a less abundant supply of food operates with a gradually increasing pressure for a very long time before its progress is stopt. It is difficult indeed to conceive a more tremendous shock to society, than the event of its coming at once to the limits of the means of subsistence, with all the habits of abundance and early marriages which accompany a rapidly increasing population. But, happily for mankind, this never is, nor ever can be the case. The event is provided for by the concurrent interests and feelings of individuals long before it arrives; and the gradual diminution of the real wages of the labouring classes of society, slowly, and almost insensibly, generates the habits necessary for an order of things in which the funds for the maintenance of labour are stationary.

We may be quite certain, therefore, that, without external violence,

violence, the period when the population of Ireland will become stationary is yet at a very considerable distance; that in the mean time it will continue increasing, with a movement sometimes quicker and sometimes slower, from varying circumstances, but, on the whole, gradually retarded; and that the causes of its retardation will be generally felt, and generate a change of habits long before the period in question arrives.

The two most obvious causes of this retardation have already been suggested, and they must be allowed to be of a nature to aggravate the discontents of a people not firmly attached to the government under which they live.

Mr Dudley, in his address to the Primate of Ireland on the subject of a commutation for tithes, has gone so far as to write the following strange sentence. 'Whatever the enemies of their country may advance for the purposes of delusion, relief from the harassing system of *tithes*, and the increasing pressure of *exorbitant rent*, is the real emancipation on which the hearts of the Irish people are principally fixed.' That every effort should be used to relieve the people from the pressure of tithes, we are most ready to allow. It is not the sum collected, but the mode of its collection, that is the grievance; and this grievance, on many accounts, produces infinitely worse consequences in Ireland than in England. Such an evil is the proper subject of legislative interference; and we earnestly hope, that no difficulties, however great they may at first appear, will be allowed to stand in the way of its removal. But that any man of common sense should talk as Mr Dudley does about *rents*, is quite inconceivable. A Legislature might, perhaps, fairly enough interfere to relieve a people from the pressure of rents paid in kind; but to prevent that natural rise of pecuniary rents, which takes place from the principles of free competition in the progress of wealth and population, would be tantamount to saying, either that land shall be for ever in the same plenty, however the population may increase, or that one part of the society shall always be extremely favoured, to the utter exclusion of other competitors, whatever may be their talents, industry, and farming skill.

The very general clamour that has lately been raised about high rents and middlemen, however natural it may be to the poor of Ireland, cannot be supported and propagated by persons in the higher classes of society, but from the most evil designs, or the most consummate ignorance. The middlemen who took long leases, when land was much cheaper than it is now, are undoubtedly making great profits; but if the leases were expired, the same, or nearly the same, profits would be made by the landlords. This system of letting lands, which formerly prevailed in Ireland,

Ireland, arose, almost necessarily, from the extreme poverty of the tenantry; and as soon as this cause is removed by the progress of improvement and the increase of capital, we may be certain, that the landlord will feel no disposition to divide his rents with another person. The effect of the middleman in raising rents has always, we conceive, been greatly exaggerated. Some difference will, of course, always prevail in the indulgence granted to tenantry from the personal character of the landlord, from his easy or distressed circumstances, or from the customs of particular countries. In all these respects, we are ready to allow that Ireland is not favourably circumstanced. But these are comparatively inefficient; and the main cause of high rent in Ireland, is, certainly, neither the extortion of the middleman nor of the landlord, but the small portion of land and capital necessary, upon the potatoe system, to support the labour employed in cultivation, and the large portion of the gross produce which consequently falls to the share of the landlord. In former times, when the population of Ireland was scanty, the great plenty of land naturally counterbalanced this cause; but the increasing demand arising from an increasing population could not fail of making its effects apparent. What is now taking place in Ireland with regard to rents, is merely an exemplification of an obvious principle in political economy, long ago laid down by Dr Smith, who expressly notices the very case before us; and, speaking of the great produce of potatoes, says, 'Should this root ever become, in any part of Europe, like rice in some rice countries, the common and favourite vegetable food of the people, so as to occupy the same proportion of the lands in tillage, which wheat and other sorts of grain for human food do at present, the same quantity of cultivated land would maintain a much greater number of people; and the labourers being generally fed with potatoes, a greater surplus would remain after replacing all the stock and maintaining all the labour employed in cultivation. A greater share of this surplus too would belong to the landlord. Population would increase, and *rents would rise* much beyond what they are at present.' * The situation of things here contemplated, is not as yet fully accomplished in Ireland, but a regular progress is making towards it; and as, in this progress, a continued rise of rents is in the natural and necessary order of things, to clamour against it is folly, —to interfere in it would be madness.

It is still less possible to interfere in the ultimate cause which practically regulates and limits the population of all civilized states, the real price of labour. As long as the Irish peasant can earn

* Wealth of Nations, Vol. I. p. 250.

earn the support of eight or ten persons, and his condition in other respects remains the same, it is not probable that the habit of early marriages, now so generally prevalent, will experience any material change; and if we could succeed in preventing the wages of labour from falling, we are reduced to the conclusion, that Ireland will be able to support a population increasing for ever at the rate which it does at present. But this is manifestly an absurdity; and any attempt to alter the natural results arising from an increased supply of labour compared with the funds which are to support it, would just be an attempt to reverse the laws of nature.

The distress, therefore, which may prevail among the labouring classes of Ireland, from these two causes, is evidently beyond the power of the Legislature *directly* to relieve. But still, it will be widely and sensibly felt. And the point to which we wish particularly to direct the reader's attention, is, that so long as any civil distinctions remain between the Protestants and the Catholics, so long, we may depend upon it, will the cruel and foolish refusal of complete emancipation be charged, not only with all the evils which really belong to it, but all the others which are confessedly irremediable. The really disaffected among the Irish, the real advocates for the separation of the two countries, must hail with delight the short-sighted policy of the British government, as it gives them a power of exciting the lower classes of the people far beyond what they could possibly obtain otherwise. The causes of distress to which we have particularly adverted, cannot be made intelligible to every poor peasant who suffers from their effects; but the Catholic poor readily see, that a marked line of distinction is drawn between them and the Protestants; they see that they are regarded with fear and suspicion, and do not partake the full benefits of the British constitution; and, with these obvious causes of depression before their eyes, it can require little art to direct all their discontents, from whatever source they may be derived, exclusively to the Government. In the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, with its poor labouring under the pressure of increasing rents and decreasing wages, what an incalculable advantage it would be to the British government to have no line of separation in civil rights capable of giving the colour of truth and justice to the most unfounded accusations! The mere pressure of poverty alone, though it has been felt with varied weight in every part of the world, has never, we believe, in a single instance, produced a general spirit of insurrection and rebellion against Government; but when other specific and removeable causes of complaint have existed at the same time, it has invariably added to them tenfold strength,

strength, and often been productive of the most tremendous effects. The distresses of the common people of Ireland will ever continue a weapon of mighty and increasing force in the hands of the political agitator, till it is wrested from him, or its point turned aside, by the complete abolition of all civil distinctions between the Protestant and Catholic subjects of the British empire. If to this consideration be added, that of the rapidly increasing physical force of the Irish Catholics, it seems scarcely possible to imagine a case in which the views of policy and security so imperiously dictate the same line of conduct as those of justice and humanity.

When all the arguments which at different times have been brought to bear upon this question are duly weighed, no thinking man can seriously be of opinion that the present system with regard to Ireland can be permanently adhered to. If a French army do not step in, and decide the matter at once, the increasing physical force of the Catholics cannot fail, ultimately, of effecting either a change in this system, or a separation of the two countries. We doubt, even, whether those who, with Lord Hawkesbury, profess to take their stand at the Union, feel really confident of being able to maintain the station they have chosen; and, notwithstanding a few bold declarations to the contrary, we think we see symptoms of fear and distrust among the most strenuous enemies of emancipation, as to the final success of their measures. But if it be conceded, that a time may come when it will be absolutely necessary to alter these measures, the arguments for doing it immediately, and while it is yet in our power, receive such an accession of weight as absolutely to exclude all rational opposition.

Every year that elapses under the present system, tends to aggravate all the causes of discontent in Ireland, and to accumulate materials of insurrection and rebellion, which, however quiescent at present, are at all times liable to burst into a flame before our concessions are granted. Every year the proportion of the Catholics to the Protestants is rapidly augmenting,—a circumstance which might be contemplated without fear if they were once conciliated; but, till that time arrives, must be regarded with increasing apprehension, as daily diminishing the prospect of a cordial and permanent union between the two countries. *

Every

* In 1731, it appeared, from actual returns, that the proportion of Catholics to Protestants was two to one. It is now generally acknowledged to be four to one. This change of proportions was to be expected from the manner in which the population of Ireland increases; and from the same cause it may be expected to continue.

Every year fifty thousand youths rise to the military age in Ireland; and as comparatively few in the same time go off the stage, or become unfit for service, the military part of the population is receiving every year a great accession of strength. What additional number of British soldiers may be necessary every year to guard the increasing numbers of the Irish, we will not pretend accurately to calculate. But it cannot be denied, that, in the present state of the two countries, the increasing strength of Ireland is the increasing weakness of England; and that each passing year, while it adds both to the disposition and the power of Ireland to resist the wrongs she suffers, diminishes, in a still greater proportion, the power of England to enforce them. In this unequal race, if it continue much longer, England must necessarily be left behind: the danger is of a nature to admit of no delay; and unless this contest of vigour be exchanged, and that very shortly, for a contest of kindness and conciliation, she will inevitably have to rue her folly in the conquest or dismemberment of a fourth part of the empire, and the probable subjugation of the whole.

It is impossible ever to speak of the chance of foreign subjugation, and think, at the same time, of the peculiar situation of Ireland, without feeling the most bitter regret at that short-sighted policy which has made enemies of a gallant people, from whom, as friends, we might have received services of the most inestimable value. If England had been to choose a territory calculated to afford her the most effectual assistance, in this awful crisis of her fate, we doubt if she could have fixed upon any portion of land, of the same extent, so peculiarly suited to her wants as Ireland; with the single change, that the hearts of the people were with her, instead of against her. The manufacturing habits of England have, in some degree, been unfavourable to her warlike habits. Her agricultural population is comparatively small; and her artificers, accustomed to high wages, from the late unexampled prosperity of commerce, are unwilling to exchange their good food and warm workshops, for the coarse fare and damp lodging of a camp: and when they do exchange them, under the temptations of high bounties, or a temporary slackness of trade, they are not likely to make the best and most hardy soldiers. In all these particulars Ireland presents a contrast, which, for the object in view, is in the highest degree favourable. Her agricultural population is redundant, and rapidly increasing; the pecuniary wages of her labourers are lower than the pay of the British army, and offer almost irresistible temptations to enlist; and the habitations and food of her peasantry are such, as to make a British camp appear an abode of much

much superior comfort, and the fare of the common soldier a luxurious repast. Even the present peculiar causes of distress in Ireland, would be so many sources of strength to the armies of the empire; and the destruction of the cottar system, and the diminution of the wages of labour, would only circle the British standard with additional crowds of willing followers. The facility, indeed, which the peculiar state of Ireland gives to military levies, is so preeminent, that it breaks through all discouragements; and in the actual state of things, a very large proportion of Irish is to be found both in our army and navy. But if, even under the present system, in spite of the irritation they are taught to feel at the power which degrades them; in spite of their exclusion from military distinctions, the discouragement of their priests and friends, and the inconveniences to which they are subject in the performance of their religious duties, they still offer their services in considerable numbers; what would they do, if these causes of alienation were removed, and their hearts were really and cordially with us?

That the affections of the Irish might have been conciliated by wise and benignant councils;—that the golden opportunity, though every day receding, is not yet beyond our grasp, can scarcely admit of a doubt. Whatever might have been the hopes indulged by the visionary, at the commencement of the French revolution, the complete failure of that tremendous experiment must have blasted them; and the scenes which have been since passing in Europe, are such as to give every advantage in the comparison to the British constitution. It is impossible to imagine that the Irish Catholics could really prefer the arbitrary sway of Bonaparte, or any of his subject kings, to the government of the laws of England,—if they had once been allowed to feel the full benefit of their salutary influence. Irritation and resentment will, we know, often precipitate a people into measures the most contrary to their interests; but a deliberate choice of this kind is inconceivable. Every principle that is known to influence human conduct, seems to assure us, that if the Irish Catholics were raised from their present political degradation, and admitted to all the rights and privileges of British subjects; if the career of honours and distinctions of every kind were fully and fairly opened to them, and they were allowed to feel the same motives of love and veneration for the Government under which they live, as their Protestant brethren,—they would soon be found among the most loyal, willing, and powerful supporters of the Crown and the empire. Then would Ireland indeed be united to Great Britain; and they might then, like 'the Douglas and the Percy both together,' be 'confident against the world in arms.'

We have said, that some of the principal causes of the di-

stresses of the Irish poor, and of their present discontents, are beyond the power of the Legislature *directly* to remove. In expressing ourselves in this manner, it will be observed, that we have advanced a qualified position; and we wish the reader to attend to the import of the term *directly*, as contradistinguished from *indirectly*; because it is really our opinion, that, *indirectly*, Government has great influence on the causes of distress here particularly alluded to. Universally it will be found, that political degradation is accompanied by excessive poverty; and that the opposite state of society is the most efficient cause of the general spread of comforts among the lower classes. We have little doubt, that the political degradation of the Irish poor powerfully contributed to make them adopt potatoes as their principal food; and in the curious question, whether, at a future distant period, the greater part of the population of Europe will be supported upon potatoes? much will depend upon the character of the governments in which the present convulsions may terminate. The establishment of universal despotism, and the exclusion of the lower and fourth classes of society from all share in the government, by annihilating in a great degree individual importance and dignity, would have a strong tendency to make the poor submit to the lowest and cheapest kind of sustenance; and it is quite certain, that if they once consent to produce an adequate supply of labour on the cheapest sort of food, they never will be able to obtain any thing better. On the other hand, if the present convulsions of the civilized world should leave behind them improved forms of government, it is probable, that the decent pride occasioned by a superior political condition, will make the lower classes of society look forward to something besides mere support, and not only prevent them from falling to potatoes, but raise the quality of their food above what it is at present. The causes which, independently of soil and climate, have actually determined the chief food of the common people in the different kingdoms of Europe, seem to have been their political state, and the periods of prosperity or adversity, with regard to the funds for the maintenance of labour, which they may have gone through. And when the character of the food has been determined in any particular country by these causes, though it continues always susceptible of change, yet it changes slowly and with difficulty, and a union of favourable circumstances is necessary to produce the effect. A country which, from a previous state of general depression, had been long in the habit of living upon the lowest kind of food, might pass through a period of considerable agricultural prosperity, and feel it chiefly in the rapid increase of population, and not in an improvement of

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the diet and comforts of the lower classes. On the other hand, a people which, from a course of favourable circumstances, had been in the habit of living upon the best wheaten bread, might, from checks to their agriculture or commerce, suffer long and severe want, before they would consent to change their diet; and the effect of such checks would be felt rather in the retardation of the population, than in the adoption of an inferior kind of food, or a different standard of comfort.

With regard to the population of Ireland, it is quite evident that it cannot continue permanently to increase as it does at present; but it can only be retarded, either by the operation of the two causes before mentioned, which will give the labourer a smaller command over the means of subsistence, or by such an elevation in the character and condition of the lower classes of society, as will make them look forwards to other comforts beside the mere support of their families. hearts potatoes. When we consider the actual situation of the poor , d, notwithstanding such an increase in the funds for the m been c of labour, as would, if they did not consist of the lowest food, produce general prosperity, we cannot but contemplate with dismay the slackening of the increase of these funds, if aggravated poverty *alone* be left to effect the necessary retardation of the population. We must surely hope, that the cause last noticed will co-operate in producing this retardation, and, by the introduction of more prudential habits, alleviate the severe distress which will otherwise be unavoidable. But if we allow ourselves to indulge a hope of this kind, it is quite clear, that *the first step* towards its accomplishment must be the full and complete emancipation of the Catholics, as the radical cause of the present moral and political degradation of the mass of the Irish poor.

We are disposed to agree very nearly with the author of the *Sketch of the State of Ireland, Past and Present*, in what he calls the springs of his country's misfortune, which he thus enumerates. 1. The ignorance. 2. The poverty. 3. The political debasement of the inferior orders. 4. The Catholic code. 5. The provinciality of the government. But we by no means agree with him in the relative importance which he appears to attach to each, nor in the order in which he proposes to remove them. We should without hesitation say, of these five causes of Irish misery, that the Catholic code, and the provinciality of the government, had produced the political debasement of the inferior orders; and that this political debasement had been the chief instrument in producing the *peculiar* ignorance and poverty of the lower classes of the Irish. If this be true, and we conceive that it can scarcely admit of a doubt, nothing can be more absurd than what the

author of the *Sketch* aſſerts as his mature opinion, that without the removal of the other cauſes which he has named, Catholic emancipation would *not* tranquillize the country; but that they without it *would*. To begin with the ignorance and poverty, is manifeſtly to begin at the wrong end, and to labour in vain. However ardently we may wiſh to ſpread the advantages of education among the Iriſh poor, we cannot rationally expect the ſucceſs of any general ſyſtem of inſtruction, while the preſent civil and religious animoſities remain unallayed, by the continuance of the Catholic code. The poverty of the Iriſh, as we have before obſerved, is an evil, the direct removal of which is not in the power of the Legiſlature; and if it be true, as our author ſtates, that the competitors for land offer the whole value of the produce *minus* their daily potatoe, there is clearly no other remedy than the removal of that ſtate of moral and political degradation which makes them ſatisfied with ſo ſcanty a reſervation. The only poſſible relief, then, that can be applied to the poverty of Ireland, is the abolition of the Catholic code, and the improvement of the government. In looking to the third cauſe here ſtated of the misfortunes of Ireland, the political debaſement of the inferior orders, we are immediately directed to the ſame quarter for its removal; ſo that wherever we begin, or to whatever grievance we turn our eyes, the Catholic code, and the provinciality of the government, invariably preſent themſelves as the primary and radical cauſes of the miſchiefs we deplore; and without the removal of theſe cauſes, it is quite certain that no efforts of the Legiſlature can eſſentially relieve the misfortunes of Ireland, nor make it contribute to the ſtrength of the empire, in proportion to its magnitude, its fertility, and its population.

We have left ourſelves no room to notice further the '*Sketch of the State of Ireland.*' It contains a few juſt, and many ſtriking obſervations, and a deſcription and character certainly highly picturesque and impreſſive, of the Iriſh peaſantry; but it is written in ſo antithetical and fantaſtic a ſtyle, and truth and conſiſtency are ſo frequently ſacrificed to brilliancy of language, or an affectation of candour and impartiality, that it poſſeſſes very little merit as a whole.

Though we diſapprove of ſome parts of Mr Dudley's pamphlet, we moſt certainly wiſh him ſucceſs in his main object. We are inclined, however, to think with the author of the *Sketch*, that a poundage upon rents would, on the whole, be a leſs difficult and objectionable commutation for tithes than the purchaſe of land.

Mr Newenham's work, we are diſpoſed to recommend for a quality which we always conſider as very valuable,—that of containing the beſt information to be found on an intereſting ſubject

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little known. His reaſonings and concluſions, it muſt be confeſſed, do not always ſhow a thorough acquaintance with the general principles of his ſubject; and with regard to facts, much is ſtill wanting to give us a full view of the ſtate of population in Ireland; but, conſidering the difficulty of getting information of this kind in the peculiar circumſtances of the country, we really think that the induſtry and exertions of Mr Newenham have been crowned with a fair portion of ſucceſs; and we owe him ſome apology for not having noticed his work before.

ART. V. *The History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.* By T. Clarkſon, M. A. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 1060. London. 1808.

THERE are works of ſo much moral worth, that it would imply a deadneſs of feeling in the critic, if, in reviewing them, he did not abate ſome part of his wonted attention to the minutiæ of ſtyle or arrangement. That which a deep ſenſe of the importance of his ſubject had withheld from the author's notice during the compoſition, ſhould gain only a ſubordinate degree of attention from the reader. Not unfrequently, indeed, the ſtyle itſelf will become more noble and affecting on the whole, in conſequence of this neglect of rhetorical accuracy. There are beauties of ſtyle, which, like night-violets ſend forth their odours, themſelves unnoticed; the traveller receives the gentle refreſhment as he hurries on, without knowing or aſking whence it proceeds.

In this claſs, we do think, that the preſent publication may be included, if any work might dare to advance ſuch claims. It contains the hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of an evil the moſt pernicious, if only becauſe the moſt criminal, that ever degraded human nature. The hiſtory of a war of more than two centuries, waged by men againſt human nature; a war too carried on, not by ignorance and barbariſm againſt knowledge and civilization; not by half-famiſhed multitudes againſt a race bleſſed with all the arts of life, and ſoftened and effeminated by luxury; but, as ſome ſtrange nondeſcript in iniquity, waged by unprovoked ſtrength againſt uninjuring helpleſſneſs, and with all the powers which long periods of ſecurity and equal law had enabled the aſſailants to develop,—in order to make barbariſm more barbarous, and to add to the want of political freedom the moſt dreadful and debaſing perſonal ſuffering. Thus, all the effects and influences of freedom were employed to enſlave; the gifts of knowledge to prevent the poſſibility of illumination; and powers, which could not have exiſted but in conſequence of morality and religion, to perpetuate

the ſenſual vices, and to ward off the emancipating blow of Chriſtianity; and, as if this were not enough, poſitive laws were added by the beſt and freeſt nation of Chriſtendom, and powers entruſted to the baſeſt part of its population, for purpoſes which would almoſt neceſſarily make the beſt men become the worſt.

Nor are the effects of this ſtrange war leſs marvellous than its nature. It is a war in which the victors fall lower than the vanquiſhed; in which the oppreſſors are more truly objects of pity than the oppreſſed; while, to the nation which had moſt extenſively purſued and moſt ſolemnly authorized it, it was an eating ulcer into the very vitals of its main reſources as to defence, and a ſlow poiſon acting on that conſtitution which was the offspring, and has continued to be the protector, of its freedom and proſperity. In ſhort, the preſent work is the hiſtory of one great calamity,—one long continuous crime, involving every poſſible definition of evil: for it combined the wildeſt phyſical ſuffering with the moſt atrocious moral depravity.

Were theſe the whole contents of this work, it would command the conſcientious attention of every good man: for we muſt know, abhor, and pity the evil, before we can have light to guide, or vital warmth to propel us towards its removal. But this is not all. It is the hiſtory of its removal;—of the means employed, of the patience exerted, of the fears and prudential ſophiſtries which inceſſantly tempted virtuous hope to deſpondency, and of the glorious ſucceſs which at length rewarded its perſeverance. Finally, this intereſting tale is related, not by a deſcendant, but a contemporary; not by a diſtant ſpectator, but by a participator of the conteſt; and, of all the many participators, by the man confeſſedly the moſt efficient; the man whoſe unparalleled labours in this work of love and peril, leave on the mind of a reflecting reader the ſublime doubt, which of the two will have been the greater final gain to the moral world,—the removal of the evil, or the proof thereby given what mighty effects ſingle good men may realize by ſelf-devotion and perſeverance.

To thoſe who have not conſidered the nature of the ſlave trade in its detail, or examined the evidences which were acted upon by the late Legiſlature of Great Britain, our expreſſions may appear forced and extravagant. But if the peruſal of this work, together with the evidences adduced before the Committee of the Houſe of Commons, and the earlier maſterly pamphlet of our author, 'on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade,' do not furniſh them with facts giving full and appropriate meaning to each word of each ſentence we have uſed, we muſt either ſuppoſe obſtinate prejudices, or appear to ourſelves to wander in a world of enigma.

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After a few pages of general introduction, which might perhaps have been omitted with advantage, the author commences his hiſtory by an eloquent and dramatic repreſentation of the evils belonging to the ſlave trade, with reſpect to the Africans, in its three principal ſtages. Firſt, on the continent of Africa; ſecondly, in the middle paſſage; thirdly, in the Weſt Indies and the adjoining colonies. This is followed by a well reaſoned and affecting counterpart of the evil, in the grievous effects of this trade on thoſe who are employed in carrying it on. Firſt, on the maſters and men of the ſlave ſhips; next, on the factors and thoſe employed in purchaſing or ſeizing the unhappy victims; and, laſtly, on the planters and owners of ſlaves, and on the countries in general in which ſlavery is eſtabliſhed. We have, indeed, always been of opinion, that too little ſtreſs has been laid on *this* part of the ſubject. The ſufferings of the Africans were calculated, no doubt, to make a more rapid and violent impreſſion on the imaginations and bodily ſympathies of men; but the dreadful depravity that of neceſſity was produced by it on the immediate agents of the injuſtice; the almoſt univerſal corruption of manners which at the preſent day ſtartles reflecting travellers on paſſing from the Northern States of America into thoſe in which ſlavery obtains; and the further influence of ſuch corruption on the morals of countries that are in habits of conſtant commercial intercourſe, and who ſpeak the ſame language; theſe, though not ſuſceptible of colours equally glaring, do yet form a more extenſive evil,—an evil more certain, and of a more meaſurable kind. Theſe are evil in the form of guilt; evil in its moſt abſolute and moſt appropriate ſenſe; that ſenſe to which the ſublimeſt teachers of moral wiſdom, Plato, Zeno, Leibnitz, have confined the appellation; and which, therefore, on a well diſciplined ſpirit, will make an impreſſion deeper than could have been left by mere agony of body, or even anguiſh of mind; in proportion as vice is more hateful than pain, eternity more awful than time. To this may be added, the fatal effects on national morals, from the public admiſſion of principles *profeſſedly* incompatible with juſtice, and from the implied diſavowal of any obligation paramount to that of immediate expediency, compared with which even ſtate-hypocriſy may not have been without its good effects. Thoſe who eſtimate all meaſures, inſtitutions and events, excluſively by their palpable and immediate effects, are little qualified to trace, and leſs inclined to believe, the ceaſeleſs agency of thoſe ſubtler cauſes to which the philoſopher attributes the deterioration of national character. Yet hiſtory will vouch for us, if we affirm, that no government ever avowedly acted on immoral principles (as, for inſtance, the Pruſſian, ſince the acceſſion of their Frederic *the unique*, as the Germans ſtyle him,

the court of France from the administration of Richelieu), without inducing a proportional degradation in the virtue and dignity of the individuals who form the mass of the nation.

Consistently with this conviction, our author, though least of all men insensible of the meritorious efforts of legislators acting in their legislative capacity, yet commences and concludes his history in one and the same spirit, every where aiming to establish the dignity and importance of individual minds, as the ultimate causes of moral phenomena, good or evil. Hence his conscientious anxiety to trace, from the earliest times, those who, by bearing public testimony concerning the iniquity of this trade, had produced that state of knowledge and feeling throughout society, which was an indispensable condition of legislative interference for its removal. Hence, too, his amiable and cheerful faith, that all is safe, that all is virtually *effected* (τέτυκται, as Medea says in Euripides), when the good and intelligent part of the community have united in the same conviction. This is, indeed, the more amiable, since, great as was the effect of his own 'Essay on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade,' yet, his indefatigable personal labours form the more prominent and unusual characteristic of his fame. His writings, as well as the evidences adduced to the Legislature, and the facts so eloquently managed by the great parliamentary advocates for the abolition, were but the results of those, perhaps unexampled, personal exertions.

It is a peculiar advantage of this subject, that the history of the abolition of the slave trade involves the history of the trade itself; as the manifestation of its rise and progress, by the detail of attested facts, and by the arguments deduced from them, furnished the sole weapons with which the friends of human nature could carry on their contest, or hope for final success. The history of the evil, therefore, and the history of its removal, though in themselves perfectly distinct, are not only compatible with the strictest unity of plan, but necessarily lead to it. And well may we deem both the one and the other awfully impressive: for the victory can scarcely prove more beneficent than the combat was arduous, the struggle obstinate.

This difficulty our author has stated with equal conciseness and energy.

'Many evils,' says he, 'of a public nature, which existed in former times, were the offspring of ignorance and superstition, and they were subdued, of course, by the progress of light and knowledge. But the evil in question began in avarice. It was nursed also by worldly interest. It did not, therefore, so easily yield to the usual correctives of disorders in the world. We may observe also, that the interest by which it was thus supported, was not that of a few individuals, nor of one body, but of many bodies of men. It was interwoven

interwoven again into the system of the commerce and of the revenue of nations. Hence the merchant—the planter—the mortgagee—the manufacturer—the politician—the legislator—the cabinet-minister—lifted up their voices against the annihilation of it.'

This trade seems to have begun as early as the year 1503, when a few slaves were sent from the Portuguese settlements in Africa into the Spanish colonies in America. In 1511, it was greatly enlarged by Ferdinand the Fifth of Spain; and the benevolent Bartholomew de las Casas, blinded by anguish of compassion for the poor American Indians, proposed to the government of Spain, then administered by Cardinal Ximenes, during the minority of Charles the Fifth, the establishment of a regular commerce in the persons of the native Africans. 'The Cardinal, however, (says our author), with a foresight, a benevolence, and a justice, which will always do honour to his memory, rejected the proposal; not only judging it to be unlawful to consign innocent people to slavery at all, but to be very inconsistent to deliver the inhabitants of one country from a state of misery by consigning it to those of another. Ximenes, therefore, may be considered as one of the first great friends of the Africans, after the partial beginning of the trade.'

It is no less pleasant to consider, that in the two nations to which the larger portion of this commerce belong, it was first introduced by a base imposition on the government. Louis the Thirteenth was duped by assurances, that the main object of the adventurers was to facilitate the conversion of the poor Africans to Christianity: and our Elizabeth, suspecting the truth of the fine tales told to her of the redemption of poor victims from cruel deaths, and their eagerness to emigrate to happier lands, 'expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off *without their free consent*, declaring that it would be *detestable*, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon the undertakers.'

Thus our author proceeds to prove, that from the very commencement of the trade to the first combination for its abolition,—from the truly great Cardinal Ximenes to the illustrious ministers Pitt and Fox, there were never wanting voices to declare its iniquity: that the best and most active good men, in the most different sects of religious or political opinion, had united their suffrages and efforts against this affrightful piracy, impudently entitled commerce, whenever they were made acquainted with its real state. To the testimonies of these men, aided by the spread of moral knowledge, the extension of education, and the general increase of readers, our author has justly ascribed that state of the public mind, which has so eminently favoured and supported the good cause; and which, but for the delays occasioned by its unblushing but too powerful antagonists, must (as the facts contained in

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the two last chapters of the first volume clearly prove) have succeeded in storming and demolishing this fabric of iniquity at the first attack. These names, whether of statesmen or of authors, form our author's first class, viz. that of the individuals who, by enlightening the public mind, and kindling the public feelings, produced as it were the materials, which the associate bodies, constituting a second class, were enabled to employ and organize. From the catalogue of honoured names in the first class, we must select, as deserving of especial reverence, those of George Fox, the founder of the Society of the Friends, and John Woolman, a Quaker of unsectarian benevolence, and of principles *truly* evangelical.

The second class consists almost wholly of the Quakers in two divisions,—the former division comprizing the efforts of the whole as a religious body, the latter the efforts of those individual Quakers, who were the first, and ever remained among the most active members of a committee for the abolition of the slave trade. In the year 1727, and still more strongly in the year 1758, the Quakers, at their yearly meeting, and in their collective character, fervently warned all their members to avoid being any way concerned in this unrighteous commerce. In the yearly meeting of 1761, they proceeded to exclude from membership such as should be found directly concerned in this practice: and, in 1763, declared it to be criminal to aid and abet the trade in any manner, directly or indirectly. From this time there appears to have been an increasing zeal on this subject among the Friends, so as to impel the Society to step out of its ordinary course in behalf of their injured fellow-men. Accordingly, in the month of June 1783, the Friends collectively petitioned the House of Commons against the continuance of this traffic; and afterwards, both collectively and individually, exerted themselves by the press, by private correspondence, and by personal journies, to enlighten the minds of men concerning it, especially those of the rising generation. Indeed, by the frequent intercommunion of the Missionary Quakers from England to America, and America to England, the Quakers had earlier and greater opportunities, than any other body of men in Great Britain, of becoming acquainted with its horrors; while, from their religious principles, they were likely to be the first in becoming uneasy under the sense of its injustice. Three or four years prior to the establishment of that public committee, to whose persevering efforts we undoubtedly owe the abolition of the slave trade, six Quakers had been in the habit of meeting privately, for the purpose of exposing and discouraging it by all legal means. For this purpose, they had secured a place in two London, and in many provincial papers, for such essays as they

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deemed most likely to influence the minds of unprejudiced readers in favour of the object of their institution. In 1787, Mr Clarkson, whose attention had been turned to the subject, as he ingenuously relates, in the first instance, wholly by academic ambition, there having been given out, as the theme of the Bachelor's Prize, in the University of Cambridge, '*Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?*' discovered the existence of this small but benevolent institution, and, joining himself with it, raised upon it the superstructure of the great public committee, which appeared afterwards.

The public efforts of Mr Wilberforce, the sincere zeal and splendid eloquence of Mr Fox, and of other Senators in both Houses, are so universally known and so properly estimated, that we shall content ourselves with observing, that the specimens of eloquence which are here given, were taken down with uncommon care, and will surprize and delight such readers as have taken their ideas of Pitt, Fox, and Wilberforce, as orators, exclusively from newspaper reports. We refer, with especial admiration, to the second speech of Mr Wilberforce, on the 18th of April 1791, after the accumulation of evidence had rendered him perfectly master of the subject, vol. II. p. 212 to 255; to Mr William Smith's, 281 to 299; to Mr Pitt's, 304 to 317; to Mr Fox's, 318 to 333; but, above all, to the admirable reply of this truly great man to the speeches of the then Messrs Addington and Dundas in favour of moderate measures, 407 to 415. It is among the happiest productions of a rapid and vigorous intellect, called into action suddenly by the warmth of an honest and noble heart. The feeling seems all intellect,—the intellect all feeling. Never surely was the project of a medium between truth and falsehood, justice and injustice, rendered more completely ridiculous; nor the paltry wisdom of a narrow self-interest so withered and blasted by the lightnings of genius and virtue.

Without confining ourselves to our author's more complex classification, we have alluded to three of the four classes into which the abolitionists of the slave trade may be divided. The first, that of the individuals who, by writings or public declarations, had prepared the minds of their countrymen for the abolition: the second, that of associate bodies, namely, the Quakers in their collective capacity, and the committee who, during so many years, pursued this great object with such indefatigable energy: the third, that of the illustrious members of the Legislature, who arranged themselves under Mr Wilberforce, and pre-eminently that great and good man, among whose deathbed consolations the certainty of the complete abolition of the trade, as the result of his own short ministry, was (of all external events)

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the chief and most soothing. The merits of the last class, indeed, are already well known to the public; and the details, both of it and of the two former, are ably and perspicuously given in their several places in these interesting volumes. We shall pay, therefore, a more minute attention to the fourth class, namely, that of the individuals, whose personal toils and unwearied efforts, were not only highly conducive to the ultimate event, but were an indispensable condition of it. And this we feel especially a duty, because, from motives of delicacy, one of the most meritorious has been prevented from stating his own services as clearly and prominently as for the benefit of mankind they ought to have been stated. The gratitude which we feel to the illustrious benefactors of our race, ennobles our own hearts: it is a debt, the payment of which enriches the mind which discharges it. We participate of the goodness and greatness which we learn habitually to love and admire.

At the head of this list unquestionably stands the name of Mr Wilberforce—a name already sanctified and immortalized in the memories of all good men, and to which, in any quarter of the world, it would be impertinent to annex any eulogium. He it was who first brought the evil to light, and ceased not until he pursued it to justice. He it was, who, for twenty long years, watched day and night over the sacred flame which his eloquence had kindled, and cherished and kept it alive when, chilled by an atmosphere of false policy, and blown upon by the breath of corruption, it sickened, and almost ceased to glow; nay, when the broader glare of other fires drew away from it the eyes of all men, he kept it steadily in view, and sent it forth at last to consume the scourges and fetters of oppression, and to purify and enlighten a benighted world. Mr Wilberforce indubitably has been the great captain of the abolitionists; and without his courage, and skill, and unwearied perseverance, their cause must long since have been lost and abandoned.

Next to him, we think it a duty to mention the name of Mr Granville Sharp, the cause and occasion of whose exertions in this great work, are related with much feeling and simplicity, vol. I. pp. 63 to 79. Regardless of the dangers to which he exposed himself, both in his person and his fortune, Mr Sharp stood forward in every case as the courageous friend of the poor Africans in England, in direct opposition to an opinion of York and Talbot, the Attorney and Solicitor-General for the time being. This opinion had been acted upon; and so high was its authority, that, after it had been made public, it was held as the settled law of the land, that a slave, neither by baptism, or arrival in Great Britain or Ireland, acquires freedom,

dom, but may be legally forced back to the plantations. Discouraged by Judge Blackstone, and several other eminent lawyers, Mr Sharp devoted three years of his life to the study of the English law, that he might render himself the more effectual advocate of these friendless strangers. In his work, entitled, 'A Representation of the Injustice and dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery in England,' published in the year 1769, and afterwards, in his learned and laborious 'Inquiry into the Principles of Villenage,' he refuted the opinion of York and Talbot by unanswerable arguments, and neutralized their authority by the counter-opinion of the great Lord Chief-Justice Holt, who many years before had decided, that as force could be used against no man in England without a legal process, every slave coming into England became free, inasmuch as the laws of England recognized the distinction between person and property as perpetual and sacred. Finally, in the great case of Somerset, which was argued at three different sittings in January, in February, and in May of the year 1772, (the opinion of the Judges having been taken upon the pleadings), it was at last ascertained and declared to be the law of the land, that as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory, he became free. Among the heroes and sages of British story, we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man to whom we owe our power of repeating with truth—

> 'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> Oh! this is noble!'

Solicitous, even to anxiety, as our author shows himself in developing and holding forth the merits of all his individual coadjutors, he appears, with the exception of Mr Wilberforce, to dwell with peculiar pleasure and warmth of sympathy on the character and labours of Mr Sharp.

The last person, on whose merits we think it necessary to dwell individually, is the author of the volumes before us. The account which he gives of the rise and progress of his enthusiasm in this cause, is very curious and interesting. To some it may appear to be tinctured with superstition, or to trespass beyond the limits of sober philanthropy; but to those who know the magnitude of the evil, and who think of the greatness of the redress which has at last been obtained, the simplicity and sensibility of heart which Mr Clarkson here displays, must be objects of veneration and of envy. The details of his progress have raised our opinion of human nature; and the account even of his inward feelings

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and emotions becomes highly interesting, when we recollect to what noble exertions and heroic sacrifices they afterwards conducted him. After stating, with the most ingenuous simplicity, that he was led to consider the subject, in the first instance, solely by the desire of university-reputation, and having particularized his first sources of information, chiefly consisting of manuscript papers of a deceased friend, who had been in the trade, and of a work, known to him by the accident of a newspaper advertisement, 'Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea,' proceeds thus—

'Furnished, then, in this manner, I began my work; but no person can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them, from the putting of them together, and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day-time I was uneasy: In the night I had little rest: I sometimes never closed my eye-lids for grief. It became now not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa; and keeping this idea in my mind, even after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause. Having at length finished this painful task, I sent my essay to the Vice-Chancellor, and soon afterwards found myself honoured, as before, with the first prize.

'As it is usual to read these essays in the Senate-house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went and performed my office. On returning, however, to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself, in these intervals, that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wades-mill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf, by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that, if the contents of the essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.

'In the course of the autumn of the same year, I experienced similar impressions. I walked frequently into the woods, that I might think on the subject in solitude, and find relief to my mind there. But there the question still recurred, 'Are these things true?'

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Still the answer followed as instantaneously, 'They are.'—Still the result accompanied it, 'Then surely some person should interfere.' I then began to envy those who had seats in Parliament, and who had great riches, and widely extended connexions, which would enable them to take up this cause. Finding scarcely any one at that time who thought of it, I was turned frequently to myself. But here many difficulties arose. It struck me, among others, that a young man of only twenty-four years of age could not have that solid judgment, that knowledge of men, manners and things, which were requisite to qualify him to undertake a task of such magnitude and importance.—And with whom was I to unite? I believed also, that it looked so much like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that my understanding would be suspected if I proposed it. On ruminating, however, on the subject, I found one thing at least practicable, and that this also was in my power. I could translate my Latin dissertation;—I could enlarge it usefully;—I could see how the public received it, or how far they were likely to favour any serious measures, which should have a tendency to produce the abolition of the slave-trade. Upon this then I determined; and in the middle of the month of November 1785, I began my work.'

In consequence of the obligation in conscience which our author felt to publish this essay, he became accidentally acquainted with the six Quakers, who, unknown to the public, had devoted themselves to the same cause. Through these he was first introduced to the labours of Mr Granville Sharp, and the controversial writings of Ramsay.

Soon after, having received distinct encouragement from Bennet Langton, Dr Baker, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, and Lady and Sir Charles Middleton (now Lord Barham), all of whom are introduced to our acquaintance in the most pleasing manner, and with many interesting anecdotes, the author, at the house of the latter, declared himself ready to devote himself entirely to the cause. After serious consideration, and many struggles of reason and of feeling, he persisted in the resolution; he followed it out; and sacrificed to it his youth, his manhood, his health, and his worldly prosperity. The reader will henceforward follow him with unintermitting interest. The account of his introduction to Mr Wilberforce, Mr Pitt, and Mr Fox, could not fail to interest, in the perusal, even on a less important object. It is not, indeed, the least delightful impression left on our mind by these volumes, that we rise with a faith in the *goodness* of many of those whom we have been accustomed to contemplate chiefly as *great* and *powerful*; and feel the asperity of party prejudices die away when we find, that, where the cause of justice, and the liberation of the oppressed, call forth their efforts, so many political opponents felt no rivalry but that of zealous exertion in the same good cause.

Greatly

Greatly must our author have congratulated himself, that such men as Wilberforce, Fox and Pitt, were his countrymen and contemporaries, admired and reverenced by the nation, and in the full enjoyment of their natural and acquired powers,—of that robust, yet agile and fervid logic, by which they rendered irresistible the weight and mass of evidence dug up, as it were, and brought to light by his indefatigable toils. Independent, too, of that genius which they possessed in common, there was a felicity in the nature and separate department of the influence of each of the three, which, on such an occasion, we may venture to call providential. The example and authority of Mr Fox, which could not be powerless even on the minds of his political opponents, acted with especial strength on that class which had distinguished themselves as the less timid friends of freedom and general illumination. Now, though this class contained its full share of disinterested, enlightened, and patriotic individuals, yet it cannot be denied, that their characteristic zeal for constitutional liberty had been assumed as a mask by many of lax and unconstitutional principles. The wishes and supposed designs of these men, seen magnified through the mist occasioned by the panic of property, and (what was worse) attributed to thousands who held in abhorrence the whole Gallican code, as far as it was contradistinguished from our own, threatened every measure proposed by Mr Fox with unpopularity, if not active opposition. We have too many analogous facts on record to render it probable, that this, if Mr Fox had stood single in the contest, would have scared away many truly good and pious persons (especially the more religious females in the higher ranks of society), and given a dangerous pretext to the adherents and patrons of the trade. To this danger, the fervent loyalty and known piety of Mr Wilberforce and his particular friends presented a powerful antidote; while to the manufacturers and merchants, who were willing enough to impute their zeal to a fanatical enthusiasm, the name of Mr Pitt seemed to hold out a still higher sanction.

We admit, therefore, that the countenance which Mr Pitt gave to the cause of the abolition, was of the utmost consequence to its success. It discountenanced the opposition which it did not prevent; it confirmed the opinion of many who were too indolent not to prefer authority to evidence; and gave a license to many to express and to act upon a conviction which they might otherwise have been induced to suppress. By his eloquence, and by his authority, he gave confidence to the cause of justice, and currency to the dictates of reason. When we consider the solemnity of his protestations, and the great political interest of those whom he disobliged by his exertions, it is painful, and almost

most impossible to admit any doubt of his sincerity. Yet, if he was sincere, he certainly was not zealous in the cause; and neglected so many opportunities of promoting it, that it was not without wonder that we found Mr Clarkson's book inscribed to his *Memory*, in a dedication in which the name of Mr Wilberforce is omitted. That he was not altogether so zealous in the cause as his professions would lead us to believe, appears from a variety of circumstances. In the first place, from the uniform and strenuous opposition of Mr Dundas, who had in this instance no immediate interest to serve, and was never known to differ from his patron on speculative grounds. In the second place, from the uniform failure of the cause in Parliament, during his long and strong administration. For the long space of twenty years, Mr Pitt could persuade about three fourths of the members of Parliament to adopt any scheme of finance, or of external policy, which he chose to countenance,—but could never once prevail with a bare majority to support him against the slave traders and consignees of sugar in Bristol and Liverpool. Even in 1805, he was in a minority upon a decision on that question;—and yet, no sooner did the late ministry come into power, than they contrived some how or other so effectually to remove those deep-rooted scruples, that the bill for the instant abolition passed almost unanimously;—there being, if we rightly remember, no more than 16 dissentient voices out of a very full attendance in the Lower House. The most suspicious thing, however, in all Mr Pitt's conduct, was his proceedings in 1797, and in 1805, with regard to the Dutch colonies of Guiana, Demarary, Berbice, &c. Those possessions fell into our hands in 1797; and having been prevented from supplying themselves with negroes during the war, were ready to take off a greater number than usual. It was in the power of the ministry, without a vote of Parliament, to prohibit or restrain the slave trade of those colonies, by a mere order in Council. Mr Pitt, however, took no such step; and such was the vast addition that was consequently made to the British slave trade, that the annual importation was immediately increased from 25,000 to 57,000,—being an addition of no less than 32,000. This tremendous traffic went on under Mr Pitt's eye for eight years; and then, when the extended cultivation of those new colonies had begun to sink the value of West India produce, and of the old plantations, the clamours of the sugar-dealers produced that interference which humanity and justice had formerly solicited in vain. In August 1805, Mr Pitt annihilated the whole slave trade of the Dutch colonies, by a single order in Council. This he did avowedly to appease the jealousies, and allay the clamours of the planters in the old islands;

and this he did not do in 1797, or any of the intervening years, though he had it all that time in his power, and though he was all that time making eloquent professions of the horror and detestation with which he regarded this inhuman traffic.

The most interesting part of this book, after all, perhaps, is the account of the author's incredible perseverance in procuring evidence. And here it is indeed a most observable fact, and one which conveys the keenest satire on the cause of his opponents, that though, of the few witnesses which toil, danger, and the voice of conscience, had with difficulty obtained from distant parts of the kingdom, not above a third were heard in evidence; and though, even of these, a great and important part were men in humble situations of life; while, on the other hand, every individual of the numerous witnesses in favour of this traffic (and these men of the highest rank and fortune,—admirals, governors, and wealthy proprietors) were heard, and four fifths of the time allotted to the examinations, liberally devoted to them; yet, such was the force of truth, that, with exception of the Members of the interested cities, and of one or two individuals closely connected with the trade, no one of the opponents of the abolition ever pretended to doubt the attestations of the humble and despised few, or to believe the truth of the testimony, however they might respect the veracity, of the great and powerful body of counter witnesses. The conduct and fate of the individual, against whom, in his own presence, our author was reluctantly cross-examined, and which is related Vol. II. p. 181. with a delicacy most honourable to Mr Clarkson's feelings, will furnish an awful warning to those who can be bold in defence of evil, and shrink away from their own prior testimony in support of truth and justice.

With a deep interest, and the warmest sympathy, we have followed our author in his journeys to Bristol, during his hazardous detection of the horrors of those public houses employed to allure unhappy mariners into the pitfall of guilt and perdition; the dread which—after he had brought a murderer to trial—his presence spread among the whole party concerned in this immemorial opprobrium of that city, * (Vol. I. from p. 292. to 368.); and

* 'Directly opposite the Irish coast, there is a seaport town called Bristol, the inhabitants of which frequently sail into Ireland, to sell, there, people whom they had bought up throughout all England. They exposed to sale maidens in a state of pregnancy, with whom they made a sort of mock-marriages. There you might see with grief, fastened together by ropes, whole rows of wretched beings, of both sexes, of elegant forms, and in the very bloom of youth, a sight

and during his yet more toilsome and hazardous adventures at Liverpool, in which his life was more than once in imminent jeopardy; and all his ceaseless pursuit of facts and individuals, which enabled him, in the year 1788, to arrange and publish that great body of evidence comprized in his work of 'The Impolicy of the Slave Trade,' to which nothing was, or could indeed be added; with one exception, viz. that of the important documents procured by the authority, and enforced by the eloquence of Mr Pitt, concerning the black population of the colonies, its gradual increase, and undoubted capability of supporting itself, unaided by fresh importations. This was indeed a most important accession; for although the fact, so established, had been absolutely demonstrated *a priori*, from the congeniality of the West Indian climate with the African constitutions, and the known prolificity of the Blacks under very unfavourable circumstances; yet the quarter from which these documents were furnished added prodigiously to their strength, and furnished the abolitionists with a weapon against which the most unabashed impudence, and the blindest prejudice, could present no defensive armour. And in fact, after the publication of the 'Impolicy,' and the appearance of these documents, the whole ground of *argument* was in a manner abandoned, and the agents of the slave-merchants and planters recurred wholly to secret intrigues, and the lowest tricks of delay. Blessed as the final event has been, we cannot, without the most painful shame, remember, that, even thus baffled, confuted, and put to silence, they remained dangerously powerful; and that blind and unfeeling avarice ran a race of perseverance with humanity and the sense of national honour, in which the latter, more than once, appeared to lag behind, and to rest, as if desirous of sleeping.

Then was made apparent the great importance, and even the necessity, of an association, formed on such principles, and composed of such individuals, as was the committee for the abolition. They remained unwearied on the watch-tower. Under their auspices our author renewed his journeys for witnesses—we might almost say, his one, long, and continued journey! We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following passage, as a singular instance of almost unexampled perseverance. There

sight sufficient to excite pity even in barbarians, daily offered for sale to the first purchaser. Accursed deed! Infamous disgrace! that men, acting in a manner which brutal instinct alone would have forbidden, should sell into slavery their relations, nay, even their own offspring.' *William of Malmsbury, Book iv. ch. 20.—Life of St Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester.*

were, it seems, strong grounds of suspicion concerning the mode of procuring the slaves which were brought down from the interior on the rivers of Calabar and Bonny. From a variety of circumstances, the Committee inferred, that a part, or perhaps the greater part, had been kidnapped. How, then, says our author, were we to decide this important question? for it was said, that no white man was ever permitted by the natives to go up in their canoes. On mentioning accidentally these circumstances to a friend, this friend informed him, that he himself had been in company, about a year before, with a sailor, a very respectable looking man, who had been up these rivers. He had spent half an hour with him at an inn, and described his person; but he knew nothing of his name, or of the place of his abode. All he knew was, that he was either going, or that he belonged to, some ship of war in ordinary; but he could not tell at what port.

Our author, determining to find out so important a witness, procured from Sir C. Middleton, as comptroller of the navy, a permission to board all the ships of war in ordinary. Ships of war in ordinary are those which are out of commission, and laid up in the different rivers and waters in the neighbourhood of the King's dock-yards. For the completion of this interesting tale, we shall use our author's own words.

'At length I began my journey. I boarded all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford I proceeded to Woolwich, where I did the same. Thence I hastened to Chatham, and then, down the Medway, to Sheerness. I had now boarded above a hundred and sixty vessels of war. I had found out two good and willing evidences among them; but I could gain no intelligence of him who was the object of my search.

'From Chatham I made the best of my way to Portsmouth-harbour. A very formidable task presented itself here; but the masters' boats were ready for me, and I continued my pursuit. On boarding the Pegase, on the second day, I discovered a very respectable person in the gunner of that ship. His name was George Millar. He had been on board the Canterbury slave-ship at the dreadful massacre at Calabar. He was the only disinterested evidence living, of whom I had yet heard. He expressed his willingness to give his testimony, if his presence should be thought necessary in London. I then continued my pursuit for the remainder of the day. On the next day, I resumed and finished it for this quarter. I had now examined the different persons in more than a hundred vessels in this harbour; but I had not discovered the person I had gone to seek.

'Matters now began to look rather disheartening, I mean as far as my grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. I determined,

determined, however, to go to Plymouth. I had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length; and the probability was, that as I should continue to move among the same kind of people, my success would be in a similar proportion, according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to me to proceed. At length I arrived at the place of my last hope. On my first day's expedition I boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave trade. One or two had been there in King's ships; but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close; and, notwithstanding my success, as to general evidence, in this journey, my heart began to beat. I was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning, I felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear; and in this state I entered my boat. The fifty-seventh vessel I boarded was the Melampus frigate. One person belonging to it, on examining him in the Captain's cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa; and I had not long discoursed with him, before I found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was the man. I found, too, that he unravelled the question in dispute precisely as our inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river Calabar in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these, they came within a certain distance of a village: they then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during the daylight; but at night they went up to it armed, and seized all the inhabitants, who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second, they were out eight or nine days, when they made a similar attempt, and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women and children, as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms, and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the Melampus was Isaac Parker. On inquiring into his character from the master of the division, I found it highly respectable. I found also afterward that he had sailed with Captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world. It was also remarkable, that my brother, on seeing him in London, when he went to deliver his evidence, recognized him as having served on board the Monarch man of war, and as one of the most exemplary men in that ship.

'I returned now in triumph. I had been out only three weeks, and I had found out this extraordinary person, and five respectable witnesses besides. These, added to the three discovered in the last journey, and to those provided before, made us more formidable than at any former period; so that the delay of our opponents, which we had looked upon as so great an evil, proved in the end truly serviceable to our cause.'

Willingly, if our space permitted it, and if it were not our duty to refer our readers to the work itself, we should follow

our author in his journey through France at the commencement of the Revolution, and his interviews with Mirabeau, Brissot, and others of the then popular demagogues. Of Mirabeau, our author has inserted a letter, which is *truly French.* With a much lower opinion of Mirabeau's talents than Mr Clarkson seems to entertain, we yet could have wished to have seen more of his letters. In reading this part of the work, two reflections force themselves upon us—the one honourable to our author, the other to our country. When we consider how perfectly unconnected Mr Clarkson has preserved himself from all political partialities, neither blaming one party, nor extolling another, but devoted, as he felt himself, to one great work, and almost deeming an ignorance of whatever might distract him from it to be a duty, we were particularly pleased with the courage with which he defends the moral character and intentions of Brissot. It was natural, almost inevitable, that a man with such objects and such feelings as Mr Clarkson's, should be strongly prepossessed in favour of every one who felt, or appeared to feel, equal zeal in the same cause. He may or may not have been deceived in the virtues of Brissot; but, considering his attachment to Mr Pitt and Mr Wilberforce, and his evident personal affection for the latter, it was a noble act of fortitude to step forward, and, with no wish to decide on the public principles of the man, yet to give his attestation for the purity of his motives, and the innocence of his private life. The second involves a far more important fact. In Great Britain, the chiefs, the eminent characters as to influence at least, though not talent, arranged themselves under different banners in this contest. A majority of the cabinet, it is believed, were hostile to the abolition; but the nation, throughout city, town, and village, was only not unanimous: and though the almost weekly explosion of new events, all of them more or less directly affecting the interests of Great Britain, drew away their attention, or deadened their zeal, for a time, as to this great subject, yet it was only necessary to proclaim the same facts anew, and the same zeal was rekindled, the same sense of duty felt and expressed by all classes. In France, on the contrary, the most eminent characters were deeply interested for a little moment in the abolition; but the people throughout France were either ignorant of the horrors of the trade, or unaffected by them. This is that which constitutes the true, the fundamental strength of our empire. Great Britain is indeed a *living body politic:* the chain of interests extends in unbroken links from the great city to the far extremities of the empire, and thoughts and feelings are conducted by it with the rapidity of an electric charge. At the commencement of the Revolution, a temporary enthusiasm seems indeed to have

shed

shed one and the same spirit on the great majority of the French people; but (wanting both the continuous gradation of ranks which exists in our landed property, and that unbroken connexion of interests produced by insular situation; our national debt; our established commercial preeminence; and that unbounded confidence between man and man, which is the consequence of these) the enthusiasm was transient; and the first victorious soldier, who dared act the traitor, gave proof to all Europe, that France had indeed an immense *populace*, but not a *people*. *Plebem, non populum.* The republican legislators had laboured, by a variety of evolutions and schemes of arrangement, to give to the people the means of acting on, and influencing, the conduct of their governors. But conventional statutes, neither harmonizing with old customs, nor arising out of the state and circumstances of the country, could weave only a rope of sand: they could not supply that true link of interests, which law may protect and encourage, but which individuals must have previously created. London is *the* chief city of Great Britain; Paris *a* vast city in France. London is the true *heart* of the empire. No pulse beats there, which is not corresponded to proportionally through the whole circulation. Paris is a wen; and the existence of such an excrescence was not the least powerful cause of the failure of every effort to give France a free constitution.

Though much depressed by his ill success in France, Mr Clarkson continued his labours, till excess of exertion, joined to repeated and bitter disappointments, utterly ruined his health; and, after a hard struggle, subdued a constitution naturally strong and vigorous beyond the lot of men in general, but shattered by anxiety and fatigue, and the sad probability, often forced upon his understanding, that all might at last have been in vain.

'After this decision,' says our author, 'the question was in a desperate state; for if the Commons would not renew their own resolution, and the Lords would not abolish the foreign part of the slave trade, what hope was there of success? It was obvious, too, that, in the former House, Mr Pitt and Mr Dundas voted against each other. In the latter, the Lord Chancellor Thurlow opposed every motion in favour of the cause. The Committee, therefore, were reduced to this—either they must exert themselves without hope, or they must wait till some change should take place in their favour. As far as I myself was concerned, all exertion was then over. The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me; sudden dizzinesses seized my head; a confused singing in the ears followed me wherever I went. On going to bed, the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking, too, if it continued but for half an hour, exhausted me, so that profuse perspirations

followed; and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind for the like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees, in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years, I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write on behalf of the cause. In this period, I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent, too, to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my knowledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. The wound, which these had produced, was rendered still deeper by those cruel disappointments before related, which arose from the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony, after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them. But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them, and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing these forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled. * These different circumstances, by acting together, had at length brought me into the situation just mentioned; and I was therefore obliged, though very reluctantly, to be borne out of the field, where I had placed the great honour and glory of my life.'

Mr Clarkson, accordingly, retired for some years; and, by devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, had effected, by slow degrees, the restoration of his health. When a change of ministry took place, Mr Fox and Lord Grenville brought, not only their own, but all their official interest, to cleanse away this guilt from the national character; and our author and his virtuous coadjutors received the final reward of their labours in the legal abolition of the trade relatively to the British empire; which, conspiring with the same measure in America and Denmark, suspends at present, and

* It appears, in a note to this passage, highly to the honour of the late Mr Whitbread, that as soon as he became acquainted with this circumstance, he generously undertook, in order to make Mr Clarkson's mind easy on this subject, to make good all injuries, out of his own purse, which should arise to individuals from such persecution. Nobody heard at the time of this noble act of generosity. It is proud for England, that her Commoners should be thus able and willing to baffle the schemes of oppression; and magnanimous enough, at the same time, to decline the fame they have deserved.

and in no short period must extinguish, the existence of this infamy of Christendom altogether. There were many awful circumstances attendant on this final and formal consummation of the wishes and efforts of the good and enlightened. Mr Fox, who, struggling up against the manifest decay of his mortal life, had assumed the place of power chiefly to effectuate the two grand objects of his anxiety, the peace of Europe, and the conclusion of the infamous and still more pernicious war against the continent of Africa, saw the vessel, after its long tempestuous voyage, entering its harbour—and closed his eyes! The anchor was cast on the very last day of the ostensible ministry of his friends, and fifteen days after a notice of dismissal had been received by them from their Sovereign.

Mr Clarkson has assured us, from private conversations with Mr Pitt, that this great minister felt it near to his heart, that his country should not only discontinue its permission of guilt so enormous, but that, by some well arranged plan of civilizing commerce, it should make compensation to the inhabitants of Africa for past oppressions. We feel an honest indignation, when we hear the difficulties attendant on such a plan ostentatiously held forth, and always on the supposition that the work is to be begun and carried on solely by unaided individuals. No! The guilt was national, and authorized by acts of the Legislature. Let the compensation then be national also, and let the national wish be invested with powers of accomplishing it. Never perhaps has there occurred a time in which the command of virtue was so imperiously the dictate of prudence. If we retain our possessions in North America, these colonies, joined to commercial intercourse with the interior of Africa by means of its great rivers, would render our trade and manufactures independent of the Continent of Europe, and safe from the wars in which European policy has so often involved us. The love of British conveniencies and comforts will not cease with the cessation of the slave trade. If the desire of these conveniences, (a circumstance of good omen, inasmuch as the multiplication of wants, and consequently of ideas, is the commencement of civilization), if this desire of European implements and luxuries was so strong, that their petty kings were tempted thereby to kidnap their own subjects, burn their own towns, and lay waste their own fields, it certainly seems highly irrational to suppose, that the same, or greater, inducements would not be an adequate motive for employing their tribes, in the first instance perhaps, in the mere collection of the products of the country, and doubtless within no long period in the cultivation of whatever would certainly be accepted as the price of our importations. History, which

which furnishes proofs of the ultimate superiority of moral action over the powers either of climate or the lower parts of our nature, does not permit us to doubt, that the progress of such a plan will be accelerated beyond the conception of vulgar minds. We refer, not without pride, to the late progress made by the Quakers in North America, over far more obstinate prejudices, in proof how soon liberal motives, substantiated by corresponding conduct, would gain the confidence of the African Princes, and induce their tribes to refer to us as counsellors and guides.

It is surely not to be feared, for the time to come, that in contempt of uniform experience, we should ever attempt, for the sake of commerce, to govern by force of arms, an already peopled country. We have heard indeed, the prosperity of America declared by Lord Sidmouth, when he was Minister of State, to be an awful warning to Great Britain, never hereafter to colonize a new country. Merciful Heaven! that the brethren of our ancestors should have founded a mighty empire indefinite in its increase,—an empire, which retains and is adding all that constitutes 'Country' in a wise man's feeling, viz. the same laws, the same customs, the same religion, and above all the same language; that, in short, to have been the mother of prosperous empires, is to *be a warning to* Great Britain! And whence this dread? Because, forsooth, our eldest born, when of age, had set up for himself; and not only preserving, but, in an almost incalculable proportion, increasing the advantages of former reciprocal intercourse, had saved us the expense and anxiety of defending, and the embarrassment of governing a country three thousand miles distant! That this separation was at length effected by violence, and the horrors of a civil war, is to be attributed solely to the ignorance and corruption of the many, and the perilous bigotry of a few. But Africa is free from the objections even of this '*Genus Attonitorum*,' both from the climate, and the absence of those temptations, which have been found too powerful in India.

The Africans are more versatile, more easily modified than perhaps any other known race. A few years of strict honesty and humane attention to their interests, affections, and prejudices, would abolish the memory of the past, or cause it to be remembered only as a fair contrast. The Legislature of Great Britain having once decreed that no territorial conquest shall be made in Africa, this law having been made public there, and enforced by correspondent conduct on the part of our mercantile agents, there would be less difficulty in buying up the tributes hitherto levied by the African chieftains on the great rivers, than William Penn found in purchasing the more important possession of Pennsylvania from the American Indians. Permission would in time be gained

gained to raise commercial magazines, so armed and manned, as should be found necessary for the security of our countrymen. Privileges, both useful and flattering, should be held forth to such of the African tribes as would settle round each of these forts: still higher honours should be given to the individuals among such settlers as should have learnt our language, and acquired our arts of manufacture or cultivation. Thus, each fort, instead of being, as hitherto, a magazine of death and depravity, would finally become a centre of civilization, with diverging lines, the circumference of which would join or pass through similar circles. The intercourse with every part of Africa would not only be rendered secure in relation to the natives, but, from their friendly dispositions, rendered less dangerous to the health of European adventurers, no longer compelled to remain unsheltered, exposed to the vertical sun by day, or the destructive dews of the night. How valuable the productions of Africa already known are, may be learnt by consulting either Mr Clarkson's work on the Impolicy, or the voensas now before us. (vol. II. p. 14, &c.) or the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons. That these bear but a small proportion, both in number or value, to what would be hereafter discovered in consequence of our being masters of the great rivers, is most probable: and we are certain, that if African industry were awakened, few indeed are the articles necessary for our manufactures or consumption, which might not be raised in Africa, and come to us more cheaply, including the first cost and the freightage, than from any other part of the world.

Africa holds out no temptations, either to conquest or individual rapacity. The timid statesman will have to contemplate no independent American republic in its germ: the philosopher no future East Indian empire, to render peace short and insecure, and war more costly and anxious. It cannot be denied that the superstitions of the Africans will occasion great difficulties and embarrassments; but, by a systematic repression of all religious proselytism, except indeed that most effective instrument of conversion, the christian conduct of our agents; by a prudent and affectionate attention to the wishes and comforts of the chieftains, and the Mandingo priests; and by sedulous endeavours to enlighten them as *men*; this obstacle might gradually be removed,—at all events greatly lessened. Every individual employed in the different forts or settlements, should act under the conviction, that knowledge and civilization must, in the first instance, form the foundation, not the superstructure, of Christianity.

"The African character is strikingly contrasted with that of the North

North American Indians; and the facility with which the Africans are impressed, the rapidity with which they take the colours of surrounding objects, oftentimes place them in a degrading light, as men, but are most auspicious symptoms of what they may hereafter become, as citizens. A crowd of slaves shouting in triumph at the proclamation of the reestablishment of slavery, (we allude to Villaret's letter,) or fighting with desperate fury against their own countrymen, who had escaped from a common tyrant, will not indeed bear a comparison, in moral dignity, with the stern, unbending warriors of the interior of North America; and yet present far better *data* of hope, regarded prospectively, and as the materials of a future nation. The American Indians are savages: the Africans (to speak classically) barbarians. Of the civilization of savages, we know no certain instance, the actual origin of Mexico and Peru, the only cases that have any claim at all to be adduced, having been preserved even by the rudest tradition. But as the progress from barbarism to civilization, through its various stages, the history of every nation gives a more or less distinct example, in proportion to our opportunity of tracing it backward.

This distinction between the savage and barbarous state, which is indeed fruitful in consequences, bears upon the present question in one important point, the willingness, we mean, with which barbarous tribes adopt, as it were at command, the changes in laws or religion, dictated to them by their leaders. Let no alarming zeal be betrayed: rather let the initiation into Christianity be held up as a distinction,—as a favour to be bestowed; and it need not be doubted, that natural curiosity will prompt the chieftains, and most intelligent of the African tribes, to inquire into the particulars of a religion professed by a race confessedly so superior to them, and that the sense of this superiority will act as a powerful motive toward their adoption of it. At all events, a long trial has been given to injustice and cruelty: surely justice and benevolence may claim, that one experiment should be made of their influence, and in their favour.

In the commencement of this review, we stated our purpose, not to examine these volumes as a mere work of literature. It is sufficient for us to say, in concluding, that the style, in general, is perspicuous, correct, and characterized by a sort of scriptural simplicity, well suited both to the author and the subject. Here and there indeed, we have met with an incongruous metaphor, and occasionally felt a want of cement in the style, from the shortness and independence of the sentences; but we can with truth aver, that the only fault which remained in our memory, after the perusal of the two volumes, was the want of a third. Many interesting

tereſting events, ſuch as the trial of Somerſet, ſhould have been given at large; and of the laſt part of the ſecond volume, the narration appeared to us rather hurried. We riſe, however, from the peruſal, with feelings of gratitude and veneration to Mr Clarkſon, and with pleaſing and favourable impreſſions of human nature in general.

ART. VI. *Raccolta Cronologico-ragionata di documenti inediti, che formano la ſtoria diplomatica della rivoluzione e caduta della Repubblica di Venezia, corredata di critiche oſſervazioni.* 2 vol. 4to. p. 812.

An accurate Account of the Fall of the Republic of Venice, and of the circumſtances attending that event; in which the French ſyſtem of Undermining and Revolutionizing States is expoſed; and the true Character of Buonaparté faithfully courtrayed. Tranſlated from the Italian, by John Hinckley [illegible] S. A.

WE long ſince propoſed to not [illegible] firſt of theſe works; but, as it was ſtudiouſly ſuppre[illegible] on the Continent by the agents of the French government, the difficulty of obtaining a complete copy of it repeatedly obliged us to poſtpone this intention. It contains, as the title imports, a collection of documents relating to the revolution [illegible] fall of Venice. To thoſe who wiſh to become minutely acquainted with the circumſtances which preceded and accompanied that event, this collection cannot fail to be intereſting. It conſiſts, indeed, chiefly of orders, inſtructions, and decrees of the Venetian government, and of deſpatches from their miniſters at foreign courts; and we are perhaps the more inclined to ſet a value upon it, in conſequence of the impenetrable ſecrecy in which the affairs of the republic were formerly involved. Independently, however, of the gratification which our curioſity derives from the development of the tranſactions of this myſterious government, it is impoſſible that a ſtate, whoſe political exiſtence includes a period of nearly fourteen centuries, and whoſe annals record many ſplendid and memorable achievements, ſhould ſink into annihilation without producing an intereſt correſponding to the hiſtorical importance of ſuch an event. With reference to the ſcenes which have lately been exhibited in the grand political drama, the cataſtrophe of Venice appears to be hardly a ſufficiently prominent object to claim any peculiar attention. But when we reflect on the antiquity and origin of theſe ſtates, the effectual reſiſtance which they oppoſed to the moſt formidable combinations againſt their independence; the extent of their poli-

tical

tical influence on the affairs of the Continent; the maritime dominion which they once exercised, almost without controul; and their successful extension of commerce, and promotion of the arts, we must admit, that the fall of this republic is an event calculated to produce a very considerable sensation. It must be confessed, that the subversion of the government would have been viewed with more regret, if those who administered it had been more distinguished for firmness, wisdom, or patriotism. But we are apprehensive, that the following outline, which we have extracted from a careful perusal of the documents before us, will too plainly demonstrate, that the whole body of public functionaries was criminally deficient in all the great and virtuous qualities, which in such times, were indispensably requisite to provide for the [illegible]ity of the state.

The new principles to which the French revolution had given birth, excited an early alarm in many parts of Italy. The court of Turin seems to have been first struck with the danger; and, to guard against it, conceived a great project of uniting the different powers of Italy into a league for their own defence. This, at least, was the ostensible object of the proposed confederacy. Towards the conclusion of the year 1791, the Sardinian minister communicated this project to the Venetian government, with an invitation to accede to the general alliance; but the latter, clinging with obstinate timidity to the narrow policy of a strict neutrality, expressed a determination not to become a party to the league. They appear, however, not to have been insensible to the chance of future danger; for, shortly afterwards, they recalled their maritime force from the Mediterranean. Upon this, the Grand Duke of Tuscany made an application to them for the protection of Leghorn and the Papal shores; but they replied, that the neutrality which they had adopted, required that their navy should be employed solely in defence of their own possessions in the Adriatic.

Similar overtures were afterwards made to the Venetians from various quarters. The courts of Sardinia and Naples jointly proposed an alliance; and, nearly at the same time, towards the end of 1792, a confederative offer was made to them by the Austrian cabinet. Both of these overtures were declined, upon the principle of a rigid observance of neutrality. It should, however, be observed, that these propositions were never communicated to the Senate. The Savi, to whom they had been transmitted by the inquisitors of state, withheld them. The same fate attended almost every important despatch, or official communication, which came into the hands of the Savi, and which, if submitted to the Senate, would have supplied them with that information, without

which,

which, the affairs of the Venetian government could not possibly be properly conducted. But the Savi had usurped an authority far beyond what belonged to them by the constitution; and we shall soon have occasion to see, that their unskilful exercise of this authority, was one chief cause of irremediable weakness and embarrassment which led to the subversion of the government.

The Venetians at this time probably entertained little doubt of being able to maintain their neutrality: and indeed, until the French overran Piedmont in 1795, the theatre of war was at such a distance from their territories, that the experiment was perhaps perfectly justifiable. Whether this was the case after the appointment of General Bonaparte to the chief command of the army of Italy, is quite a different question; the solution of which, in this part of the narration, we shall not attempt to anticipate. We shall only observe, that, during the interval, the Venetians, in order more effectually to avoid the hazard of war, acknowledged the French republic, and its ambassador, though the English minister remonstrated, without effect, against that action of the latter. As a further testimony of their desistance to obtain a good understanding with France, a Venetian ambassador was directed to proceed to Paris. He was presented to the Convention on the 30th of July, 1795, and was received with distinction, and many assurances of friendship and attachment.

In the mean time, however, a few circumstances had arisen which created some jealousy and dissatisfaction in France. The Venetians refused to acknowledge M. Noel, a very active and intriguing diplomatist, in the capacity of minister plenipotentiary; they had supplied the Austrians with an inconsiderable quantity of provisions; and they had permitted the Count de Provence (Louis XVIII.) to fix his residence in Verona. Besides, the Senate, upon the suggestion and persuasion of the procurator, Francis Pesaro, had decreed that the republic should arm, with a view more effectually to protect the state, and to cause their neutral system to be generally respected; but intrigue frustrated the execution of this salutary decree. France complained, of course, of all these acts of alleged partiality; and, in consequence of her repeated remonstrances, the Senate reluctantly determined to suggest to the Count de Provence the necessity of retiring from their territories. The intimation was made with the utmost delicacy; but it excited in the Count an undue degree of indignation. He withdrew from Verona in May 1796, the month in which Bonaparte first entered the Venetian territories. Notwithstanding the Count's retirement, his former residence at Verona was afterwards regularly included in the charges against the Venetians.

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An armistice having been concluded between France and Sardinia in April 1796, the success of the French armies, and the disasters of the Austrians, soon transferred the scene of hostilities to the neighbourhood of Venice. Conformably to an antient and existing treaty with Austria, the Venetians were obliged to grant them a passage for troops through that part of their territory which separates the dutchy of Mantua from the other possessions of the House of Austria. The misfortunes of the campaign had compelled the Austrians to occupy for a short time the Venetian fortress of Peschiera. It was thought expedient to explain this circumstance to General Bonaparte; and for this purpose a deputy was sent to him at Vallegio. No explanation, however, would be received. There were two reasons, the General said, which justified France in her resolution to treat Venice as a hostile state:—they had granted an asylum to the Count de Provence, the implacable enemy of the French republic; and they had allowed the Austrians to occupy Peschiera: and, in revenge for these offences, he threatened, in revenge, to burn Verona and the capital. Foscarini, the Proveditor of Terra Firma, made a second attempt to mollify him; but the General repeated his former complaints, and charged the Venetian government with violating their neutrality, and favouring the enemies of the French republic. He had orders from the Directory, on this account, to burn Verona; and Massena, he said, was then on his march to execute these orders. In a few days, too, he expected to receive from Paris instructions to declare war in form against Venice. All Foscarini's expostulations could only obtain from him an assurance that Verona should not be burnt, provided the French troops should be allowed to take possession of the town without meeting with the least resistance. On the 1st June, accordingly, they entered Verona, and immediately adopted every measure for securing the permanent possession. The Senate, alarmed at the contents of Foscarini's despatch, ordered an immediate equipment of their maritime forces, and an enrolment of troops. They also sent two deputies to Bonaparte on a conciliatory mission. The General now thought proper to change his tone. He hoped for a favourable change in their affairs; demanded supplies, and dismissed them courteously, with instructions to express to their government his desire to contribute his offices for the preservation of a good understanding between the two republics.

The French having thus obtained possession of Verona, immediately proceeded to treat the greater part of Venetian Terra Firma as a conquered country. The most oppressive requisitions were levied on the inhabitants, and their vineyards and olive plantations wantonly destroyed. The pusillanimity with which these provinces had been

been abandoned produced very great discontent; but the people still continued steadily loyal and faithful to their government. The contiguity of Bergamo, however, to the Milanese, which had already been revolutionized, could scarcely fail of producing a change in the political sentiments of the inhabitants. The progress of disaffection, however, was for a long time extremely slow; and the proceedings of the French, being daily marked with the greatest violence and injustice, at last awakened the loyalty and patriotism of the Bergamascs, who, to the number of seven thousand, offered their services to the Senate, and required no reward but the gratification of seeing their offer accepted. It was, indeed, accepted by the Senate; but afterwards rendered unavailing by the intrigues of the Savi.

The progress of the French armies at length excited so much alarm, that it was deemed expedient to take immediate measures for the defence of the capital. Great exertions were therefore made for the equipment of the navy, and the organization of the military force. To supply financial difficulties, a heavy tax was imposed; and extensive assistance was received in the shape of spontaneous contributions. In money alone they considerably exceeded 1,000,000 ducats. Every thing, in fact, appeared to demonstrate a determination to defend the capital. But, notwithstanding these preparations, the government persisted in its fatal system of neutrality, or made war against France only by remonstrances and deputations.

In the course of the year 1796, while the affairs of the republic were daily becoming more critical, several proposals of alliance were made to the government by the belligerents, and by a neutral power. With a view to increase the enemies of the House of Austria, Bonaparte projected an alliance with the Porte and Venice, and even promised the latter an augmentation of territory. In the month of December, the French being obliged to withdraw from Verona a part of their military force, in order to prevent the Austrians from attempting the relief of Mantua, General Alvinzi, with a view to open the road to this fortress, requested of the Venetian government permission to dislodge the French who had been left in Verona. This proposition, of course, amounted to an offer of alliance, since it would have identified the cause of Venice and Austria, and, if acceded to, must have united these powers in hostility against France. From a suspicion that Austria might, in the event of peace, be aggrandized by the territorial annexation of the Venetian States, Prussia, in December 1796, made overtures for an alliance with the Venetian republic. Surrounded by innumerable political dangers, and totally incapable of averting them by its own energies, this infatuated

tuated government still obstinately persevered in its scheme of neutrality. All these overtures, therefore, were successively rejected; and the amicable professions of the French, though in every instance at variance with their proceedings, was still credited by the weak, and cherished by the insidious, members of the Venetian councils. In the very midst of these professions of amity, a detachment from the French army took possession of Legnago, and thence openly impeded the navigation of the Adige, detaining the vessels proceeding to Verona, and thus increasing the scarcity which prevailed not only in the Veronese, but in the provinces beyond the Mincio. The Senate remonstrated, as usual, in polished and dignified sentences; and were referred by the French resident to General Bonaparte, and by Bonaparte to the Directory,—who referred them back to the ambassador.

The raising of the siege of Mantua gave them a temporary hope of deliverance, and might have shown them the policy of siding with the Austians; but this triumph was, unfortunately, of short duration. Mantua fell in February 1797; and the French armies then found themselves at liberty to pursue the retreating Austrians, and finally to accomplish their design of taking entire possession of the Venetian territories. Previous to this important event, indeed, and under pretext of saving them from being occupied by the enemy, they had seized on the town and citadel of Bergamo, and proceeded shortly after to take possession by force of most of the towns of the Venetian Terra Firma; while their leader still continued to hold the language of peace and amity, and, with many protestations, to assure the deluded Venetians, that, on the return of peace, their states should constitute a barrier against Austrian treachery; and that the towns in the hands of the French should be restored, and the expenses incurred gradually liquidated.

Having got possession of most of the territory by these manœuvres, the French next proceeded to stir up the inhabitants to declare against the old government, and to claim the protection of France in erecting themselves into independent municipalities. This happened at Bergamo, Bolsena, Cremo, and other places; and a club was openly formed for the purpose of revolutionizing the whole Venetian States. When the Senate remonstrated, Bonaparte told them that they might reclaim their revolted subjects in the best way they could; but that it was necessary that they should accommodate him with a monthly loan of one million of francs for six months; accompanying this intimation with such suitable menaces as might ensure compliance. It appeared, indeed, throughout the conferences, that Bonaparte considered the

Venetian

Venetian States as entirely at his disposal. The object of his government was evidently to procure an equivalent for the Low Countries; and, in fact, about this time a despatch was received from the Venetian minister in Paris, which stated, that the war in Italy was continued in order to provide indemnities for the Emperor of Germany, who would then be induced to cede Belgium to the French; and that, for the accomplishment of this purpose, the French pursued the twofold plan of revolutionizing and conquering the Venetian provinces.

While their territories were thus mouldering away, the government was laudably occupied in providing a fund for the payment of one million of francs monthly; annexing to these enormous supplies the vain and hopeless condition, that requisitions and revolutionary proceedings on the part of the French should be entirely suppressed. Something very different, however, was in the contemplation of their leader; and to give a colour to his outrageous proceedings, Bonaparte took advantage of a proclamation, *falsely attributed* to the Venetian government, which authorized the people to take up arms against the insurgents *and the French.* Upon this, he immediately demanded that the whole Venetian Terra Firma should be disarmed; and, from his headquarters at Judemberg, despatched to Venice his adjutant Junot, charged with letters to the Doge and the French minister. The menacing letter to the Doge, Junot delivered to him personally in council, and, consequently, under circumstances that added insult to an infraction of the laws of the republic. The letter to Lallemont, the French minister, contained a series of unfounded charges against the government, and a categorical demand of reparation. To these letters conciliatory answers were returned; the government justified their measures, but weakly engaged to comply with most of Bonaparte's demands.

In April 1797, a part of the populace of Verona was stimulated to rise against the government; and, after a sanguinary contest of many days, were enabled to subvert its establishment, by the open cooperation of a considerable French force. At this very critical moment, when force and treachery were ready to seize their victim, a very important despatch was received by the Inquisitors of State from the Venetian ambassador at Vienna. It related to an overture for cooperation with Austria. By some unaccountable fatality, the Inquisitors neglected to communicate this despatch, either to the Savi, or the Senate. Whether or not the acceptance of this overture could have snatched the Venetians from destruction, is a problem of difficult solution; but certainly a happier result might reasonably have been expected from it, than from an overture of a very different description,

which was shortly afterwards received from a member of the Executive Directory, through the channel of the Venetian minister at Paris. We shall at present only observe, that one of the members of the Directory proposed, upon the condition of receiving a valuable consideration (a bribe), to secure to the Venetians the integrity of the republic. We shall take another occasion to advert to this singular proposition.

We are now arrived at the last scene of this ancient republic. As we have already stated, perhaps too minutely, some of the transactions which paved the way for the catastrophe, we shall present our readers with only a concise outline of the events which immediately preceded its subversion.

In spring 1797, the Venetian islands and Lagunes were put in a respectable state of defence. An attempt was at this time made, by a small French ship of war, to force through, contrary to the laws of the republic, a passage into the Lagunes. Repeated, but unavailing intimations, were made to the commander, that if he persisted in the attempt, his ship would be fired upon by the Venetians. Notwithstanding this caution, he obstinately persisted. His vessel was immediately exposed to a tremendous fire, and destroyed. To explain this occurrence,—to justify the proceedings of the Senate,—to discover, if possible, whether any part of their territory had been sacrificed to the Emperor of Austria by the treaty recently concluded at Leoben,—and to maintain a friendly understanding with the French republic, two deputies were sent to Bonaparte. The conference, however, proved in every respect unsatisfactory; and the deputies entirely failed in every one of the objects of their mission.

In the mean time, the French armies drew close round the capital. On the 27th April they published a proclamation, inviting the town and province of Vicenza to shake off the authority of their old government; and, on the following day, a similar proclamation appeared in Padua. In both towns, provisional municipalities were formed; and in Padua, almost all the nobles signed an approval of the change. The safety of Venice became every hour more precarious. The sittings of the Senate were suspended; and its authority superseded, by a conferenza, which was held in the private chamber of the Doge. The conferenza assembled on the 30th of April 1797, and was proceeding to consider in what manner a communication should be made to the Great Council on the actual state of the republic, when they received intelligence that the French were making preparations, along the shores of the Lagunes, for an attack upon the capital. Consternation seized the Council; and several members proposed immediately to treat with Bonaparte for the surrender of Venice.

At length, they determined that a proposition should be made to the Great Council to send two deputies to Bonaparte, in order to treat with him for a modification in the form of the Venetian government. The Great Council assembled on the 1st of May, and the proposition of the conferenza was carried almost unanimously.

On the 1st of May, Bonaparte, at last, issued a *formal declaration of war* against Venice. It consisted of fifteen charges, for any one of which it would be difficult to discover any real foundation. The deputies despatched to him were very unfavourably received. He declared that he would listen to no negotiations, until the assassination of his soldiers had been avenged, by *the death of the three Inquisitors of State*, and *the commander of the vessel* that had fired upon and sunk the French ship of war. If this demand was not complied with, Venice, he declared, should be in his power within fifteen days; and the nobili should escape death only to wander on the earth, like the noblesse of France. The only point in which the deputies succeeded, was in obtaining an armistice of five days, which was afterwards prolonged, but only to prepare for the bloodless but humiliating reception of the French armies into the capital of the republic. On the 4th of May, the Doge was guilty of the criminal weakness of proposing to the Great Council a compliance with Bonaparte's preliminary demands; and the Great Council was guilty of a still baser criminality, in voting, almost unanimously, for the arrestation and trial of the three Inquisitors of State, and the commander of the galliot.

The conferenza held various meetings, in one of which the Doge offered to renounce the ducal dignity, and to deposit the reins of government in the hands of those who had been instrumental in promoting a revolution. It was also determined, that the 11,000 Sclavonians, who had been originally brought to Venice for its defence, should be sent away; and that, in order to prepare for the reception of the French, the capital and the Lagunes should be disarmed. Meanwhile, new fears were diffused among the members of the conferenza. It was reported, that unless a change in the government were immediately effected, 16,000 conspirators (who in reality did not exist) would proceed to the massacre of all the patricians; and Villetard, the French minister, took upon him to propose, as necessary preparations for the establishment of the new government, that the tree of liberty should be planted in Venice; that the arms of the republic should be publicly burnt; and that this event should be celebrated by the performance of *Te Deum* in the church of St Mark.

On the 10th and 12th May, the agents of the revolutionary

faction, after conferring with the French miniſter, communicated two letters to the Doge. The firſt was inſidiouſly deſigned to alarm him with every ſort of apprehenſion. They inſiſted on the exiſtence of an internal conſpiracy, and on the infidelity of the Sclavonians; and ſtated it to be the opinion of Villetard, that the conſequences of an internal exploſion could be prevented only by anticipating the deſigns of Bonaparte, in the immediate eſtabliſhment of a repreſentative government. In the ſecond, they communicated an extract of a letter, which they pretended the French miniſter had juſt received from a perſon in the confidence of Bonaparte, who ſtated it to be the determination of the latter, that a repreſentative government ſhould be immediately eſtabliſhed on the ruins of the old ariſtocracy. The Doge repaired to the Great Council, laid before them theſe letters, and propoſed to them an abdication of their functions. The queſtion of abdication was carried with a ſhameful unanimity; and the diſſolution of this ſovereign body immediately ſucceeded. For the preſervation of internal tranquillity, however, the chief members of the government continued proviſionally in office.

On the 16th of May 1797, the revolution was completed. The French armies entered the capital. They exacted oppreſſive contributions; they pillaged the library, the arſenal, and the church and palace of St Mark; and, finally, in leſs than four months, this regenerated republic, notwithſtanding its cloſe alliance with France, was transferred, under the treaty of Campo Formio, to the Houſe of Auſtria; to deliver it from which, Bonaparte declared, in the proclamation which he iſſued in May 1796, when he firſt entered on the Venetian territory, was the chief object of his operations.

Such was the inglorious end of a republic, whoſe exiſtence had been preſerved for thirteen centuries and a half. All the energy and wiſdom which had laid the foundation of its power, and extended and conſolidated its dominion, had long vaniſhed from its councils; and when it ultimately periſhed, it may be doubted whether an impartial ſpectator would feel more deteſtation for the perfidy of its deſtroyers, or contempt for its weakneſs and ſelf-deſertion. Had it not been overthrown by the French, it would probably have ſpeedily diſſolved in the maturity of its own corruptions. All feelings of patriotiſm had long been extinct in the higher claſſes; and the only individuals who manifeſted any attachment to the antient government, was found among that populace, over which its ſway was apparently ſo ſevere. This extraordinary ſtate of things may, perhaps, be partly explained, by a ſhort inquiry into the ſtate of the government as it exiſted recently before its ſubverſion.

It

It seems to be generally admitted, that, for a considerable time, a narrow and tyrannical oligarchy had been gradually usurping the whole functions of the sovereign. The Savi, the Council of Ten, and the Inquisitors of State, had encroached so much on the authority of the Doge, that he had long ceased to be effectively the chief magistrate of the State. *Rex in purpurâ, Senator in curiâ, in urbe captivus, extra urbem privatus*—had become the true definition of this potentate. The Great Council had the power of electing to the most important offices of government; but the poverty of the greater part of the patricians, reduced them to a state of dependence on a few opulent nobles, and forced them to confer on their wealthy patrons the chief employments of the State. The same oligarchy directed, in a great degree, the proceedings of the Senate, and withheld, as we have seen, in the most important instances, the communication of those despatches, upon which, by the constitution of the republic, it was their right to decide. The exertions of this body were still further restrained by a system of avowed intimidation, which rendered it dangerous to Senators, especially to those destitute of fortune, to disclose abuses, question the policy of measures, or propose the adoption of others. Such a step infallibly exposed them to the risk of a visitation of *inquisitorial* power. By these, and by other means, the College of Savi, or Privy Council, as it may be termed, had acquired so much power, that the office had almost become hereditary in a few families. Though they exercised, in most cases, their authority in rotation, they acted upon a concerted system of usurpation. Scarcely less arbitrary and illegal were the civil and judicial proceedings of the Council of Ten; and those of the Inquisitors of State have been charged with cruelty, tyranny, and oppression, in many cases, while, in others, a corrupt relaxation of the laws liberated the guilty, and deprived justice of her demanded victims.

In the provinces, the same vices existed which prevailed in the capital. The public functionaries practised extortion without fear of punishment. The rich, trusting to the venality of the judicial tribunals, violated the laws with impunity. In several provinces, the vineyards and agriculture were neglected, and the peasants reduced to misery and ruin. The practice of granting, for money, the privilege of wearing arms, led to an incredible number of homicides and assassinations. With all these symptoms of decay and incurable corruption, concurred the disorder and failure of the finances. After seventy years of peace, the revenue proved unequal to the expenditure. The regular army was both inconsiderable in number, and inefficient from being held in slight estimation. Indeed, so little encouragement was given to military talents, that

many of the beſt and moſt enterprizing officers were driven, like the Catholics of Ireland, to ſeek employment and diſtinction in foreign ſervice: and, in the very important point of liberty of ſpeech and of the preſs, the Venetians had always been more hardly dealt with than any other European people. That there ſhould have been no very great exertion made for the ſupport of ſuch a government, may eaſily be conceived; but it ſeems difficult to explain, how the lower orders ſhould have made ſome efforts for its preſervation, even after it was deſerted by their rulers. Perhaps the oligarchy, by diminiſhing the number of their tyrants, had made their yoke more tolerable;—or perhaps their tumultuous movements aroſe only from a certain blind feeling of nationality, and an inſtinctive attachment to objects which they had long been accuſtomed to reverence.

The editor of the Raccolta, though a decided advocate of the old ſyſtem of government, yet admits the exiſtence of many fundamental abuſes, which menaced the ſtate with ſubverſion.

'E' fuor di dubbio,' he obſerves, 'che dovea questa Repubblica la lunga e felice sua durazione alla mirabile organizzazione del suo Governo, riguardato con sorpresa dall' Estere Nazioni. Non prio tuttavia dissimularsi, che molti sconcerti, e gravissimi disordini non si possero in esso introdotti merce la caducità delle umane istitutioni. Noi accenneremo quelli soltanto, che influivano nel regime suo politico, e che furano senza contrasto una delle prossime cagioni delle sue sventure, e della sua caduta. All' esterna decadenza, di cui si è finora parlato, ben tosto la lunga pace, ed il continuo ozio accoppiarono gravi disordini, i quali indebolivano le pubbliche deliberazioni. In fatti un certo Egoismo, sempre fatale alle Repubbliche, un riflessibile raffredamento di quel zelo patrio, che tanto distinse gli Aristocratici de passati secoli, una falsa clemenza nei Triburali, onde rimanevano i delitti senza il castigo dalle Leggi prescritto, una certa facilità di propalare i Secreti del Senato, sorpassata con indolenza dagl' Inquisitori di Stato, un serpeggiante stravizzo, una non curanza delle cose sacre e religiose, un immoderato spirito di passatempi, una scandalosa impudenza nelle donne, un libertinaggio portato per così dire in trionfo negli nomini, erano fra gli altri i disordini, che dominavano in una parte de' Patrizi, e de' Cittadini d'ogni ceto e condizione, si in Venezia, che nello Stato. Ne fanno fede gl' interni sconvolgimenti degli anni 1762, e 1780, e la Loggia de Liberi Muratori scoperta nel 1785, in cui alcuni rispettabili soggetti avevano ingresso. Queste furono la cagioni estrinseche, che disponevano l'edifizio ad un imminente pericolo di crollare.' Vol. I. p. 16.

After pointing out theſe ſymptoms of national decline, he exhibits a conciſe ſtatement of ſome of the leading political errors and internal abuſes which led to the diſſolution of the government. This ſtatement is by no means exaggerated; its truth, on the contrary,

contrary, is but too fully eſtabliſhed by the documents before us. We cannot, however, entirely agree with the editor in the obſervation with which he concludes his preliminary diſcourſe. He appears to be ſtrongly impreſſed with an opinion, 'che l'eſiſtenza della Repubblica di Vinezia, all' epocha della rivoluzione e caduta della Monarchia Franceſe, non era precaria, ma tale, che con le ſole attuali ſue forze, *ſi mens non læva fuiſſet*, era in grado di ſoſtenere ad eſempio de' maggiori *una Neutralità armata*, la quale era peraventura l'unica che ſalvarla poteva, non oſtante la decadenza polatica e morale, di cui ſi è ragionato.' Such an experiment might perhaps have been tried; but its ultimate efficacy may well be doubted: and, even now, when we have been inſtructed by the event, it ſeems to us abundantly manifeſt, that no ſyſtem of neutrality, whether armed or unarmed, could have ſecured the independence, or even the exiſtence of Venice and that theſe great objects could not poſſibly have been accompliſhed, but by the adoption of a ſyſtem of alliance. We do not venture to aſſert that even ſuch a meaſure would have ſaved her; but, that it afforded the only chance of ſalvation, we think can hardly be made a queſtion.

That an unarmed neutrality was no way calculated to enſure reſpect from the French, and avert their deſigns of invaſion, was ſufficiently apparent from the moment Bonaparte entered the Venetian territory, and iſſued that inſidious proclamation, in which the deliverance of Venice from the iron yoke of Auſtria was the profeſſed object of his views. It is equally clear, that an armed neutrality would have been little leſs effectual, at leaſt in the way in which the armament would have been conducted. If, indeed, the military force had been duly organized,—if the regulars and the militia had been conſiderably augmented in numerical force, which the ſpirit and patriotiſm of the lower Venetians could have rendered eaſy,—if the fortreſſes had been adequately garriſoned, the capital put into a ſtrong poſture of defence, and the extenſive maritime ſtrength of the republic placed in readineſs for action,—ſome chance would have been preſented of compelling the French to reſpect the independence of Venice; eſpecially if it had been declared, that the leaſt aggreſſion on their part would have immediately produced an alliance offenſive and defenſive with Auſtria. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that it is ſtill problematical whether ſuch a junction, or, indeed, any cooperation whatever, could have effectually repreſſed the energies to which the principles, and the abuſe of the principles, of the French revolution had given exiſtence. But, if there was a remote chance of ſaving Venice, it could be found only in the adoption of a commanding poſition from the beginning, and the formation of a cordial alliance with Auſtria,

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the moment it became evident that her neutrality would be exposed to violation. That moment was certainly come when the French overrun the north of Italy in ſummer 1795; and yet the overtures of Auſtria were obſtinately rejected, though repeated in all manner of forms, and renewed even when the enemy was at their gates, and within two months of their final deſtruction. That they could have preſerved their independence by any courſe of conduct is indeed very doubtful; but, by the courſe they adopted, they obviouſly threw it away. To have done any thing but what they did, would have been excuſeable; and the alliance of Pruſſia, or even of France herſelf, as it was offered in 1796, held out a chance of ſalvation, and would, at any rate, have ſaved the laſt ſcene of the republic from that general contempt and opprobrium with which ſhe covered herſelf by her puſillanimity and folly. Upon the whole, when we review the cauſes which remotely prepared her deſtruction, as well as the circumſtances which immediately led to it, we cannot help feeling that ſhe deſerved the fate which befel her. Her race of glory was run, and her race of ſhame. There was nothing about her to command reſpect, or to win affection; and though the violence and perfidy which were the inſtruments of her deſtruction are the juſt objects of our abhorrence, theſe ſentiments are not in any degree enhanced in this inſtance by compaſſion for their victim.

The title of the ſecond work prefixed to this article, appears to be pretty well ſupported by the contents of the performance. As far as we can judge, from comparing the ſtatements it contains with the ſubſtance of the official documents, the facts are given with fairneſs and accuracy; and the tone and temper of the editor and of the author are very nearly of the ſame complexion. The ſame reprobation of the Venetian government, the ſame attachment to the ancient order of things in Venice, characterize both productions. But they differ ſufficiently to authorize a conjecture, that they do not proceed from the ſame pen. The Engliſh author is ſatisfied with the introduction of explanatory notes, and a few occaſional reflections, while the original is devoted almoſt as much to political reflections, as to hiſtorical narrative. Many of the faults in the original work, Mr Hinckley has carefully tranſfuſed into the tranſlation. The pompous inflated periods of the Italian aſſume a correſponding Engliſh garb, though the liberty of ſimplification might have been reſorted to without injury, either to the ſenſe or the ſtyle of the tranſlation. Several words, indeed, are not tranſlated at all, but preſented in their original form; ſuch as, 'the *fautors* of revolutions'—'the *pouvoir exécutif*.' Indeed, if the tranſlation had been leſs literal, it might have gained conſiderably in ſpirit and ſimplicity; and any deficiency in

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mere literal fidelity, might have been well supplied by the advantage of additional ease and elegance of style. Notwithstanding these defects, however, the perusal of this little performance will excite a considerable degree of interest.

We have already extended this article so far, that we have only room to insert an extract from the work before us, to explain the nature of an overture which we have already alluded to in passing, and which affords unquestionable proof of the baseness and venality of a member of the French Executive Directory. It is to be recollected, that the overture was made to Querini, the Venetian ambassador in Paris, and transmitted by him to his government. These magnanimous neutrals were pleased to approve of the proposition, and solemnly gave it in charge to their ambassador, to save the republic,—by the offer of a sordid bribe to the Director Barras. The following passage concisely states this disgraceful transaction, which is explained at considerable length in the *Raccolta*, &c.

'An intriguer came one day to the ambassador Querini, and communicated, that two of the Directors opposed the revolution of Venice; that two others supported it; that Barras was as yet undecided; and that, if a liberal reward were given to him, the balance would be turned in favour of the integrity of the republic. Querini replied, that, whenever the revolted provinces should be restored to the Venetian government, they would agree to make the required sacrifice. The agent departed, and soon after brought the ambassador an answer, that a considerable present being first given, the requisite instructions would be sent to Bonaparte. A thousand shameful quibbles succeeded this species of arrangement, till, after various shifts and changes, Barras sent an authentic declaration under the seal of the Directory, assuring Querini, that instructions had been sent to Bonaparte in conformity to all he had requested. In consideration of this favour, it was expected he should give notes for [illegible] livres tournois, payable in thirty days. To this he consented [illegible] Venetian government afterwards approved it. The contract, however, was never performed; but, on the contrary, an order of the Executive Directory compelled the ambassador suddenly to depart from France. He returned home; and after the fall of the republic, these notes were presented to him for payment out of his private fortune. This he refused, the conditions not having been fulfilled on which they were given. The business was supposed to have been dropped, when, on the 3d of December 1797, he was suddenly arrested, and, by command of the Directory, sent to the castle of Milan; from whence, toward the end of March, he was ordered to prepare for a journey to Paris; but, fortunately, on the 30th of that month, he contrived to escape, and thus evaded the unjust demand.' p. 125.

Before closing this article, we ought to observe, that the value of the Raccolta chronologico-ragionata, is not to be estimated merely by

by the authentic information it contains relative to the occurrences which produced the ſubverſion of the Venetian republic; for it alſo comprizes a large body of very curious and important intelligence, on many of the leading events of the French revolution. The deſpatches of the Venetian ambaſſadors, who reſided in Paris during the moſt eventful periods of that revolution, may be regarded as documents of much intrinſic hiſtorical value. Thoſe, too, of the Venetian reſidents at the other European courts, which are alſo included in this collection, will be found by no means unintereſting to the diligent inquirer into hiſtorical truth. To the attention of the profeſſed hiſtorian, it is unneceſſary to recommend theſe ſtate papers. Their authenticity, we believe, is undiſputed: and they relate to a period, many of the tranſactions of which are ſtill involved in great obſcurity.

ART. VII. *The Bakerian Lecture on some new Phenomena of Chemical Changes produced by Electricity, particularly the Decomposition of the Fixed Alkalis, and the Exhibition of new Substances which constitute their Bases, and on the general nature of Alkaline Bodies.* By Humphry Davy, Esq. Sec. R. S. M. R. I. A. (from Phil. Trans. Part I. for 1808.)

IN a former article, (Number XXIII), we laid before our readers an account of the very intereſting courſe of experiments which Mr Davy had made upon the mutual actions of galvanic electricity and chemical bodies; and we hinted, that it was generally underſtood, that in purſuing the ſame train of inveſtigation, this ingenious and indefatigable inquirer had made ſome of the moſt wonderful and important diſcoveries which modern times have to boaſt of. It now gives us infinite ſatisfaction to fulfil the promiſe which we then made, of recurring to the ſubject as ſoon as poſſible, and continuing our hiſtory of this excellent chemiſt's proceedings. He has detailed them very minutely in the paper now before us, which we conſider as the moſt valuable in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, ſince the time when Sir Iſaac Newton inſerted, in that celebrated collection, the firſt account of his optical diſcoveries. We certainly do by no means intend to compare the two works for their general importance, and much leſs for their merits. Newton created his tools, as well as the ſyſtem which he reared by their aid. Chance had nothing to do with his labours. He did not merely try things to ſee what would follow; he was carried on by the moſt ſubtle ingenuity, and a ſagacity never beſtowed on any other man, through a chain of

reasoning and observation, which, had he stopt at any point, no man, whatever his industry might have been, could have continued one step further. Mr Davy owes much to his indefatigable industry, and his knowledge of the subject; but he owes a great deal more to the powerful instrument which former discoveries put into his hands. Any man possessed of his habits of labour, and the excellent apparatus of the Royal Institution, could have almost ensured himself a plentiful harvest of discovery. And, while no one can read a single proposition in either of Sir Isaac Newton's great works, without being stopped at every turn to admire the transcendant genius of the author, it is very possible to read Mr Davy's whole paper, and admit that he has made greater discoveries than any man has done since the days of Newton,—and yet to find nothing which deserves the name of genius in the whole compass of the investigation. We throw out these things from no invidious motive, but merely from a desire to reduce things to their proper level, and just proportions; and to qualify a little of that excessive admiration which has lately been excited by Mr Davy's discovery, not unnaturally, we confess, but very extravagantly, and, as usually happens in such cases, to the great detriment of sober inquiry.

In describing the result of Mr Davy's last course of experiments, (which, by the way, though it led to less remarkable results, showed more ingenuity and dexterity than the present), we explained the very singular property of Galvanism, which these experiments brought to light. It appeared that, when the electric fluid is sent through a circle, in which part of the circuit is a compound of acid and alkali, a decomposition takes place, the acid always being transferred towards the positive part of the chain, the negative part attracting the alkali. A certain affinity seemed always to subsist between oxygen and the positive electricity, and an inflammable basis and the negative side. The effects of the fluid in operating decomposition, were proportioned to the strength of the opposite electricities, and to the concentration and conducting power of the compound body. With these *data*, furnished chiefly by his former experiments, our author proceeded to subject the fixed alkalis to the most intense action of the galvanic pile.

He first tried an aqueous solution, made as strong as possible. This he exposed to the combined action of three great batteries, one of 24 plates of 12 inches square, another of 100 plates of 6 inches, and the third of 150 of 4 inches, being a total of almost 1500 inches of metallic plates. But, although this produced a great action, it only decomposed the water with violent heat and effervescence. He then tried the alkalis fused by heat, and without

out success; for it seemed evident, that the fusion and action must come both at once from the electricity. Accordingly, having slightly moistened the surface of perfectly dry potash, so as to render it a conductor, he placed it on an insulated disc of platina, connected with the negative wire, and placed the positive wire upon the upper surface of the potash. A remarkable action now ensued; the salt fused at the wires, at the lower surface, without any effervescence; but, at the upper, with violent effervescence. At the lower surface, however, small globules like quicksilver were perceived to emerge, as the process went on, and many of them burnt with explosion and a bright flame; others, without explosion, became soon covered with a white crust on continuing exposed to the action of the air. The same phenomena were produced, when, instead of platina, other metals, as copper, gold, &c. were used, or plumbago, and even charcoal. The metallic globules, therefore, had nothing to do with the disc or wire employed; and the experiment was equally independent of the air, for it succeeded just as well in an exhausted receiver. Soda, when treated in like manner, exhibited similar results; but it was more stubborn, and required a much stronger electrical action. The globules too obtained from it were neither so fusible nor so inflammable; they were melted and burnt, however, by the heat produced in the course of the experiment. In both cases, the gas evolved at the upper or positive surface of the alkali, was found to be pure oxygen gas; nor was any given out at the negative surface, where the globules were formed, unless a superabundance of water existed there. When, on the other hand, one of the metallic globules was exposed, either to common air or oxygen gas, containing moisture in solution, a white film speedily was formed, which attracted moisture as it increased in thickness, and in a short time the whole globule was converted into this film, and dissolved. The solution from the potash globules was always found to be pure potash; those from the other, pure soda. When the air in which the globules are exposed is perfectly free from moisture, the process goes on imperfectly; for the crust which is first formed, remaining solid, defends the interior of the globule from the action of the air. When heat is applied, and the globules are exposed to oxygen gas in a close tube, they burn with great rapidity, and a brilliant white flame; the gas is absorbed; no other gas given out; and the oxyde which remains is a pure alkali.

Such is the decisive and most satisfactory evidence by which it is ascertained that the fixed alkalis are compounds of oxygen and metallic bases, or that they are in truth metallic oxydes. The metals are substances hitherto quite unknown to chemistry; and

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Mr Davy, as might easily be imagined, lost no time in examining their peculiar properties. It is unnecessary to detail the various experiments which he has made for this purpose. We shall only follow him over the heads of this extensive and interesting subject. Our author first describes the properties of the base of potash; next, those of the base of soda; and then he investigates the proportions in which the oxydes, that is, the two alkalis, contain their metallic bases and oxygen. We shall reverse this very: and consider the proportions in the compositions first. Sir

In order to ascertain the proportion of oxygen to metal in the alkalis, Mr Davy employed this form of experiment. He introduced a small tray of gold, silver, and platina, into a tube connected at one end with a pneumatic apparatus and gazometer, and at the other drawn to a point, but suffered to remain open. Upon the tray, metallic globules of known weight were placed; the tube was filled with oxygen until the whole common air was expelled; it was then hermetically sealed at both ends; and heat being applied to the glass near the tray, the globule was burnt. The tube was then opened under water, or mercury, and the absorption ascertained. According to the result of one experiment, made with great accuracy, 100 grains of potash contains 86.7 of metal, and 13.3 of oxygen. And, according to another trial of the same kind, 100 grains contains 85.5 of metal, and 14.5 of oxygen; the mean of the two being 86.1 of metal and 13.9 of oxygen. Soda, in like manner, consists of 80 grains metal, and 20 oxygen, in 100 of alkali. The decomposition of water by the metallic bases, afforded another approximation. This gave, for potash, 84 parts metal to 16 oxygen, in the hundred; and for soda, 76 *per cent.* metal and 24 *per cent.* oxygen. Comparing these leading experiments with the mean results of a variety of others, our author infers, as a general medium of the whole, that potash contains about *six* parts of metal to *one* of oxygen; and soda about *seven* parts of metal to *two* of oxygen.

In examining the properties of the new bodies which these brilliant discoveries make us acquainted with, no small difficulty is experienced from their violent attraction for the constituent parts of almost all other substances. For oxygen in particular, (and almost every substance contains it), they have so infinitely greater an affinity than any other bodies hitherto discovered, that they not only become speedily oxydated, and changed back again to alkalis in the open air, but even in almost every fluid in which they are plunged for the purpose of preserving them. After repeated trials, Mr Davy found that naphtha, recently distilled, answered his object better than any thing else; and the globules, when taken from thence, were covered with a thin transparent

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film of the fluid, which defended them from the action of the air, and at the same time allowed an accurate examination of their physical qualities. We shall first notice the qualities of the basis of potash. It resembles mercury so exactly in its appearances, that it is not possible to distinguish by the eye a globule of the one metal from a globule of the other, when they are laid together. The fluidity of [illegible] potash metal, at the temperature of 60°, is considerably smaller than that of mercury; but at 100° its fluidity is perfect; at 50° it is malleable, and at 32° is crystallized. It is an excellent conductor of electricity, and requires a red heat to distil it, that process not at all altering it. Its specific gravity is its most singular property. At 40° of Fahrenheit it swims in naphtha, the lightest of fluids; its specific gravity is to that of water as six to ten; it is, therefore, by much the lightest fluid in nature. When combined with an undue proportion of oxygen, it forms a grey substance, which, when fluid, is red brown. This is formed by fusing dry potash with the metallic base; and exposure to the air giving it the complement of oxygen, brings it all back again to the state of potash. When introduced into oxy-muriatic acid gas, it burns spontaneously with a bright flame, and makes muriate of potash. In hydrogen gas, with heat, it dissolves; the compound gas explodes upon exposure to common air, and deposits the metal on cooling. When thrown into water at the common temperature, it instantaneously deflagrates; and a white ring of smoke frequently follows the flame, as in the combustion of phosphurets. When the water is in a close vessel, and there is no contact of air, the decomposition is equally rapid; but without any flame hydrogen gas is evolved. A globule, placed upon ice, burns with a bright flame, leaving a hole in it full of solution of potash. It discovers and decompounds the smallest portions of water, in alcohol and ether, even when previously purified with the greatest care. In sulphuric acid, it rapidly seizes upon the oxygen, leaving sulphur half oxydated, and sulphate of potash. In nitrous acid, it forms nitrate of potash, and evolves nitrous gas. With phosphorus and sulphur, it forms phosphurets and sulphurets, which, on exposure to the air, become phosphats and sulphats. It amalgamates with mercury; and the amalgam being exposed to the air, potash is formed, and the mercury left pure. With other metals it unites also, and the compound being thrown into water, is speedily decomposed; potash and hydrogen being formed, and the metal precipitated. It decomposes the watery particles, or the air, which are found in oils long exposed, and precipitates a brown soap. It readily acts upon glass, forming an imperfect oxyde with the alkali, which, by degrees, is fully alkalized when exposed to the air.

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In many of its essential properties, the basis of soda resembles the very singular metal which we have just now described. But it is considerably less fusible, and its specific gravity is greater. It melts at 120° of Fahrenheit, and is quite fluid at 180°. Its specific gravity is to that of water as *nine* to *ten* nearly. It decompounds air and water, but without any luminous appearance. It acts on the acids in the same way, but without any light, except on the nitrous acid. In other respects it exactly resembles the basis of potash.

Having detailed the properties of these two new metals and their manner of combining with oxygen so as to form the fixed alkalis, the ingenious author proceeds to offer some general observations on what he terms the relations of those metals to other bodies; by which it turns out, that he only means to discuss the point of their classification and nomenclature. He first asks, whether they should be considered as metals or not; and having very properly determined this in the affirmative, notwithstanding their small specific gravity, which, as he observes, is not sufficient reason for neglecting their various metallic properties, he names them *Potasium* and *Sodium*,—names, as he remarks himself, more significant than elegant; but we are greatly relieved at finding them no worse. A report had reached us, that *Sodagen* and *Potagen* having been propounded by high chemical authority. It was even hinted that Mr Tennant leaned towards such a nomenclature; and persons were not wanting who apprehended, that, in this courtly age, some terms might be introduced complimentary to the best of Sovereigns, and the patrons of church establishments. We well knew no such thing would be listened to by the discoverer himself, whose political sentiments are as free and as manly as if he had never inhaled the atmosphere of the Royal Institution. But it was well to be relieved from such alarms by the event; and having accidentally gotten upon a point, in which science is sometimes disgracefully blended with politics, let us make a step further to express our abhorrence of the spirit in which some sycophants have lately dared to profane the commonwealth of letters, by the introduction of courtly and national prejudices. It is understood, that the French Sovereign has, either by himself, or through the Institute, awarded a prize to Mr Davy for his wonderful discoveries; and some men have been time-serving enough to cry out against his accepting honours from the '*merciless foe*,'—'*the usurper*,'—'*the enemy of civilized society*,' and we know not how many other names. We have always kept in the view of our readers, that the commonwealth of science is of no party, and of no nation. It is a pure republic; and it is always at peace. Its shades are disturbed neither by domestic

malice nor foreign levy. They resound with no cries of factions, or of public animosity. Falsehood is the only enemy their inhabitants ever pursue;—Truth, and her minister, Reason, the only leaders there followed; and they who would break the equality, or disturb the tranquillity of those sacred haunts, deserve to be chased out of civilized society, as aiming at the destruction of the only pure, dignified, innocent feature—the only remnant of the Divine origin—which bad passions have left in the character and conduct of men.

Having ascertained, that oxygen formed the common principle in the fixed alkalis, Mr Davy was disposed to question whether it did not also exist in ammonia, although no notice had been taken of it; and upon attending to the experiments of Berthollet and others, by which ammonia was decomposed, he saw no reason to conclude that oxygen might not exist there in a small proportion, and disappear, by forming water in the course of the process. He therefore commenced a series of experiments which speedily removed all doubt on this head. Having prepared a perfectly pure piece of charcoal, he ignited it in a small quantity of perfectly pure ammoniacal gas, by a galvanic battery; and a substance was collected on the sides of the tube, which effervesced with muriatic acid, and was probably carbonate of ammonia. Pure ammoniacal gas was then passed over ignited iron wire, in a platina tube; the gas being first passed through a refrigeratory, before touching the wire, and then through another refrigeratory, after it had gone over the wire, and before it reached the last receiver. No moisture was formed in the first refrigeratory; but a sensible quantity of water was deposited in the second. After passing and repassing the gas frequently over the wire, the wire had gained $\frac{44}{100}$ parts of a grain; $\frac{4}{10}$ths of a grain of water were deposited; and 33.8 cubic inches of gas were expanded into 55.3, containing a mixture of hydrogen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of 3.2 to 1. in volume. By other experiments on the decomposition of ammonia, in which some loss is always found after collecting the hydrogen and nitrogen gases, Mr Davy infers, that it contains about *seven* or *eight per cent.* of oxygen. This body may therefore, as he observes, be considered as the principle of alkalescence; with as much reason as the French have made it the principle of acidity.

This very valuable paper concludes with some general remarks and notices respecting the alkaline earths. Analogy would lead one naturally to suspect, that they are similar to the alkalis in their constitution. In the communication now before us, Mr Davy has only mentioned the results of some experiments which tend to verify this conjecture, in the cases of barytes and strontites.

tites. When these bodies are heated red hot, and combined with a very small quantity of boracic acid (without which they are not conductors), the galvanic battery produces an evolution of inflammable matter, which burns with a deep red light at the negative surface. The heat prevented Mr Davy from collecting this substance; but there can be little doubt of its being the basis of the earths. Further experiments have, we understand, enabled Mr Davy, since the date of this paper, both to decompose, in a satisfactory manner, the two earths in question; and also to show, that the other alkaline earths are oxydes of highly combustible metals. We hope soon to see the history of those researches; and can scarcely entertain any doubt, that other bodies, hitherto deemed simple, or, if suspected to be compound, yet never analyzed, will speedily yield to the powers either of the highly inflammable metals now discovered, or of that most singular agent by which this discovery has been made. Mr Davy has already decomposed carbonic acid by means of those metals; and has oxydated them by muriatic acid, though without collecting the results. We are sure every chemist now expects to see this acid, as well as the fluoric, soon classed under the general law of oxydation, applicable to all other saline bodies. It is by no means improbable that charcoal itself, hitherto regarded as the most refractory of all substances, may be decomposed by the new instruments; and that the means of obtaining it pure, and even chrystallized, shall at last be found;—a discovery which, as our readers well know, would enable art to vie with nature in the fabrication of her most valuable produce.

Until we have the good fortune to possess Mr Davy's account of his recent experiments on the alkaline earths, we must defer all remarks suggested by the brilliant train of discoveries analyzed in the foregoing pages. The season for theorizing will come best, after we have still further extended our view of the facts.

ART. VIII. *The Cottagers of Glenburnie: a Tale, &c.* By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of the Elementary Principles of Education, Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 402. Manners & Miller, Edinburgh; Cadell & Davies, London. 1808.

WE have not met with any thing nearly so good as this, since we read the Castle Rackrent and the Popular Tales of Miss Edgeworth. This contains as admirable a picture of the Scotish peasantry as those works do of the Irish; and rivals them,

not only in the general truth of the delineations, and in the cheerfulness and practical good sense of the lessons which they convey, but in the nice discrimination of national character, and the skill with which a dramatic representation of humble life is saved from caricature and absurdity.

After having given this just and attractive description of the book, we have a sort of malicious pleasure in announcing to our Southern readers, that it is a sealed book to them; and that, until they take the trouble thoroughly to familiarize themselves with our antient and venerable dialect, they will not be able to understand three pages of it. To such as are engaged in that interesting study, we recommend it as a specimen of the purest and most characteristic Scotch which we have lately met with in writing; and have much satisfaction in thinking of the singular refreshment and delight which it must afford to our worthy countrymen abroad, by setting before them, in such clear and lively colours, those simple and peculiar manners with which their youth was familiar. This sentimental purpose it may serve well enough in its present form; but if Mrs Hamilton really wishes it to be of use to our peasants at home, (and we think it is capable of being very useful), she must submit to strike out all the scenes in upper life, and to print the remainder upon coarse paper, at such a price as may enable the volume to find its way into the cottage library. In order to encourage her to take this trouble, and to make the book known to the clergymen and resident proprietors who have it in their power to introduce it where it may be of use, we shall make a short abstract of its contents,—giving due warning to our polite readers, that it relates to the comforts of real cottagers, and the best methods of rearing honest ploughmen and careful nursery-maids.

Mrs Mason, a native of Scotland, and a person of great worth and discretion, had lived long as a domestic in a noble and amiable family in England, where she had rendered herself unusually respectable by her faithful and zealous services. Having quitted this situation with a very slender annuity, she is naturally led to seek a retirement in her native country; and proposes to board herself with a cousin, who, she understands, is married to a small farmer in the vicinity of her birth-place. To Glenburnie, accordingly, she comes, under the protection of a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood; and takes up her residence with her cousin Mrs MacClarty. Here the interest and the instruction of the description begin. Her habits of cleanliness and domestic order make her more than usually sensible of the slovenliness and discomfort of a Scotish cottage; and her long experience of the benefits of early steadiness in the management of children, render

her

her more alive to the pernicious effects of indulgence and inattention. The object of the book is to make our peasantry sensible of their errors in these particulars; and to convince them with how little exertion they may be remedied. The picture of their actual practices and notions is drawn, as we have already said, with admirable liveliness and fidelity, and without any attempt to produce effect by the broad glare of exaggeration. Full credit is given for their real merits; and, even when their faults are displayed, the amiable or respectable traits in their character are brought forward along with them. Mrs MacClarty, who is the chief representative of the Scotish party, is extremely good tempered, active, and indulgent to her children; but altogether insensible of the disadvantages of dirtiness, and attached to old ways with so narrow and obstinate a bigotry, as to resent all attempts at the most obvious improvements. So she not only keeps her hands unwashed, and her butter full of hairs, but allows her children to take their own way so entirely in every thing, that her eldest son gets drunk and enlists, and her husband dies of a fever caught in striving to deliver him, and of the suffocation occasioned by his wife's over-care of him. After a long and patient experiment, Mrs Mason finds her kinswoman incurable; and, quite disgusted with the filth and discord of her habitation, transfers her residence to the cottage of another villager, to whom she speedily communicates her own taste for neatness and regularity; and, having got the clergyman to concur with her in his appointment as schoolmaster, gradually introduces a reformation in the domestic economy and education of the whole neighbourhood.

There is no great merit, of course, in the *plan* of such a story; and of the execution, excellent as it is, we scarcely think it would be fair to give any considerable specimen, considering the small number of readers to whom the language can be intelligible. However, as we sometimes take the liberty to quote a page or two of Latin and Italian, we shall venture upon a few sentences, for the satisfaction of those who can judge of them. We may begin with Mrs Mason's *début* in the Glen. She and her conductor are suddenly stopped, by finding a wooden bridge on the road broken down, and a cart overturned beside it. While they are contemplating this scene of disaster, they suddenly hear—

—' a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming, " Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now." As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper. " You have met

with a sad accident," said Mr Stewart; "how did all this happen?" "You may see how it happened, plain eneugh," returned the boy; "the brig brak, and the cart couppet." "And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr Stewart. "O aye, we a' couppet thegether, for I was riding on his back." "And where is your father, and all the rest of the folk?" "Whar sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're taking in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a wook syne, but we're ay ahint the lave." All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him, that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance. He soon appeared, followed by his father, and two other men, who came on, stepping at their usual pace. "Why, farmer," said Mr Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think," (pointing to where it had given way), "If you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired?" "It is aw true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wad na fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the Glen." "But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr Stewart, "even though *a the folk in the Glen* should be the better for it. Bring down the planks that I saw lying in the barn-yard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean." "O yes, Sir," said the farmer, grinning, "we ken what ye mean weel eneugh; and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice ow're them since they lay there; and often said they sud be set by, but we *cou'dna be fashed.*" p. 130—133.

This is an out-of-doors picture. In their way into the house, they had to wade through a kind of dunghill and filthy pool that was collected opposite to the door, and then stumbled over a great iron pot, *in* which a whole brood of chickens were feeding, in the dark passage. On their arrival,

"Mrs Mason soon saw, that the place they were in served in the triple capacity of kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. Its furniture was suitably abundant. It consisted, on one side, of a dresser, over which were shelves filled with plates and dishes, which she supposed were of pewter; but they had been so bedimmed by the quantities of flies that sat upon them, that she could not pronounce with certainty as to the metal they were made of. On the shelf that projected immediately next the dresser, was a number of delf and wooden bowls, of different dimensions, with horn spoons, &c. These, though

though arranged with apparent care, did not entirely conceal from view the dirty nightcaps, and other articles, that were stuffed in behind. Opposite the fire-place were two beds, each enclosed in a sort of wooden closet, so firmly built as to exclude the entrance of a breath of air, except in front, where were small folding doors, which were now open, and exhibited a quantity of yarn hung up in bunches, affording proof of the goodwife's husbandry. The portable furniture, as chairs, tables, &c., were all, though clumsy, of good materials; so that Mrs Mason thought the place wanted nothing but a little attention to neatness, and some more light, to render it tolerably comfortable. When the tea was about to be made, Mrs MacClarty stepped to a huge Dutch press, and having, with some difficulty, opened the leaves, took from a store of nice linen, which it presented to their view, a fine damask napkin, of which she begged her to make use. "You have a noble stock of linen, cousin," said Mrs Mason. "Few farmers houses in England could produce the like; but I think this is rather too fine for common use." "For common use!" cried Mrs MacClarty; "na, na, we're no sic fools as put our napery to use! I have a dizen table-claiths in that press therty years old, that were never laid upon a table. They are a' o' my mother's spinning. I have nine o' my ain makin' forby, that never saw the sun but at the bookin washing. Ye need na be telling us of England!" "It is no doubt a good thing," said Mrs Mason, "to have a stock of goods of any kind, provided one has a prospect of turning them to account; but I confess I think the labour unprofitably employed, which during thirty years is to produce no advantage; and that linen of an inferior quality would be preferable, as it would certainly be more useful. A towel of nice clean huck-a-back would wipe a cup as well, and better, than a damask napkin." "Towels!" cried Mrs MacClarty, "na, na, we manna pretend to towels; we just wipe up the things wi' what comes in the gait." On saying this, the good woman, to show how exactly she practised what she spoke, pulled out from between the seed-tub, and her husband's dirty shoes (which stood beneath the bench by the fire-side), a long blackened rag, and with it rubbed one of the pewter plates, with which she stepped into the closet for a roll of butter.' p. 143—146.

The butter was full of hairs: and poor Mrs Mason's room littered with new shorn wool, hung with cobwebs, and without a window that could be opened. Her morning adventures, however, are more characteristic of the people.

'She awoke late; and on perceiving, when about half dressed, that she had in her room neither water nor hand-bason to wash in, she threw on her dimity bedgown, and went out to the kitchen, to procure a supply of these necessary articles. She there found Meg and Jean; the former standing at the table, from which the porridge-dishes seemed to have been just removed; the latter killing

flies at the window. Mrs Mason addressed herself to Meg, and after a courteous good-morrow, asked her where she should find a hand-bason? "I dinna ken," said Meg, drawing her finger through the milk that had been spilled upon the table. "Where is your mother?" asked Mrs Mason. "I dinna ken," returned Meg, continuing to dabble her hands through the remaining fragments of the feast. "If you are going to clean that table," said Mrs Mason, "you will give yourself more work than you need, by daubing it all over with the porridge; bring your cloth, and I shall show you how I learned to clean our tables when I was a girl like you." Meg continued to make lines with her fore finger. "Come," said Mrs Mason, "shall I teach you?" "Na," said Meg, "I sal dight nane o't. I'm gain' to the schul." "But that need not hinder you to wipe up the table before you go," said Mrs Mason. "You might have cleaned it up as bright as a looking-glass, in the time that you have spent in spattering it, and dirtying your fingers. Would it not be pleasanter for you to make it clean, than to leave it dirty." "I'll no be at the fash," returned Meg, making off to the door as she spoke. Before she got out, she was met by her mother, who, on seeing her, exclaimed, "Are ye no awa yet bairns? I never saw the like. Sic a fight to get you to the schul! Nae wonner ye learn little, whan you'r at it. Gae awa like good bairns; for there's nae schulin the morn ye ken, its the fair day." Meg set off after some further parley; but Jean continued to catch the flies at the window, taking no notice of her mother's exhortations, though again repeated in pretty nearly the same terms. "Dear me!" said the mother, "what's the matter wi' the bairn! what for winna ye gang, when Meg's gane? Rin, and ye'll be after her or she wins to the end o' the loan." "I'm no ga'an the day," says Jean, turning away her face. "And wharfor are no ye ga'an, my dear?" says her mother. "Cause I hinna gotten my questions," replied Jean. "O, but ye may gang for a' that," said her mother; "the maister will no be angry. Gang, like a good bairn." "Na," said Jean, "but he will be angry, for I did no get it the last time either." "And wharfor did na ye get it, my dear," said Mrs MacClarty in a soothing tone. "Cause 'twas unco kittle, and *I cou'd no be fashed;*" replied the hopeful girl, catching as she spoke another handful of flies.' p. 164—167.

Mrs Mason then makes some moral observations on disobedience, and renews her application for the means of ablution.

'"Dear me," replied Mrs MacClarty, "I'm sure you're weel enough. Your hands ha' nae need of washing, I trow. Ye ne'er do a turn to file them." "You can't surely be in earnest," replied Mrs Mason. "Do you think I could sit down to breakfast with unwashed hands? I never heard of such a thing, and never saw it done in my life." "I see nae gude o' sic nicity," returned her friend; "but its easy to gie ye water enough, though I'm sure

I dinna ken what to put it in, unless ye tak ane o' the porridge plates; or may be the calf's luggie may do better, for it 'ill gie you eneugh o' room." "Your own bason will do better than either," said Mrs Mason. "Give me the loan of it for this morning, and I shall return it immediately, as you must doubtless often want it through the day." "Na, na," returned Mrs MacClarty, "I dinna fash wi' sae mony fykes. There's ay water standing in some thing or other, for ane to ca their hands through when they're blacket. The gudeman indeed is a wee conceity like yoursel', an' he coft a brown bason for his shaving in on Saturdays, but its in use a' the week haddin' milk, or I'm sure ye'd be welcome to it. I sal see an' get it ready for you the morn." ' p. 170, 171.

These scenes are little more than ludicrous. The mismanagement of these good people, however, soon produces effects more seriously distressing; and these, too, are drawn by Mrs Hamilton with great effect and discrimination. Hearing a violent noise of quarrelling, Mrs Mason advances to inquire into the cause of it.

' The voices stopped; and proceeding, she saw the farmer hastily unsaddling a horse; and the son at the same moment issuing from the door, but pulled back by his mother, who held the skirt of his coat, saying, "I tell ye, Sandie, ye manna gang to anger your father." "But I sal gang," cried Sandie, in a sullen tone. "I winna be hindered. I sal gang, I tell ye, whether my father likes or no." "Ye may gang, ye door loon," says the father; "but if ye do, ye sal repent it as lang as ye live." "Hoot na," returned the mother, "ye'll forgie' him; and ye had as weel let him gang, for ye see he winna be hindered!" "Where is the young man going to?" asked Mrs Mason. "Where sud he be for gain' to, but to the fair?" returned the mother; "its only natural. But our gudeman's unco particular, and never lets the lads get ony daffin." "Daffin!" cried the farmer; "is Drunkenness daffin? Did na he gang last year, and come hame as drunk as a beast? And ye wad have him tak the brown mare too, without ever spearing my leave! saddled and bridled too, forsooth, like ony gentleman in the land! But ye sal baith repent it: I tell ye, ye'se repent it." "O, I did na ken o' the mare," said the too easy mother. "But is it possible," said Mrs Mason, addressing herself to the young man, "is it possible that you should think of going to any place, in direct opposition to your father's will? I thought you would have been better acquainted with your duty, than to break the commands of God, by treating your parents in such a manner." "I am sure he has been weel taught," said the mother; "but I kenna how it is, our bairns never mind a word we say!" "But he will mind you," said Mrs Mason, "and set a better example of obedience to his brothers and sisters, than he is now doing. Come, I must reconcile all parties. Will you not give me your hand?" "I'll no' stay frae the fair for nabody," said the sullen youth, [illegible]

deavouring to pass; " a' the folk in the Glen are gain', and I'll gang too, say what ye wull." Mrs Mason scarcely believed it possible that he could be so very hardy, until she saw him set off with sullen and determined step, followed by his mother's eye, who, on seeing him depart, exclaimed, " Hegh me! ye're an unco laddie."

' The farmer appeared to feel more deeply, but he said nothing. Grasping the mane of the mare, he turned to lead her down the road to his fields, and had advanced a few steps, when his wife called after him, to inquire what he was going to do with the saddle, which he carried on his shoulders? Do wi' it!" repeated he, " I have naething to do wi' it!" Then dashing it on the ground, he proceeded with quickened pace down the steep. " Wae's me!" said Mrs MacClarty, " the gudeman taks Sandie's doorness mickle to heart!" ' p. 195—198.

The dying scene of the worthy rustic, is described with great feeling and effect, and at the same time with a scrupulous attention to the peculiarities of national habits. The funeral is equally good. The crowd of sincere mourners feeding in the house and the barn,—the hoary headed elders bearing the corpse, and the decent farmers coming in from a distance to follow it to the grave. But it is more to our purpose, to trace the effects of Mrs Mason's exertions to overcome rooted prejudices.

' " Aye!" exclaimed the wife of auld John Smith, who happened to visit the widow the first evening she was able to sit up to tea, " ave, alake! it's weel seen, that whar there's new lairds there's new laws. But how can your woman and your bairns put up wi' a' this fashery?" " I kenna, truly," replied the widow; " but Mrs Mason has just sic a way wi' them, she gars them do ony thing she likes. Ye may think it is an eery thing to me, to see my poor bairns submitting that way to pleasure a strainger in a' her nonsense." " An eery thing, indeed!" said Mrs Smith; " gif' ye had but seen how she gard your dochter Meg clean out the kirn! outside and inside! ye wad hae been wae for the poor lassie. I trow, said I, Meg, it wad ha' been lang before your mither had set you to sic a turn? Aye, says she, we have new gaits now, and she looket up and leugh." " New gaits, I trow!" cried Sandy Johnstone's mother, who had just taken her place at the tea-table; " I ne'er kend gude come o' new gaits a' my days. There was Tibby Bell, at the head o' the Glen, she fell to cleaning her kirn ae day, and the very first kirning after, her butter was burstet, and gude for naething. I am sure it gangs to my heart to see your wark sae managed. It was but the day before yesterday, that I cam upon madam, as she was haddin' the strainer, as she called it, to Grizzy, desiring her a' the time she poured the milk, to beware of letting in ane o' the cow's hairs that were on her goon. Hoot! says I, cow's hairs are canny, they'll never choak ye." " The fewer of them that are in the butter the better!" says she. " Twa or three hairs are better than the

blink

blink o' an ill ee," says I. "The best charm against witchcraft is cleanliness," says she. "I doubt it muckle," says I; "auld ways are aye the best!" "Weel done!" cried Mrs Smith. "I trow ye gae her a screed o' your mind!" p. 260—262.

We cannot afford to console our readers with the counterpart to this picture, in the history of Mrs Mason's more successful efforts in the cottage of the schoolmaster. We give only the final result of them. Poor Mrs MacClarty persisted in deriding her newfangled whimsies, and omitted no opportunity of railing at the schoolmaster's wife, who she said—

"was now sae saucy as to pretend that she cou'd na' sit down in comfort in a house that was na' clean soopet." She for a time found many among the neighbours who readily acquiesced in her opinions, and joined in her expressions of contempt; but by degrees the strength of her party visibly declined. Those who had their children at school were so sensible of the rapid improvement that had been made in their tempers and manners, as well as in their learning, that they could not help feeling some gratitude to their instructors; and Mrs Mason having instructed the girls in needle-work, without any additional charge, added considerably to their sense of obligation. Even the old women, who during the first summer had most bitterly exclaimed against the pride of innovation, were by mid-winter inclined to alter their tone. How far the flannel waistcoats and petticoats distributed among them, contributed to this change of sentiment, cannot be positively ascertained; but certain it is, that as the people were coming from church the first fine day of the following spring, all stopped a few moments before the schoolhouse to inhale the fragrance of the sweetbrier, and to admire the beauty of the crocuses, primroses, and violets, which embroidered the borders of the grass-plot. Mrs MacClarty, who, in great disdain, asked auld John Smith's wife "what a' the folks were glowering at?" received for answer, that they were "leuking at the boniest sight in a' the town," pointing at the same time to the spot. "Eh!" returned Mrs MacClarty, "I wonder what the warld will come to at last, since naething can serve the pride o' William Morison, but to hae a flower garden whar' gude Mr Brown's middenstead stood rappy for mony a day! he's a better man than will ever stand on William Morison's shanks." "The flowers are a hantel bonnier than the midden tho', and smell a hantel sweeter too, I trow," returned Mrs Smith. This striking indication of a change of sentiment in the most sturdy stickler for the *gude auld gaits*, foreboded the improvements that were speedily to take place in the village of Glenburnie. The carts, which used formerly to be stuck up on end before every door, were now placed in wattled sheds attached to the gable end of the dwelling, and which were rendered ornamental from their coverings of honey-suckle or ivy. The bright and clear glass of the windows, was seen to advantage peeping through the foliage

foliage of the rose-trees, and other flowering shrubs, that were trimly nailed against the walls. The gardens on the other side were kept with equal care. There the pot-herb flourished. There the goodly rows of bee-hives evinced the effects of the additional nourishment afforded their inhabitants, and shewed that the flowers were of other use besides regaling the sight or smell.' p. 394—398.

It would be extravagant to hope, that the mere perusal of this, or any other narrative, should effect a reformation which it truly represented as having been so laborious. But a strong current of improvement runs at present through all Scotland, and a much smaller impulse than would once have been necessary, will now throw the peasantry within the sphere of its action. Besides, *our* cottagers are reading and reasoning animals; and are more likely perhaps to be moved from their old habits by hints and suggestions which they themselves may glean up from a book, than by the more officious and insulting interference of a living reformer. It does not appear to us altogether visionary, therefore, to expect that some good may actually be done by the circulation of such a work as this among the lower classes of society; and therefore, we earnestly recommend it to Mrs Hamilton to take measures for facilitating its admission into their economical circles. We have not taken any notice of the story of Mrs Mollins; because we do not think it nearly equal in merit and originality to the picture of the cottagers; and with regard to Mrs Mason's own history, we think it is rather long and languid, and would be much improved by abridgement. We would also take the liberty to hint, that this part of the performance rather seems calculated to encourage a feeling of too great servility in the lower ranks, and to be liable, on this account, to a censure which applies with peculiar force to Miss Hannah More's productions in the Cheap Repository. The poor are quite apt enough already to pay at least a due homage to wealth and station; and we really do not think it particularly necessary to inculcate these vassal feelings in Scotland.

ART. IX. *A Voyage to the Demerary; containing a Statistical Account of the Settlements there, and of those of the Essequibo, the Berbice, and other contiguous Rivers of Guiana.* By Henry Bolingbroke, Esq. Deputy Vendue Master at Surinam. Richard Phillips, London. 1808.

MERCIER, in his year 2440, represents it as the perfection of human society for every man to be an author; and describes the citizens of his imaginary commonwealth, as accompanying

panying their wills with a legacy of precepts to posterity, or at least with a handsome anthology of rhimes. This paradise of printers, we are proud to think, is already pretty nearly realized in this happy country. The usurpation of literary rank is become so very universal, that it will shortly be as uncommon not to have written a book, as not to have been taught to write. Not a merchant's clerk now-a-days can cross the seas as supercargo, or exchange his Birmingham razors for silver shaving-basins at Buenos Ayres, but he must print, under the name of a voyage, his captain's log-book, and his own accounts of sales, in order to add the wages of authorship to the profits of his venture. Our inland itinerant traders, we have no doubt, will soon follow the thrifty example; and we shall be entertained with 'Travels for Orders' by every accomplished rider and well-accustomed hawker in Great Britain.

In general, however, we would advise these mercantile literati to digest the plan of their intended publications before they set out. Let them buy and transcribe as much as they please of the books of their predecessors and precursors; but let them compare record with reality, and note carefully the negligences of former observation, and the gnawings of intervening time. Many useful things can be seen and ascertained on the spot, if a man knows what he has to look for; but if, after his return, he first resolves and attempts to describe them, he will often find himself compelled to trust to uncertain recollections, or to rely on suspicious testimony. There is a palpable want of this preliminary preparation in the work before us. It has been put together, as the author tells us in his first paragragh, out of letters written to his family during a seven years residence at Stabrock, but not destined for publication, until he fell in with the literary societies of Norwich, where, no doubt, a book is the necessary passport to distinction. To supply the defects of personal inquiry, and the incorrectness of cursory observation, Dr Bancroft and other writers have been conscientiously consulted; and, thus a geographic medley has originated, full rather of long than of lively descriptions, and evincing less solidity of judgment than industry in compilation.

Mr Bolingbroke's title is a misnomer. His *voyage* to the Demerary is despatched in the first chapter; and records little more than his nauseous sickness at sea, his double list of wearing apparel, and his borrowed dislike of the navigation-act. * *

A second chapter is more lively, and more instructive. The sketch of Stabrock is new, picturesque, busy, and comprehensive; the cruciform houses,—the many-coloured inhabitants,—the merchants superintending in phactons, and under umbrellas, their shipments

shipments of cotton, sugar and tobacco,—the silently laborious negroes,—are extraordinary delineations. The estates along the Demerary, which are all intersected by canals, like Dutch meadow-land, and possess the inestimable advantage of transporting their produce by water to the mill and to the haven, form a species of property quite peculiar to Guiana. Mr Bolingbroke thinks, and the observation is certainly important, that sugar may be cultivated with advantage in this district, when its depreciation will no longer repay to the island-planter the cost of cultivation. He infers that, in the long run, the Caribbee islands will be progressively abandoned for continental property; and recommends to Government rather to cede, at a peace, the insular than the mainland settlements. Mr Bolingbroke returns to this topic many times in the course of his work, and every time with arguments more and more plausible. His statement, however, in the full extent which he gives it, we conceive to be very clearly erroneous. Considered merely with regard to their fertility and physical properties, there can be no doubt, we believe, that the settlements on the mainland are more valuable than those in our islands. But even for the nation at large, it is something to have the immediate proprietors of the estates British-born subjects, rather than Dutchmen or mongrels; and the hardship and injustice of subjecting the properties of our island-planters to the dominion of an alien government, is so glaring, that we are persuaded no administration would venture upon such a transference, even if the political weight of the old West India interest was much smaller than it is.

The third chapter continues to delineate, with interesting detail, the various classes of inhabitants at Stabroek, and to paint the localities of their household manners. There are no inns; but every merchant's house is at all times open, both to the planters who sell him their produce, and to the Europeans who receive it. The guests sleep in hammocks, which are slung in requisite numbers in the same room which had served for the repast. The floors are scrubbed with lemons; and the mosquitoes are expelled by the smoke of segars. Soup is served at every breakfast, and even fish. At dinner, Madeira wine is drunk during the meal, and porter brought between the courses as a luxury. Sangaree, or negus, is the favourite beverage during the subsequent inhalation of tobacco fumes. The fruits are various and delicious; shaddocks, guavas, and avoiras, are severally praised. Pine-apples are weeded up, unless in the hedge-rows, and given to the pigs. Every gentleman has his appropriate concubine; mestee women are preferred, and inconstancy is very rare. There is no established theatre; but privateering players cruise from island to island

island in the West Indies, and occasionally pass three months at Stabroek. The price of admission was two dollars for each representation; the actors were six in number, and gave only select scenes of those plays of Shakespeare which are too full of characters.

The commodities of Europe are distributed among the plantations by hucksters, or, as we say, hawkers; who buy of the merchant and carry to the consumer the various wares in demand. These itinerant store-keepers discharge in Guiana the same important services, which, during the feudal ages, the Jew pedlars performed in Europe. Every village, and every detached plantation, rejoiced in their arrival. They afforded the rare opportunity of seeing fashions, and of purchasing accommodations; yet the dearness and frailty of their merchandize commonly supplied, after their departure, motives for penitence and topics of abuse to their customers.

Mr Bolingbroke describes the Dutch and English languages as strangely mixed in Guiana. The *talkee-talkee*, or negro jargon, is now chiefly English, deprived of its inflections, and softened by vowel terminations; yet, it contains many Dutch and many African words. In a higher class of society, Dutch and English are still mingled, but with less corruption or alteration. The Essequibo Gazette frequently contains macaronic advertisements, in which phrases alternately occur in either dialect. The low Dutch is so rapidly losing ground in Europe, and has asserted, as a literary language, so little claim to distinction, that its continuance and propagation can only add new embarrassments to commercial and social intercourse. Surely the British Government might allowably do something towards accelerating the extinction of this barbarous idiom, by causing the Dutch laws to be compiled and translated, and then ordering justice to be administered in the English tongue.

The fourth chapter describes and criticizes the form of government, which is awkwardly republican, and is too much moulded on the institutions formerly prevalent in the United Provinces in Europe. Every shire is administered by six keizers, and a governor, who has a casting vote. Their seats are for life, like those of a court of aldermen in England. They have a power of taxation for all purposes of internal improvement;—they regulate the police of roads and canals;—they appoint the subordinate administrators of justice, and exercise many functions which in England are peculiar to the House of Commons. But the body of keizers is indissoluble. When a member drops off by death, the governor issues a notice for electing another. Every proprietor of twenty-five negroes, whether merchant or land-owner, has a vote, which

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he transmits in writing, under seal, to one of the public offices. There is at present a competition between the old Dutch landed interest and the new English colonists, who adhere together at elections. - The English party at Stabroek have succeeded in obtaining a majority in the college of keizers.

The fiscal, or attorney-general, is a legal officer whose powers appear excessive and ill digested. Mr Bolingbroke suggests giving to him for assessor an English barrister. A similar institution has been tried with success in Ireland. But we are inclined to doubt, whether the learning and experience to be derived from practice in the English courts of law, would be found very applicable to the exigencies of a Dutch colony of slave owners in a tropical region.

The fifth is one of the most important chapters in the book. It gives an accurate detail of the improved treatment of negroes on the plantations at Reynestein and elsewhere. It defends the slave trade, however, with a perverse, and, we think, with an uncandid ingenuity. The author begins, indeed, by allowing that piracy and kidnapping are reprehensible; and that free negroes ought not to be seized in Africa, and sold in America;—a concession of some moment. But he seems persuaded, that the mass of transported slaves were slaves at home, and slaves of harsher masters than those to whom they are transferred in the West Indies. He endeavours to show, that, after the first sale by auction, a negro, in the Dutch colonies, is no longer a slave, but only a *vassal*, legally ascribed to the soil, and secure of a maintenance in sickness and old age; and then he discovers, that vassalage is a necessary step in the progress of new countries, where he thinks that agriculture could not go on, unless the planter provided, in large quantities, food, shelter, and clothing for his peasants; there being no stationary shops, or inns, at which such things can be had. He admits that there is room for considerable improvement in the system of vassalage; but he contends, that the system itself is for the present indispensable. Now, without pretending to expose all these fallacies in detail, we may be permitted just to hint, that Mr Bolingbroke vastly underrates the proportion of slaves born free, and forced, by foul means, into an interminable exile and servitude. The greater the number of such captives, the greater the admitted injustice and the misery occasioned by the slave trade. We presume, too, that Mr Bolingbroke softens, in description, the habitual treatment of black vassals, as he wishes to call them, even in the Dutch colonies; or judges, indeed, of their general condition from that of the labourers on his friend's plantation at Reynestein, which he holds out, at the same time, as a rare instance of humanity and wise

wise management. It is obvious, however, that if such management were common, there would be no need of importation; and that the more rare and meritorious it is, the more exceptionable must be the general condition of the negroes. Even from Mr Bolingbroke's own documents, it appears that the treatment of slaves has everywhere improved (see especially the documents at p. 399, &c.) with the increased value of the commodity; and therefore it follows, that the abolition of the slave trade, by increasing the value of this live stock on the several estates, will secure a more careful treatment, and a more equitable usage.

The sixth chapter utters many names new to geography. The seventh treats of the several Caribbee nations; and confirms or repeats some strange statements. The eighth relates to the colony of Berbice, of which the history is more completely given than of the other colonies. The ninth continues this variegated narration. The tenth and eleventh chapters are miscellaneous, and describe the Abary, the Mahaica, the Mahaicony, the Pomaroon, and other smaller rivers of Guiana, which are beginning to attract settlers. A multitude of particulars, interesting to the emigrant, to the merchant, and to the legislature, are scattered in this part of the work; and statistical details occur which the geographer will one day have to transcribe. The twelfth chapter describes the animals; and the thirteenth the vegetables of Guiana.

The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters seem intended to prove, that a vast mass of British capital has been vested advantageously in these colonies; that by giving them back at the peace of Amiens, a great injury was done to the most rapidly increasing branch of West Indian commerce; and that it behoves the State to determine never more to relinquish this acquisition; in which case, the inhabitants of the Caribbee islands would very generally transfer their *vassals* to the continent, where hurricanes are almost unknown; where fevers are less common in the uncleared, and droughts in the cleared districts; where fuel and staves are at hand; and where boats, and not mules, are employed to remove the sugar-canes from the field to the mill. Thus the continental planter economizes in the greater certainty of his crops; in the inferior mortality of his labourers; in the cheapness of fire and package; and, especially in the sparing of horses and mules, which are imported and fed at a vast expense in the West Indian islands. These are advantages which, in Mr Bolingbroke's opinion, will secure to the continent, under equal privileges, a preference of colonization; and will occasion a progressive desertion of the minuter and more northerly islands in the West Indian archipelago.

The seventeenth chapter is chiefly extracted from the voyages of Sir Walter Raleigh, which may not be altogether useless to readers of ordinary perseverance; although the original account has lately been published entire, in the Appendix to Mr Arthur Cayley's unwieldy Life of that distinguished navigator.

The eighteenth chapter comprehends a summary of the leading ideas advanced in the book; and recommends a systematic attention to Guiana, as by far the most improveable province of the empire.

Notwithstanding its transcripts, its trifling, and its repetitions, this volume contains a respectable portion of new information, and much sound sense. The deputy vendue-master of Surinam has not made his voyages in vain. By the many, his account will be read with amusement; and by those who meditate to visit or to trade with these unexplored districts, with multifarious instruction. Among clerks of office, and managers of colonies, it has still more irresistible claims to attention. Hardly a chapter occurs, in which ministers are not invited to seize on some old office in favour of a British appointee; or to create some new piece of patronage for the advancement of a needy adherent. At p. 66. there ought to be more recorders; at p. 76. there ought to be more [illegible]izers in each college; at p. 78. the guardianship of orphans is indicated as a lucrative but neglected post; at p. 208. there ought to be more exploiteurs; at p. 387. the salaries of governors ought to be increased; and at p. 394. a batch of geometricians and zoologists ought to be sent out, to survey the whole province philosophically. And thus, under every possible pretext, the people are to be taxed, and the parasites of the State enriched. Colonists, no doubt, will easily be found, where residence is to be so profusely remunerated: and this China of the West, as Mr Bolingbroke prophetically entitles it, may speedily be stocked with various colleges of mandarines, as idle, ignorant, and pretending, as their brethren in the East.

ART. X. *A Memoir on the National Defence.* By J. F. Birch, Captain of the Royal Engineers. 8vo. London.

On the Necessity of a more Effectual System of National Defence, and the Means of Establishing the Permanent Security of the Kingdom. By the Earl of Selkirk. 8vo. London.

WE have, on a former occasion, endeavoured to show, that a well disciplined regular army is superior to every other species of force; and that, when irregular levies are exposed on equal

equal terms to its attack, there is very little reason to think that they will be able to stand their ground:—that the defence of a country, therefore, which has no regular army, can only be rendered practicable by a strong barrier of fortified towns, or by a difficult and mountainous frontier, which may stop the progress of an invader, and give time to the nation to array against him its physical strength. Even a regular army, however, is not a sure protection. It may be beaten by another regular army, more numerous and better disciplined: and therefore it deserves to be considered, what other resources a nation may provide for its defence; and in what manner its regular army can be aided by its effective population, and the natural and artificial strength of the country.

It is to the consideration of these important questions that the authors of the publications before us have principally directed their attention. They both admit the exclusive advantages of a regular army, and the necessity of its forming the basis of our force; but, in order to give complete security to the country, they both think that additional precautions are necessary. It seems to be their opinion, that we ought not to rest satisfied until our military preparations are such as to give us every possible chance of victory, and to provide at the same time against the consequences of defeat.

The work of Mr Birch is valuable both for its knowledge and its good sense. It is not perfectly well arranged; but the reasoning it contains is forcible and clear. He begins by endeavouring to show, that an invasion of Britain, though difficult, is not impracticable. He then examines the force which we would have to oppose to such an attack; and is decidedly of opinion, that neither our militia nor our volunteers would be at all able to cope with the veteran troops of France. In support of this opinion, he refers, not only to the common cases of the defeat of occasional forces by regular armies; but to the experience of the Americans and the French in the outset of their revolutions. He shows, from Washington's letters, that that general never had any confidence in the American militia; that they were dismayed and dispirited by the first checks which they received; that they deserted in whole companies at a time; that it was impossible to establish among them any thing like discipline or subordination; that their bad example spread disorder among the rest of the troops; and that, upon the whole, they did more harm than good. The final success of the Americans, our author ascribes to the extent, to the strength, and to the distance of the country which was the scene of action; to the feeble efforts that were made during the three or four first years of the war; and ultimately to the French alliance, which gave them regular sol-

diers, and, for a short time, the command of the sea.' The facts furnished by the late French war are still more decisive of this question. It appears that the French levies, when they were first brought within reach of the enemy, turned their backs in the most disgraceful manner and fled, leaving their equipage, cannon, and baggage; that they were constantly liable to panics; and that, on one occasion, 15,000 men actually fled before a squadron of Prussian hussars;—that, before the battle of Neirwinden, Dumourier dismissed 10,000 of them, and that it was by the misbehaviour of those who remained that he lost the battle;—that it was only the regular forces who made any effectual resistance; and had it not been for their efforts, and the fortified frontier through which the allies had to penetrate, joined to their own inactivity and want of enterprize, the independence of France would have been in great danger. The French officers were at length so well convinced of the inefficiency of those kinds of troops, that when the volunteer battalions joined the army, they were entirely disorganized, their officers reduced to the ranks, and the privates incorporated into the mass of the regulars. The greatest attention was then paid to the reelection of new officers; and it was chiefly by their talents and persevering efforts that the new levies were at last trained to steadiness and bravery in the field. The substance of our author's argument is contained in the following striking and pertinent observations.

'I have thus noticed the principal military events which took place in France and part of the neighbouring territory, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, in order to show the influence which the different species of troops and the fortified positions had on them. Her militia and volunteers were always beaten, whilst the troops of the line and her fortified positions supported her. The situation and circumstances of France at that period, were perfectly distinguished from what ours would be in case of invasion. She was the most populous nation of Europe,—was as warlike as any other, was equally spirited, was more enthusiastic, and had the most convenient form and circumscription of limits for defence, with all her natural resources in the highest degree improved. She was the best fortified state, without any comparison, on the Continent,—which is the grand and sure basis of either defensive or offensive operations. It is to this cause that the first successes of the French, in both those sorts of warfare, is in a great measure to be attributed, and not to their capacity of meeting the enemy in the field. They were fighting on the finest fortified frontier possible, with all the resources of France immediately behind them. The allies durst not penetrate beyond that frontier, for fear of being enveloped by it; and their attacking it gave time to the French to recruit and discipline themselves,

selves, and to profit of all their means, which were called out to the utmost under Robespierre, while the allies were wasting themselves, having inferior means to act with, and being obliged to bring them from a great distance, principally from Austria. The situations of the Americans and French are, I say, particularly distinguished from ours, in those circumstances, which were the very cause of their success; for our territory is of inconsiderable extent; it is of a very bad figure for defence, (the parts of it being exposed to be separated from each other, so as to afford no mutual cooperation and assistance, unless they be connected by a chain of fortified positions;) nor have we any fortified frontier to arrest the first impulse of the enemy, who would endeavour to prosecute his measures of attack with such vigour and rapidity, as to give us no time to prepare ourselves, if we should not be already prepared, as we indisputably ought to be with a good regular army, and fortified positions to support it, which, as I have observed, are the true basis of all offensive as well as defensive war.'

As a further proof of the inefficiency of irregular troops, Mr Birch refers to the conduct of the Swiss militia, and to that of the Irish militia, when they fled from the French at Castlebar; and, from all these facts, he concludes that it would be unsafe to trust the safety of the country to forces of such a descrip n. He proposes that the militia should be either incorporated th the regular army, or that experienced officers should be appointed to command them. They are already, he justly observes, completely abstracted from the pursuits of civil life; they are as expensive as regular soldiers; and it is evidently of the utmost importance, as we have but a limited population, that those who devote themselves to arms, should be rendered as perfect in their calling as possible. The volunteers, our author thinks entitled to praise for their past exertions; but he considers them as nearly the worst species of militia. Many of them are physically incapable of encountering the fatigues of a military life; many of them are married and have families,—a circumstance which our author considers as a great drawback on their exertions; and he informs us that the French, in their conscriptions, always take care to select for service the youngest, and those that were unmarried. A similiar practice, he thinks, ought to be adopted with respect to volunteer corps. All the youth between eighteen and twenty-five years, ought to be formed into corps near their places of residence; and on the landing of an enemy, they ought to be completely disposeable; and either to act by themselves, or be incorporated with the regular troops. With respect to the recruiting of the army, our author thinks that every encouragement ought to be given to voluntary service, by rendering the condition of the soldier as desirable in point of pay and other ad-

vantages, as is consistent with military discipline. Along with every other intelligent officer, he is for abolishing the disgraceful punishment of flogging. If this method of raising men, however, should fail, he thinks the army ought to be recruited by ballot. He seems quite sensible of the hardships which this will entail on the middling and lower classes of society; but he comforts himself by the reflection, that this is 'an unavoidable consequence of the inequality of fortunes in civil society.' Now, while we entirely agree with him that a regular army, supported by an armed population, is the only sure defence for a nation, we must decidedly object to the recruiting of the regular army by ballot. Our author observes, that it is not just to take the goods of the rich to induce the poor to do their duty. But why *their* duty particularly? Is it not the [illegible] to penetrate, want of enterprize, the inde- the country as well as the po[illegible] have been in great danger. The some, is it not quite fa[illegible]length so well convinced of the ineffi- lieving them from it[illegible] of troops, that when the volunteer battalions unequal, is that a[illegible]ey were entirely disorganized, their officers re- this natural inequ[illegible]s, and the privates [illegible] ought to consider, [illegible] country which [illegible]. The greate[illegible]ich will never be defended by the poor. [illegible]ew o[illegible]rectly with him as to the expediency of keeping up [illegible]rge an army as the population and resources of the country can support; but let us pay the necessary expense of raising and maintaining it, and there will be no occasion for resorting to compulsion.

In addition to those means of defence, Captain Birch is of opinion, that the country ought to be still further strengthened by the establishment of defensive fortified positions. Although we do not profess fully to enter into all the details with which our author illustrates his argument, yet the general principles on which he proceeds appear to us so plain and satisfactory, that we must gratify our readers with an abstract of this very important part of his work. Fortified positions are evidently of use, by enabling an army, inferior either in numbers or discipline, to make head against a force superior in both these respects. Their utility consists in arresting the progress of an invader, by forcing him to spend some time in their reduction, while the invaded country is preparing against him the means of his destruction. They require also few men to defend them; and inexperienced troops, with a few veterans, who would not be qualified for the fatigues of the field, would be fit for this purpose. If fortified positions, however, are sufficient to compensate the disadvantages of irregular troops, it is hardly necessary to point out the incalculable superiority which they must give to a regular army. We have already endeavoured to show, that the true policy of an in-

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vading army is to fight great battles, and to spread consternation among their enemies by the boldness and decision of their plans. We may be assured, at least, that a French army in this country would follow exactly this mode of warfare. It is both suited to the disposition and genius of their soldiers; and it would, in their situation, be absolutely necessary. In these circumstances, it would not be in our power to avoid fighting without giving up a great extent of country, which, if a hostile army were landed near the capital, would be attended with lamentable consequences. By means, however, of numerous intrenched positions, conveniently disposed, the enemy might be forced to attack us in one of them; and thus, fighting under a disadvantage, they would neither have such a chance of victory, nor could it be so easy or so decisive. a good regular army, and might disable them from proceeding; as I have observed, are the true [illegible] recruiting, they would gradually fensive war.' [illegible] also be places of security.

As a further proof of the inefficiency [illegible] it is impossible, in- Birch refers to the conduct of the Swiss militia [illegible] ld be the base of Irish [illegible] they fled from the French [illegible] different corps of our army might act, either [illegible] that it would be [illegible] enience or their necessities; and they would afford a [illegible] a descrip[illegible] of retreat for such as might be forced to retire. They wo[illegible] be rallying points for the military force of the country, and a [illegible] endezvous for the armed population, where they might be trained and disciplined and incorporated into the regular army, and from whence they might rapidly issue to annoy the enemy's communications on the flanks and rear of his army. Without some strong defensive positions, in short, we hazard the safety of the country, on the event of a battle,—which is determined by the discipline of the troops engaged, and by the genius and experience of their commanders; acquirements which it is not always in the power of armies to possess in an equal degree with their enemies. Fortifications and intrenchments, however, provide a remedy against defeat;—they protract the contest, and secure a repetition of the conflict in a series of actions, in which the discipline of the troops, and the art and talents of the officers may be exercised and improved,—and in which an enemy may even exhaust himself in a succession of dear-bought victories.

The great importance of fortifications and intrenched positions, is proved by the history of military operations in all ages. It was in a great measure owing to the strength and disposition of his fortresses, joined no doubt to an excellent regular army, that Frederic was enabled to save his kingdom from ruin during the Seven-years war; and it was owing to the decline of the regular army, and to the bad state of the fortresses, their smallness

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and unfavourable position, that Prussia was so rapidly overrun during the late war. In the American war, the extent of the country, and the abundance of defensive positions which it furnished, was its best security. These positions were still further strengthened by artificial works. It was a usual boast of Washington, that he never spared the spade and the mattock. By these means, the position of the American army was so secured, that we durst not hazard an attack; and in the case of Bunker's Hill, which we did think proper to attack, at what a dreadful expense of men was success purchased? The importance of the French fortified frontier during the last war, has been already noticed; and the value which the French set upon fortresses, is apparent from their anxiety to destroy them in countries of which they obtain only a temporary possession, and to repair them where they gain a permanent footing. Not to mention too many examples, the single fortress of Mantua stopped the victorious career of Bonaparte for seven months, and gave time to Austria to assemble three armies successively for the relief of Italy,—which were thrown away by the misconduct of her commanders.

If fortifications and strong positions, however, have been found to have assisted so materially in the defence of other countries, they are peculiarly necessary in Britain, which is of limited extent, and not naturally strong, and where a defeated corps, in case of extremity, would have no place of refuge, but must either lay down its arms, or be driven into the sea. The long neck of land which the country forms, might also enable an enterprizing enemy, by landing detached corps on one or both of his flanks, not only to interrupt our communications, and to prevent us from collecting our strength into one mass, for the purpose of striking a decisive blow, but they might even hang on the rear of our chief line of operation. This, it appears, was the plan actually submitted to the Directory by Carnot. He proposed to land two corps, one in Sussex, and one in Yorkshire. These would have been able, wherever they appeared, to disarm the inhabitants, who would thus have been rendered useless, or, if they had followed the retreating army, would only have augmented its confusion. Our author here endeavours to refute the notion, that the annoyance of an irregular force firing from behind walls or hedges, would afford any considerable defence to the country. It is in this kind of warfare, he observes, that the French light troops are particularly celebrated; and he is of opinion, that if the country were an open plain, without either hedge or ditch, it would be infinitely more favourable to us, as we would then have full scope for the action of horse-artillery and cavalry, in which we would undoubtedly be superior to the enemy, and against which his light troops could not protect him.

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The remainder of Captain Birch's work is occupied with discussions as to the most eligible mode of constructing these defensive works, and their distribution throughout the country. His arguments and suggestions on these points appear to us to be extremely valuable; and we earnestly recommend them to the consideration of professional readers; but it would evidently be improper, in a work of this nature, to enter into such details.

The publication of Lord Selkirk, though it coincides, in its general views, with the preceding work, is more limited in its object. The intention of the noble author seems to be, to suggest a practicable scheme for procuring to the regular army, in case of invasion, all the assistance which the population of the country is capable of affording. His plan is, gradually to train to arms all able-bodied young men, beginning with those who are between 18 and 19, and calling out the male population as they arrive at that age. They are to serve three months for the first year, and three weeks annually for six years thereafter. The number of men which will be procured by this levy, after making a deduction for those who are excluded by infirmity or other causes, Lord Selkirk estimates, apparently with as much accuracy as the case will admit of, at 400,000, 60,000 of whom he supposes may be between the age of 18 and 19. In explaining the arrangements for drilling this force, he confines himself, for the sake of greater simplicity, to a particular district, namely, the county of Kent, as an example. According to the proportion above stated, the young men between 18 and 19, in this county, would amount to 1662. These it is proposed to divide into ten divisions of 166 men each. For the first four weeks, only one division is to be assembled, that the attention of the officers may be exclusively directed to them. After the first four weeks a second division may join them, and in four weeks more a third; and each division being on duty twelve weeks, the first division will be retiring as the fourth division joins the battalion; and, at the end of every four weeks, another division will be dismissed, and will be replaced by a similar number of men entering upon their period of duty. According to this plan, three divisions of 166 men each, or in all about 500, will be constantly assembled. It is proposed to give to this corps the name of the Training Battalion; and, in such a county as Kent, to attach to it an establishment of two field-officers, eight captains, eight lieutenants, and thirty-two sergeants. When the first division is assembled, 166 men being divided into eight companies of 20 men each, there will be two commissioned and four non-commissioned officers to each company, who will very easily, in the course of four weeks, bring them to such a state of proficiency as will allow them to devote

vote the chief part of their attention, the next four weeks, to the second division. When the third division joins, the companies will contain 60 men each; but it is probable that, by this time, the most intelligent among the first division will be perfectly qualified to instruct the new recruits. After the ten divisions have gone through their allotted periods of service, there will still remain four weeks of the year to run. This period may be very advantageously filled up by a general assemblage of the local militia of the county; the whole to remain encamped for about three weeks, practising such military manœuvres and exercises as have the nearest resemblance to real warfare. When the plan is fully completed, and the whole of the population between the age of 18 and 25 has been successively trained to arms, the general assemblage of the local militia in the county of Kent will form a body of 11,200 men. This body may be conveniently divided into sixteen battalions of 700 men each, to be assigned to different local subdivisions of the county, according to the population of each district. Into these battalions, all those are placed who have passed through the service of the training battalion, and who are supposed, on that account, fit for duty. The chief command of the battalion, Lord Selkirk proposes to give to a person of influence and property in the county, to be assisted by an officer from the regular service, as his second in command:—those who have acted as captains and lieutenants in the training battalion, being to act in the general assemblage as majors of the local battalion, by which term those are distinguished who have passed through the training of the first year. The inferior officers of the local battalions are to be selected from those who are of a condition superior to the common mass; and those of this class of the population who cannot be employed as officers, may be enrolled in a separate corps, under the name of cadets.

This local militia Lord Selkirk designs for active service against the enemy, in the event of invasion. His plan is not to incorporate them with the army, but to make them act in separate and independent battalions. He is very far, however, from denying the preeminence of the regular army, or from supposing that the local militia can ever be made, by any training, to rival them in military qualities. His statements on this part of his subject, are remarkable for candour and fairness. Even the arguments which seem to make most against his own views, are stated in their full force. There is no attempt either to take from their weight, or to keep them in the back ground; and so anxious does he seem to bring his system fairly to the proof, that in the event of invasion, he lays before his readers his plan of military operations, and shows particularly what sort of service he expects from his irregular

regular force. He ſuppoſes 100,000 men landed in the country; whoſe firſt object, he imagines, would be to gain poſſeſſion of the capital, with all the great arſenals in its vicinity. The regular force which could be aſſembled, would not be ſufficiently numerous to give battle to ſuch an army. It muſt retire, therefore; and in its retreat, it will be joined by reinforcements of the local militia, which will be aſſembling from all quarters. Lord Selkirk calculates that, in the courſe of three days, 60,000 men will have joined; in two days more, this number may be further increaſed to 85,000; and in the four ſubſequent days, the militia may be aſſembled to the amount of not leſs than 160,000, and for ſome time longer every ſucceſſive day will bring in a reinforcement of about 15,000 men. Of theſe, it may be neceſſary to throw 15 or 20,000 into garriſons; and after reinforcing, with the remainder, the main body of the army, we may form, with what ſtill remains, ſubſidiary armies to act on the flank and rear of the enemy, to haraſs his detachments, to prevent his collecting proviſions, and to intercept the communication with his magazines.

'Every step,' (Lord Selkirk obſerves,) 'by which he advances, muſt increase these difficulties; and, before he has been a fortnight on English ground, he will find himself surrounded by numbers at least double of his own; he will be hemmed in by armies of reſpectable force, and unable to collect provisions, except from the spot which he immediately occupies. If, in these circumstances, he advance against the main body of our army, and our commanders persist in eluding a general action by retreating before him, to what purpose is it, that he gains a few miles of exhausted country on one side, while our forces still close in upon him on the other, and prevent his spreading himself over a sufficient extent of ground to afford subsistence? In the course of these operations, a large portion of fertile territory must be laid waste; but it does not seem to admit of a doubt, that sooner or later the enemy may be reduced by absolute famine.'

The only circumſtance which makes Lord Selkirk heſitate as to the efficacy of this plan, is, the vicinity of London to the probable point of landing; but in caſe London cannot be defended without riſking the ruin of the army, he propoſes that it ſhould be abandoned; and on this account he cenſures, and we think juſtly, the extreme improvidence of allowing the whole of our military ſtores to be depoſited in a ſituation ſo liable to attack.

With reſpect to the mere details of this plan, it is not our intention to ſay much. Although we have given a pretty exact account of the proceſs by which the force is to be aſſembled and diſciplined, we are far from conſidering theſe matters as of very great moment. Were we once convinced, that, after paſſing through the training which it is propoſed to give them, the local militia

militia would be fit for the ſervice for which they are deſigned, the details of their drilling would be very eaſily arranged; and if they ſhould at firſt prove defective, (as it is very likely they would), they might, by the help of a little experience, be ſoon rendered more perfect. But it is on this capital point, of their capacity for the duty aſſigned them, that we are not quite ſo ſanguine as the author.

He admits, indeed, in the moſt unqualified manner, that we cannot expect to render the local militia equal to troops inured to real ſervice; that the moſt important leſſon which a ſoldier can learn, is one which nothing but the preſence of an enemy can teach; and that it is impoſſible to rely on the ſteadineſs of new levies in their firſt encounter with the enemy. He ſeems alſo to have a very correct conception of the ſort of enemy we would have to contend with, and the nature of the warfare which he would purſue. 'We have ſeen,' (he obſerves,) 'the French generals throw themſelves into perils the moſt extreme, for the purpoſe of rendering their ſucceſſes ſplendid and deciſive. If, on the Continent, they have purſued this ſyſtem from choice, in England they muſt follow it from neceſſity. Succeſs, rapid and deciſive ſucceſs,' (he adds), 'is neceſſary to their very exiſtence.' He inſiſts, on the other hand, that new levies have occaſionally been known to diſtinguiſh themſelves in their firſt action,—that the diſadvantage of never having ſeen an enemy, is not peculiar to the levy which he propoſes, but muſt attend every other ſpecies of troops confined to home ſervice. 'Troops of this deſcription,' (he obſerves), 'if thoroughly practiſed in their manœuvres,—if accuſtomed to prompt and implicit obedience to their officers,—if commanded by officers in whom they have confidence, and who have confidence in themſelves, will certainly be more likely to act with ſteadineſs againſt the enemy, than if they had been imperfectly inſtructed, and had to encounter the embarraſſment of a ſituation for which they are ill prepared, in addition to the agitation which the preſence of danger may excite.' He remarks the defect of the volunteer ſyſtem, namely, the want of proper authority in the officers; and obſerves, that in the organization of the local militia, this error is avoided. The authority of the officers is complete; and the recruits will be withdrawn from every other avocation,—from every thing which can interrupt the acquiſitions of military habits, and placed, for the uninterrupted ſpace of three months, under the ſtricteſt diſcipline. Several officers of experience, we are informed, are of opinion that this would be a ſufficient time for the acquiſition of military habits; and in confirmation of their opinion, they refer to the practice of the French armies, in which the conſcripts are thought fit for ſervice in a ſtill ſhorter time.

The whole amount of Lord Selkirk's argument in favour of the local militia, ſeems to be, that although they never can acquire

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that energy of mind which enables ſoldiers to ſtand firm in the ſhock and carnage of a battle, they will attain to proficiency in manœuvring and in uſing their arms. But this, without the other more eſſential attainments of a ſoldier's character, would be of little uſe in the day of battle. Even though they were to attain to the utmoſt poſſible dexterity in the uſe of their arms,—although they were to go through all their evolutions with ſuch perfect regularity, as to charm admiring multitudes, and to extort the unanimous applauſe of all inſpecting officers,—ſtill, without ſteadineſs in the field, that cardinal virtue of a military force, it would profit them nothing. It is ſaid, indeed, that the firſt eſſay of new levies is often a glorious experiment. Hardly ever, we believe, where such levies are brought to sustain the attack of any thing like an equal number of veterans. * When a man, indeed, has chosen the profession of a soldier for the peculiar business of his life;—when he is under the controul of officers whose views are the same, and whose character and estimation in society depend in a great measure on their professional deportment;—when he has constantly before his eyes the whole scheme of military subordination impressing the necessity of obedience upon his mind by practical lessons;—when he is, besides, associating only with men of similar habits with himself, and particularly where there is a remnant of veteran officers and soldiers to kindle throughout the whole body the same spirit with which they are fired, and to cheer and animate the young soldier in the day of battle;—the trial of such troops can hardly be called an experiment. We may predict, with confidence, that they will not retreat without orders; and that they will prefer a glorious death to a shameful flight.

In the case of several of our regiments which have distinguished themselves in their first essay, there were also other circumstances to be attended to. They had generally been placed, for some time before, in foreign stations; they had been tossed about in transports, where they had heard or seen nothing but about the business of war; and they had for a length of time the view of an enemy before their eyes, not as a remote possibility, but as an immediate certainty. Thus separated from every thing pacific, the mind is naturally braced for enterprize and peril; its constitution is seasoned, as it were, by this preliminary training for

* We are afraid we cannot yet quote the successes of the Spanish patriots, as instances of the superiority of enthusiasm over discipline. With all their enthusiasm, they appear to have been panic-struck at Cordova; and, wherever they have gained any advantage, they seem to have been greatly superior in numbers. A detachment of less than 10,000 men has maintained itself for a month in a district said to contain 160,000 armed patriots.

for the new element in which it is hereafter to live; and, when the occasion arrives for displaying its newly-acquired vigour, it shows itself superior to those evils under which it would have formerly sunk.

The constitution and circumstances of the local militia, are in all points the reverse of those we have described. Neither the officers nor the men have chosen the military profession as the business of their lives. Their military duties are to them rather an interruption from more serious avocations. In these circumstances, it is in vain to talk of the authority of the officers. Whatever authority they may have in theory, in practice they will have very little. They have no interest in enforcing strict discipline among their men; and there are many obvious reasons why they will not be inclined to any rigorous exercise of their power. Being chosen from those who are subject to the conscription for the local militia, their places of residence will naturally be the same with those of their men; they will probably be connected with them by civil ties, of far more importance to both parties than their connexion as soldiers; and they will never dream, therefore, of incurring their ill-will by any severe exaction of their military duties. The men will never feel what military obedience is; and, if there be any attempt to make them feel it, it will only fret and disgust them with the service, and make them look forward with the more impatience to the end of the three months, when a period will be put to their thraldom.

It is impossible, we are afraid, to make men think seriously about any business but that which is to be the business of their lives. To attempt to excite a vigorous application of the mind to an employment which is to be laid aside in three months, appears to us to be a most hopeless project. Lord Selkirk indeed suggests, that the military exercises of the local militia might become a scene of animated recreation. It might be so. But when men follow after such pursuits merely for recreation, we cannot expect that they will do much good. The novelty of the thing might no doubt excite a temporary animation; but when that wore off, the local militia would feel the effects of that languor and listlessness under which the volunteer system has been seen to moulder away.

With respect to what is said of the French conscripts, it would no doubt prove a great deal, if the new-raised conscripts were arranged in battalions by themselves, and sent to fight the enemy under inexperienced officers. But that is not the case. The French know, that in three weeks, the time said to be allotted for drilling their conscripts, none of the important duties of a soldier can be learned. They content themselves, therefore, with teaching them to use their arms, and to go through a few manœuvres, in order to qualify them for taking their place in the ranks of the regular

regular army, throughout which they are diſperſed, and where they are kept ſteady in the day of battle by the example of their comrades and officers. If the local militia were ever to be expoſed to the danger of real ſervice, they would have every diſadvantage to ſtruggle with. They would have little time to fortify their minds by any previous preparation. They would be torn ſuddenly from the boſom of domeſtic purſuits, and led on by officers ignorant of every thing but the duty of the parade. When forced to face the enemy under ſuch circumſtances, how can we rationally look for any other reſult, than that which has always taken place in ſimilar circumſtances, namely, the utter rout and diſperſion of a force badly diſciplined and badly commanded?

We ſhall now proceed to examine the ſcheme of military operations which Lord Selkirk propoſes to carry into effect againſt the enemy; and we muſt candidly confeſs, that we ſuſpect he overrates the effect of his tactics as much as he does the diſcipline of his troops. His campaign does not fight very well even upon paper; and we hardly think would anſwer the expectations of its author any where elſe. No obſtacle is ever ſuppoſed to occur to diſcompoſe the ſymmetry of its arrangements. Although the operations of a regular army are generally kept back by unforeſeen obſtacles, yet, in this momentous campaign, neither awkwardneſs nor miſmanagement are heard of. All the reinforcements arrive in regular ſucceſſion, exactly at the time ſpecified, and juſt when they are needed; and, what is not the leaſt extraordinary, 100,000 veterans are ſuppoſed to have done little in the mean time but wait for their arrival. Without dwelling on the tumult and diſmay which the invaſion would ſpread through the country, and on the many circumſtances which would ariſe from this cauſe to delay the march of the local militia, we may obſerve, that the ſcheme of operations which Lord Selkirk propoſes to purſue, is preciſely that which the rapid and daring character of the French tactics is beſt calculated to diſconcert. It is not often that a body of 100,000 men can be ſurrounded on all ſides by armies of equal ſtrength; and, if their commander is very rapid and adventurous in his operations, he may generally equal, if not outnumber his enemies at a particular point, and may thus either defeat or deſtroy one of their armies.

According to Lord Selkirk's plan, the French would be ſurrounded by troops of a very inferior character; and there is little doubt that, if they could bring any thing like an equal force to bear on any one point, they would carry every thing before them; they would rout and diſperſe the local militia by whom they would be oppoſed, and thus very ſoon open to themſelves a wider field for their operations. During the late Continental wars, they have extricated themſelves from ſituations

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infinitely more perplexing than any thing they could meet with in Britain. In the year 1796, when Moreau made his famous retreat through the Black Forest, he was completely surrounded by veteran troops. He had to retire through a difficult country, full of mountainous passes, which were all guarded by a numerous peasantry, well armed, and irritated against the French. In these circumstances, far from thinking of surrendering, he concentrated his forces; and by the secrecy, boldness, and rapidity of his movements, contrived to defeat several of the corps by which he was surrounded, and thus to secure his retreat across the Rhine. In the very same campaign also, when the two armies of Moreau and Jourdan were penetrating into Germany, and were preparing to fall upon the Archduke Charles with their united strength, he contrived, by the rapidity and decision of his movements, to fall upon Jourdan alone, to rout and dissipate his whole force, and finally to compel him to recross the Rhine with a dispirited and ruined army. It was by the same means that Bonaparte beat the more numerous Austrian armies which were sent against him in Italy. If, however, this manœuvre is often practised with success against veteran troops, with what incalculable effect would it be resorted to against new levies!

But although we do not wholly approve of the local militia, and still less of the use to which they are to be put, we are by no means disposed to contend, that an establishment which would contain the flower of the population would be of no service. Instead of employing this force, however, against the enemy in separate battalions, it would, in our opinion, be a much safer and surer plan to provide a regular army decidedly superior in number to any body of troops that the enemy could land, and to reserve the armed population as a never-failing fund to recruit its losses, and to keep it constantly up to its original strength. In this way, unless we sustained a very ruinous defeat, which, with a very superior regular army, and with common good management, is scarcely possible, we would be ultimately certain of reducing the enemy, who could probably receive no reinforcements. It is vain, however, to think of accomplishing this desirable object without many hard fought and bloody battles. It is of great consequence, therefore, not to bring into the field any thing but a regular force fit for fighting, and in the highest possible state of discipline. It is precisely by pursuing a system of this kind that the French have been enabled to conquer Europe. Forced, for a while, to struggle for their existence, they submitted patiently to such a rigorous conscription as no people would bear except for the purposes of self-defence; and after they had completely established their own security, they availed themselves of their great resources for war in order to encroach upon their neighbours. It was by means

means of their regular army, supported by the inexhaustible fund of an immense population to supply its losses, that France defended herself against a host of foes. It is by the same means that she has been enabled to carry into effect such vast schemes of offensive warfare, and even to outnumber her enemies (such appears to have been the case in the late contest with Russia) even upon their own frontiers. Here, then, is a plain precedent for us to copy. It is not, indeed, handed down to us by our ancestors, but it is held out for our benefit by our enemies. Henceforth, therefore, if we are disposed to profit by experience, the object of our military policy will be to form, in the first place, a regular army; and for the purpose of assisting and recruiting it, we may enrol the names of all young men between 18 and 25, and give them such drilling as will qualify them to take their station in its ranks. One great advantage of this plan would be, that it would be attended with little or no expense; and it would not disturb the ordinary occupations of society. There would be no need for the expense and parade of uniforms; nor would it be necessary to spend much time in drilling. The French reckon three weeks sufficient to make a recruit fit for service, and, in military matters, it is not for us to dispute their authority. We perfectly agree with Lord Selkirk, that there ought to be no exemptions for the rich. To let them off for the payment of a fine is merely a device for throwing the burden of defending the country on the poor, which is eafily feen through, and which never fails to excite general and well-founded difcontent.

Lord Selkirk proceeds to compare the eftablifhment of the local militia with the volunteer fyftem, and with the plan for a general array of the whole male population of mature age; and he gives the preference, in our opinion on very juft grounds, to his own meafure. He concludes his obfervations, on this part of the fubject, with recommending a more general enrolment of the population, for the purpofe of cutting up roads, breaking down bridges, and other fervices not ftrictly military.

The meafures, however, of which we have been confidering the propriety, apply only to Britain. The defence of Ireland, therefore, remains yet to be provided for. It would not be fafe, according to our author, to eftablifh a local militia in that country, on account of a certain 'lawlefs and difaffected fpirit' which is faid to prevail among a great proportion of the people. He propofes, therefore, to fubftitute a general militia, to ferve for three years in any part of the united kingdom, and to be permanently embodied during that time,—the number to be between 30,000 or 40,000 men; to be raifed by ballot; from which an exemption for three years may be purchafed by the previous pay-

ment of a fine of 10l.; but no exemptions after the ballot is begun, and no ſervice by ſubſtitution.

If it be true that diſaffection exiſts very generally in Ireland, we are much afraid that this ſevere meaſure would tend to confirm, and to extend it. It is evident that it would operate (like the ballot in this country) as a tax on all thoſe who could by any means ſcrape together ten pounds; and whatever ſervice was obtained, would be extorted from the poverty of thoſe who could not pay the neceſſary ſum. Lord Selkirk endeavours indeed to mitigate the oppreſſion of the meaſure as much as poſſible; but its defects are radical, and cannot be diſſembled. The diſcontent that has been excited in this country, by the vexation of ballots, is greater than can be well imagined. The iniquity of making the poor *pay* for defending the country, while the rich are allowed to eſcape free, is ſo groſs that nothing can cover or diſguiſe it.

Why, however, it may be aſked, is Ireland diſaffected? Is diſaffection an ultimate fact, of which no further account can be given? On the contrary, we hold it as an eternal truth, that where a government is adminiſtered in juſtice and in mercy, diſaffection can never either ſettle permanently, or ſpread very generally among its ſubjects; and if it be true that diſcontent is very prevalent in Ireland, it muſt be in a great meaſure owing to the fault of its rulers. We could have wiſhed that a perſon of Lord Selkirk's rank and eminent talents had ſpoken out more plainly upon this ſubject. But, while he ſeems to allow all the faults of the Iriſh government, there is a management and reſerve in his language which we ſcarcely know how to account for. The ſum and ſubſtance of what he ſays ſeems to be,—that there has exiſted in Ireland a refractory ſpirit, not to be repreſſed but by the ſtrong hand of power;—that government had no military force adequate to this purpoſe;—that they were, conſequently, forced to depend on the inhabitants moſt immediately intereſted in the preſervation of good order;—that thoſe men were too much influenced by irritating circumſtances, to preſerve, on all occaſions, their coolneſs and moderation;—and that government could not interfere to curb their violence. With reſpect to repreſſing a refractory ſpirit by the ſtrong hand of power, we will confeſs we are not over fond of this kind of policy. We would rather prefer inquiring into its cauſe; and we might then perhaps find, that what was termed a refractory ſpirit, was nothing more than a natural impatience of oppreſſion, which would ceaſe with the grievance which produced it. But as to Government being obliged to prop up its authority by the aid of a party, and to deliver over to the vengeance of this irritated faction *any* part of thoſe whom

whom it was bound to protect,—we muſt ſay that we conſider ſuch policy to be as weak as it is odious, and cannot help expreſſing our ſurpriſe, that a perſon, ſo gifted and diſpoſed as Lord Selkirk, ſhould have heſitated about giving it its true appellation. On whom did Lord Fitzwilliam rely for ſupport in his ſhort but glorious adminiſtration, but on the Iriſh people at large? On whom did Lord Cornwallis rely, when he nobly branded with diſgrace that party on whom, Lord Selkirk informs us, the government depended for its ſupport? And on whom did the Duke of Bedford rely, when he refuſed to liſten to the violent counſels of that ſame party, and to outlaw ſeveral counties which were ſaid to be in a ſtate of diſturbance? Let the government be uprightly adminiſtered, and the moſt powerful of all parties, the party of the people, will rally round it for its ſupport.

Lord Selkirk concludes his work with a few obſervations on our preſent militia eſtabliſhment,—the diſadvantages of which he points out with great force and perſpicuity. The notion of their being the conſtitutional force of the country, he very ſucceſsfully expoſes. When this kind of cant, however, once gets poſſeſſion of the public ear, there is no diſlodging of it. We have only further to remark, that Lord Selkirk's ſtyle appears to us to be diſtinguiſhed by an unaffected elegance and ſimplicity, which renders the peruſal of his work both eaſy and pleaſant.

ART. XI. *A Letter from Mr Whitbread to Lord Holland, on the preſent Situation of Spain.* Third Edition. London. Ridgeway, 1808.

WE are induced to notice this little pamphlet, more from the high character of the perſons named in the title of it, than from any great value which we are diſpoſed to ſet upon either the opinions contained in it, or the manner of delivering them. In fact, the letter conſiſts pretty much of the bare *dictum* of the reſpectable and enlightened author. As a ſtatement of his ſimple and unſupported opinion, it no doubt deſerves the greateſt attention from the country; and the different parties which divide the ſtate, are very ſure to beſtow upon it as much notice as it deſerves, each for its peculiar purpoſe. But our way happens not to lye through ſuch paths; and the bare '*cogitavit*' of a man, however high in political eſtimation, can ſcarcely affect us, except in ſo far as it may be accompanied by a fair ſtatement of grounds and reaſonings. The ſubject of the 'letter' is nevertheleſs of ſuch general importance, and the public are, in our humble apprehenſion, running ſo far out of the right courſe in their views of it,

that we avail ourſelves of this opportunity to ſay a few words upon it,—adding, we fear, one to the numberleſs inſtances in which we have attempted vainly to preach reaſon in a conflict of paſſions, and have met with the ſucceſs which attends thoſe unpleaſant counſellors, who would fain prevent the pains of diſappointment, by recommending a temperate indulgence in the pleaſures of hope. We ſhall be diſpoſed to alter our courſe of practice, as ſoon as we find that we have been miſtaken: hitherto the event has too fatally juſtified thoſe ungrateful proſpects which we have ſo often deemed it our duty to unfold.

It is neceſſary, however, here to premiſe, that we by no means intend to enter at large into the ſubject of Spaniſh affairs. Our object is to touch upon them only in their connexion with the doctrines ſo often delivered in this Journal upon continental politics—doctrines, in a recurrence to which, we are intimately perſuaded, the ſalvation of England is to be found. Even if we had the information required for a full diſcuſſion of the queſtions, 'whether or not the Spaniards are likely to ſucceed?' and 'how are they to ſeek ſucceſs?'—even if the perſons beſt qualified to treat of theſe matters had promulgated their ſentiments upon them—if Lord Holland had written a long letter to Mr Whitbread, inſtead of receiving a very ſhort note upon the ſubject from his '*honourable friend*,'—ſtill we ſhould deem it inconſiſtent with our proper province to enter into thoſe queſtions of preſent and paſſing politics, and to deliver arguments upon the probabilities of events ſo very near at hand, that in all likelihood they will happen before our ſpeculations can reach the public. We purpoſe, therefore, to keep as much as poſſible to the moſt general views of thoſe queſtions, and rather to conſider the whole ſubject in its relation to the political conduct of England, and the different poſitions which have been maintained reſpecting it by the various reaſoners who have of late years decided men's opinions.

Mr Whitbread begins his letter with defending his conduct in the House of Commons, when Mr Sheridan brought the ſituation of Spain under the conſideration of Parliament. At that time it was altogether uncertain what part it would be moſt adviſeable for the Spaniſh leaders to take; and, ignorant as every body, except the Government, of neceſſity was, reſpecting the real ſtate of affairs in the peninſula, Mr Whitbread very properly thought that Government ſhould be left free and unbiaſſed in its deliberations upon this weighty ſubject. Subſequent events, however, Mr Whitbread remarks, have wholly changed the appearance of the caſe. It has been aſcertained, that all over Spain an unexampled ſpirit of reſiſtance to the enemy has burſt forth. The Spaniards are ſuddenly and of themſelves committed. What then remains,

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he asks, but that we should assist them with all the means in our power? Having dilated upon this topic with great earnestness, and in a manner quite demonstrative, both of his participation in the universal good wishes towards the cause of Spanish liberty, and of his entertaining almost the same sanguine expectations of its success which the people of England are now fondly indulging,—Mr Whitbread passes to another topic, which he just touches, but in a temper of moderation and impartiality which cannot be too highly commended,—the choice of leaders for such an armament as it may be deemed expedient to send into Spain. Here, too, he joins in what we trust is the universal wish, that no generals should be chosen for their rank in the state, or their connexion with the royal family, but that the choice should fall on the men whom merit and past services point out. We may remark by the way, that the *truly British* public seem wholly to have forgotten, upon this question, their usual predilection for the taste and feelings of the Sovereign. Highly as we rejoice in the circumstance, we cannot help pointing out its inconsistency with former and very recent popular clamours; and we may be permitted to marvel, that, where the Spaniards are concerned, scarcely a voice should be raised for the paternal feelings and amiable family-prejudices of the Monarch in 1808, among a people which, one little year before, was loud, and almost sanguinary, in denouncing those upright and enlightened statesmen who dared to thwart the King's prejudices against four millions of his Irish subjects!

Mr Whitbread concludes with a few words upon a topic always dear to him, and most honourably supported by his powerful talents, at a time when the Whigs themselves manifestly deserted their ancient tenets, and, betrayed by false hopes of Continental victories, or debauched by the enjoyment of power, adopted the language and views of their ancient adversaries—we mean the subject of peace. He scruples not to affirm, that the present is a fit moment for thinking of negotiation; and as this part of his pamphlet, like the rest of his manly and virtuous conduct upon the question of peace, has been made a subject of the most base and wilful misrepresentation, we shall quote his own words;—the rather, because we have the misfortune, for the first time, and in the way we shall afterwards state, to differ from him in one particular of his sentiments on this important matter.

'At the conclusion of my speech, on the act of Appropriation, I declared that I still adhered to the opinions I laid down on the 29th of February last, when I moved as a resolution in the House of Commons, "That there is nothing in the present state of the war which ought to preclude his Majesty from embracing any fair opportunity

of acceding to, or commencing a negotiation with the enemy, on a footing of equality, for the termination of hostilities on terms of equality and honour." I maintain that proposition now; and because I reasserted it in the House of Commons on the day I have alluded to, it has been falsely and basely stated, that I advised the purchase of peace by the abandonment of the heroic Spaniards to their fate. God forbid! A notion so detestable never entered my imagination. Perish the man who could entertain it! Perish this country, rather than its safety should be owing to a compromise so horribly iniquitous! My feelings, at the time I spoke, ran in a direction totally opposite to any thing so disgusting and abominable.

'I am not, however, afraid to say, that the present is a moment in which I think negotiation might be proposed to the Emperor of the French by Great Britain;—with the certainty of this great advantage, that if the negotiation should be refused, we should be at least sure of being *right* in the eyes of God and man;—an advantage which, in my opinion, we have never yet possessed, from the commencement of the contest to the present hour; and the value of which is far beyond all calculation.

'If the emancipation of Spain, the enthronement of Ferdinand VII., and the amelioration of the government of that country, through the means of the legitimate organ of their Cortes, or any other of their own choosing, could be effected without bloodshed, is there a man existing who would not prefer the accomplishment of these objects by the means of negotiation, rather than by the sword? If Mr Fox were happily alive, and had power commensurate with his ability, I see a bare possibility that his genius might turn this crisis to such great account. Nothing should be done but in concert with the Spaniards; and the complete evacuation of Spain by the French armies, the abstinence from all interference in her internal arrangements, the freedom of the royal family, might be the conditions of the negotiation. There is no humiliation in such a proposal. What a grateful opportunity would at the same time present itself, of making a voluntary proffer of restitutions, which, when demanded, it might perhaps be difficult to accede to! What a moment to attempt the salvation of Sweden, and the reestablishment of the tranquillity of the North!

'All this I had in contemplation at the time I said I should not think it improper now to offer a negotiation for peace. I should be desirous of conveying these terms to the court at Bayonne, and of proclaiming them to the world. If they should be accepted, is there a statesman who could doubt of their propriety, of their justice, of their honour? If rejected, is there a free spirit in the universe that would not join in applauding the justice and moderation of Great Britain, in condemning the violence, the injustice, and ambition of the Emperor of the French?' p. 11—14.

Having extracted this statement, we believe no one who is not resolved wilfully to misapprehend the author's views, will accuse him

him of insinuating a wish at variance with the highest tone of honour and good faith towards Spain, or the most determined spirit of patriotism towards the interests of his own country. We shall afterwards state the grounds of our wishing that he had shaped his opinion somewhat differently.

The contest which is now carrying on in Spain against the French, differs, in many most important points of view, from any of the wars which have been waged with France since the Revolution; and those diversities are so great, as to render it perfectly consistent in persons who have always both disapproved of the policy pursued on the Continent, and despaired of its success,—nay, in persons who, at the beginning, blamed the principle of resisting the French revolution—to wish well to the cause of the Spaniards; to recommend vigorous measures for their assistance; to entertain very sanguine hopes of the final event; and to modify their desires of peace, in order to make it subservient to the cause of Spain.

In the *first* place, France was never before so plainly and entirely in the wrong as she is in the present struggle. Formerly, she was not always the aggressor, in any point of view. For example, the first coalition against the Revolution was a manifest war of aggression on the part of the allies; and, even when she might be said to have given just cause of hostility, as previous to the third coalition, still she contrived to let the other party strike the first blow; and, always throwing upon her adversaries the odium of disturbing the peace of the Continent, she managed to maintain, in the eyes of men, the reputation of only moving in self-defence. Whoever was ultimately the cause of war, the blame which men always attach to the party who first breaks the peace, fell constantly upon the enemies of France: and it did so happen, that her conduct, at the treaties which generally followed those disastrous campaigns, was sufficiently moderate, considering her enormous victories, to keep up the same impression. Every thing bore the appearance of France having been forced into hostilities by the jealousy, the fears, or the restlessness of her neighbours, acting under the influence of England,—having been compelled to beat them from one end of Europe to the other; and then taking as little as she well could of their territory, as a punishment for their past aggressions, and a security for their keeping the peace in future. But now she has unequivocally adopted a different line of conduct. She has at once, and suddenly, thrown off the mask, and, without the shadow of a pretext, attacked her most inoffensive neighbour, her submissive ally,—whose force and treasure she had for years been permitted to use as her own,—whose whole resources were always at her service,—and whose dominions she only in name did

not hold as a province of her vast empire. Without a pretence of ground for quarrelling,—without a single high word having passed between them—she marches her armies into the peninsula, dethrones the royal family, and takes possession of the crown. Here, therefore, France cannot even pretend that she is not the sole aggressor; and, as such, she is viewed by her neighbours, by the Spaniards, and even by her own subjects.

Secondly, In former wars between France and her neighbours, the courts and the regular armies on both sides were alone engaged. After one game had been played in the cabinet, of intrigue, solicitation, trick and bribery, another game was the consequence of it in the field,—a game of tactics, stratagems, regular murder, and legalized plunder. Superior skill in a few persons who had the management of these games was sure to carry the stake; and the people, whom the result of the contest transferred from the loser to the winner, stood by pretty much unconcerned how it might end, and caring mighty little whether they paid tribute to Cæsar or to Pompey. But now, for the first time, a whole people is at war with a foreign court and its armies. They have a large and defensible territory to act in; they carry on, at their own doors, a most just and purely defensive war; they have drawn their swords, (to use the memorable words of Washington,* would that they had such a man to lead them!) 'for the only cause which can justify this extremity;' and they are altogether invincible if they follow up the dying counsels of the same great patriot; 'and having once drawn them, resolve never again to sheathe the same until they conquer, but rather prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.' If such a spirit pervades the peninsula,—if it proves as lasting and steady as it is keen in the outset,—we may be well assured that France will never occupy more of Spain than the ground her military posts shall cover, nor reckon among her vassals any Castilians but those whom she locks up in her prisons. We by no means intend to say that this perseverance is certain of being exhibited; but we assert, that the resistance has now, for the first time, begun well, and in the right quarter,—and that now, if ever, there are some grounds for hope.

In the *third* place, the fatal errors which prepared for the French armies the way to Berlin and Vienna, are much less likely to be committed by the Spanish; nor is the contest now carried on by the talents and spirit of a great people against the sloth and feebleness of a corrupted court. In truth, the court of Madrid

* Last-will of General Washington, bequeathing his sword, which he had borne in the war, to his nephew.

Madrid is at an end; it basely fled from the country; and, having left the people to fight their own battle,—having, in fact, taken part with the enemy against them, it cannot expect either that its views should be thought of, or that it should ever regain its power, even if the struggle proves successful. This, indeed, is the best item in the whole account of the Spaniards. They are set free from their old, hereditary, corrupt rulers—from personages who governed by rote—from the creatures of intrigue, or, at best, the creatures of form and precedent—from the feeble beings who will only suffer men to serve the country according to their pedigrees—contemners of merit and personal acquirements—scoffers at the divinity of talents—to whom, melancholy to reflect, the fate of Europe has been entrusted for the last twenty years, and in whose hands the cause of regular government and national independence has been placed, at a moment when all the bad passions of man's nature were let loose against them, and had armed all the genius of a mighty people for their destruction. Accordingly, those governments have, one after another, fallen, we speak literally, before the *genius* of France; but Spain is, in some sort, about to fight her with her own weapons; and to oppose, what we greatly fear can alone afford a barrier to one revolution,—another revolution. If any thing can check the progress of the French armies, it is this; and we deeply lament that the experiment was not tried sooner, when, instead of a chance, Europe might, in such measures, have found a certainty of salvation.

Having thus far stated, in general, what we conceive to be the circumstances peculiarly distinguishing the present struggle against France, and admitted, to so large an extent, that they open very favourable prospects of success, we must now shortly advert to the other side of the question, which, unhappily, is never looked at by the people of this country, because it is not so flattering to their wishes. What, it may be asked, makes us retain any fears of the result, after the very favourable circumstances which we have enumerated? What have we to oppose, on the side of France, to all that has now been reckoned up in favour of Spain? To all this we must unhappily oppose the French Army, directed by the French Cabinet. Greatly as we think of the Spaniards, their enemy is at the head of half a million of the best soldiers in the world; and, so abundant a stock of generals has he,—so large a provision of the stuff of which generals are made, that every officer above the rank of a captain might be slain, and nine in ten of all the rest of his officers,—and on the morrow he would have at his command a greater number of men fitted to carry on his war, an army better officered and better disciplined

for

for his purposes, than ever took the field before the year 1796. This tremendous engine it is which we own does appal us. If we could but see any of the vices or follies of old governments creeping into the French military system—could we only hear of some kept-mistress giving away a command—or of some stripling of quality rising into high place—or of squabblings between some silly prince and some booby dignitary of the French empire about the management of an expedition—or of some division in the councils of Bonaparte, respecting his policy towards Spain, and a delay in marching his armies thither, were it but of one little week—or could we even learn that an unknown officer, of long standing and high military rank, was likely to be entrusted with the command—or be it only, that a distinguished veteran, too antient to be active and alert at his post, had been named to carry on the Spanish campaign;—we should be infinitely comforted and cheered in our views of this momentous affair, and should begin to be sanguine about the deliverance of Europe. But, alas! the dynasty of Bonaparte is yet too fresh for such blunders as these; it cannot afford to indulge in those *dulcia vitia* of old established governments; and the wretched truth really is, that, at the present moment, he has a system of policy and of military power which unites in itself almost every benefit of a revolutionary government, with a far greater degree of order and regularity than ever before presided over the affairs of the most antient monarchies.

Therefore it is that we dread the issue. And admitting every thing that can be urged in favour of the Spaniards—granting that they are much better off than the Austrians or Prussians, and a thousand times more advantageously circumstanced than those famous allies of ours the Muscovites—allowing that they are possessed of many of the benefits of a revolutionary system—that, for example, they are in somewhat the same relative situation with the French at the treaty of Pilnitz;—still we cannot help remarking that the odds are turned against them, by the unfortunate circumstance of their enemy having the same advantages in a still higher degree, together with the inestimable advantages of ample preparation and systematic arrangement. If the Spaniards stand now where the French did in 1792, unhappily the French are a very different enemy from the Prussians and Austrians; and we greatly fear, that had the Duke of Brunswick entered Champagne with the sort of armies which are at this moment crossing the Pyrenees, we should have heard very little more of the revolution, and the universal empire of France.

We may likewise be perfectly certain, that the Spaniards have to do with an enemy, who does not act either tardily or scrupulously—who will do nothing by halves—and be restrained by no considerations,

derations, either of humanity or timidity, from making his very utmost efforts to put down this first symptom that has yet appeared of popular resistance to his authority. He is too deeply interested in the matter,—his power is too much committed in the contest, to allow room for half measures, even were those according to his taste at any rate. In what manner he may set about his work,—whether by entering Spain himself at the head of a mighty army,—or by sending numberless detachments successively to support each other, and scour the country, while more are always kept behind the Pyrenees, in case of necessity,—or by first occupying the capital and those champaign districts, which must always be the property of the regular army in a contest with undisciplined natives, and then turning his force by degrees into light troops, and pushing his way into the more difficult country;—whether he will trust more to the effect of prompt and rapid measures, of overwhelming successes, accompanied with severe examples of vengeance, or to the consequences of such delay as may give the popular spirit time to cool, and his emissaries an opportunity of intriguing to divide the natives, and conciliate some portion of them; or whether he will put part of all these plans into motion,—it belongs not to us even to conjecture, placed as we are at a distance from the scene, almost wholly ignorant of the facts, and acquainted with the relative situation of the parties *only by the evidence of one side.* But it is not presuming too much on past experience to conclude, that whatever military and political resources can effect—that all the efforts of artifice and of force—that the utmost powers of the finest armies and most subtle intriguers in Europe, will be exhausted in the one remorseless, unprincipled object, of crushing the Spanish revolution. Can any man of sense—does any plain, unaffected man, above the level of a drivelling courtier, or a feeble fanatic, dare to say he can look at this impending contest, without trembling, every inch of him, for the result?

The question, then, seems in a great measure to reduce itself to this—What probability is there that the popular spirit, now so gloriously prevalent all over Spain, will last, for one or two years, unimpaired by time,—undivided by the enemy's arts—unchecked by the inevitable defeats which must attend the opening of the campaign—unwearied by the constant hardships, the changes of life, the numberless privations of every sort, which must ever fall to the lot of those who resist the powers that be, until their victory over oppression is finally secured? This is the only question; for, should the public ardour against France continue a considerable time in its present universality and violence, we would willingly take it against all the resources of the enemy just

now

now enumerated. In an extensive and difficult country like Spain—full of passes—scarce of provisions in most of the mountainous districts—not well known of course to the invaders—so situated that one position does not command any other;—we conceive it to be *impossible* for a numerous people to be conquered by any human means, so long as they are animated by the same spirit of resistance, and resolved to preserve their independence. The only question is, whether this spirit be not in its nature transient,—whether multitudes of men are not apt to be either excessively sanguine or irrecoverably depressed,—to pass from the extreme of hope to that of despondency,—and to be dispersed, by time and weariness, in a cause good enough, and sufficiently adored, to have made them invincible while kept together.

This consideration, we confess, it is that alarms us, and damps our expectations, greatly as we desire to believe every thing possible in favour of the Spaniards. Nor are we much disposed to confide in the hopes so universally expressed, that because this gallant people are committed, they cannot retract, —that, reduced to misery by the cruelties already practised upon them, they are in a state of desperation. For, in truth, it is a figure of speech to talk of a nation being desperate, or so far committed, as of necessity to go all lengths. Individuals may be so, and will act accordingly; but, in a community, one man is committed, and another, when called to go all lengths in consequence, so far from feeling inclined to act desperately, will very probably take warning by the fate of his neighbours. One family loses two or three children, and becomes, we will admit, quite desperate; but another, which has not yet been equally unfortunate, will probably be warned by this example, and prefer the private to the public feelings. This, indeed, is the great risk which awaits all such popular feelings as are now excited in Spain. The father of a family—the individual—is apt to weigh down the citizen and the patriot; while, to the opposite party, delay creates no dangers at all: and thus it becomes much to be apprehended, that the efforts which are requisite to oppose the refinements of art and system on the one side, are more than nature can long sustain upon the other.

We are very far from saying that skill and wisdom can do nothing to prevent disunion, and to prolong the duration of zeal on the part of the Spaniards. It is no doubt possible, that they will be wise enough to adopt the only measure which can greatly help them in these important points—that they will, in the outset, assemble a Cortes, and thus give an unanimity and consistency to their proceedings, as well as lead them further towards a total and radical change in their government, and in their whole domestic

domestic policy. Much may certainly be expected from so wise a measure; and, if we saw it adopted, our fears for their success would be somewhat diminished. But, placed as we are at the threshold, and uncertain both of the course they are to pursue, and of the relative position of their dreadful adversary, we are compelled to admit, that, upon the whole, our apprehensions greatly predominate. In a word, upon the case as it is at present before this country, the sounder opinion seems to be that which is unhappily too melancholy to contemplate with calmness, —that the Spaniards will be defeated, after a gallant and most sanguinary struggle; and that, if any measures can save them from this fate, they will be those which are in their nature decidedly revolutionary; although, for the reasons formerly urged, it seems very doubtful, whether the power of France, growing out of the revolution, and since consolidated into a system, will now permit any change of government and policy, however violent, to secure the independence of Spain.

Here we must, once for all, deny the imputation of adopting this desponding view of things from any foolish propensity to oppose the popular and fashionable opinions, or from the vain notion, that it looks like the wiser judgment. We do not take up this theme, lest we should be suspected of being romantic in the cause of liberty (which we have been frequently accused of too keenly favouring), as some natives of the sister kingdom are said at once to betray and disclaim their country, by suspecting blunders where there are none,—or as countrymen of our own frequently find out a joke in very serious positions, in order to escape the common national imputation of not knowing when to laugh. Far from all this. We would eagerly cling to the favourable view of the Spanish cause; and can only be torn from the prospects so flattering to those sentiments of freedom,—of active resistance to all sorts of oppression, which we openly avow and glory in,—by the conviction that we should be but feeding our own minds and those of our readers with an empty picture. It is not unwise, however unpleasant it may be, to examine the chances of failure with a curiosity proportioned to the vast importance of success;—nor is even an excess of incredulity altogether inexcuseable in those who have drunk deeply of disappointment.

It remains, that we should apply the present topics to the doctrines formerly maintained by us, and those respecting peace pointed out by Mr Whitbread in the passage above extracted. We certainly do see no reason whatever for wishing that the continental powers should seize the present opportunity of breaking with France; or for changing the opinion so frequently expressed

pressed by us in favour of pacific measures. Both of these points will require a very little illustration.

First, It seems quite manifest, that the situation of the German and Northern Powers is, for the purpose of resistance to France, as desperate as it was after the battle of Friedland, in every circumstance relating to their own resources merely. There seems as much reason as ever to dread a rupture on the part of one state without the concurrence of the rest,—to despair of the possibility of such a general movement,—and to apprehend the most ruinous consequences from its result, were it possible to produce one. What is there, then, in the situation of Spain, to make us alter an opinion dictated by the circumstances of those states, if viewed by themselves? Is there any thing so very favourable in our prospects from that quarter, as to counterbalance the dangers which we so reasonably apprehend elsewhere, and supply all the deficiencies of the other powers? Had the Spaniards bowed submissively to their invaders, would any man in his senses have harboured a wish to see Austria and Russia seeking their destruction by a new war? Every thing, then, hinges upon Spain; and, unless it can be made to appear that Spain alone turns the scale against France,—unless it can be supposed, that the enemy is so completely occupied beyond the Pyrenees as to disarm him on every other side,—unless it is maintained, that he despairs of success in Spain, and still is so far committed that he cannot draw back,—nay, unless it is maintained, that even on the most favourable supposition, of his total failure, he will then be pursued into his own territory, and conquered by Spaniards on one side, while Germans assail him on the other; it is utterly absurd to desire a rupture in the North at the present moment.

Now, we will make the most favourable of these suppositions at once, in order to try the question shortly and fairly. We will admit that Bonaparte fails, and retires from Spain. He will then, in all likelihood, send back to them the Spanish royal family, with their princes and courtiers, and intriguers of all descriptions. It is probable that intestine disputes will speedily begin to play his game for him, and prepare his success at a future time, when experience shall have taught him the evils of that most unaccountable step of his life,—the removal of the Spanish court. It is certain that the presence of those exalted personages will hamper any offensive measures which the victorious patriots might attempt against him. But, putting this entirely out of the question, can there be folly and inconsistency more lamentable than theirs, who expect to see the French armies beaten by Spanish peasants, fighting for their own country,—and yet suppose that human nature will change when the French repass the Pyrenees,

Pyrenees, and that French armies, backed by the whole population of France, and fighting for France, and in France, will be conquered by Spaniſh peaſants fighting abroad for the balance of Europe! Is there not ſomething monſtrous in ſuch ſanguine, unthinking folly as this? Then, if the enemy is only to be left at the end of the conteſt with Spain, in the ſituation he would have occupied had he never entered that country, what ſafety is there for thoſe German ſtates which ſhall have gone to war with him in his neceſſity? Admitting that he keeps on the frontier of the Pyrenees as many men as his complete conqueſt of Spain would have compelled him to keep beyond it, is he leſs able to take terrible vengeance on thoſe neighbours who may have provoked him at a critical moment, than he was when Pruſſia, in ſimilar circumſtances, provoked him laſt year? And is it very unlikely that he may ſeek compenſation on the Danube for his of kingdoms on the Ebro and the Tagus? It ſignifies nothing ſay, that Auſtria and Ruſſia, by attacking him at this time, would make a formidable diverſion in favour of the Spaniſh cauſe. Certainly they would; but our argument proceeds on the admiſſion that the Spaniards ſucceed at any rate; and if the ruin of Auſtria and Ruſſia is not to be prevented by the utmoſt ſucceſſes of the Spaniſh arms, then what will thoſe powers have done but ſacrifice themſelves to ſave Spain? And what will Europe have gained by their movement, but the independence of one country at the expense of all the reſt? Theſe are conſiderations ſo obvious, that they muſt prevent all thoſe follies on the part of the Continental Powers, which our Engliſh politicians have been ſo anxious to ſee practiſed. A combination, formed on ſuch principles of ſelf-devotion and love of Spain, cannot be expected; and, if tried, could not hang together for ſix weeks. We do acknowledge it to be our wiſh, therefore, that no fifth coalition ſhould be attempted in the preſent criſis; and ſee no reaſon whatever to vary in any one particular, the ſentiments ſo often delivered by us on this ſubject.

In what we have now ſaid, we have purpoſely abſtained from all alluſion to the chance of any diſcontent or inſurrection manifeſting itſelf in France, in conſequence of the ambitious and endleſs wars of its ruler. The experience of the laſt ten years might convince us how forlorn a hope this now is. The conſcription, no doubt, is unpopular; but the exiſting army is always far more than ſufficient to enforce it without the chance of reſiſtance; and that army is ſo conſtituted, as almoſt neceſſarily to delight in war, both as a ſource of emolument, and as holding out the occaſions by which enterprizing talents may certainly attain to the very higheſt diſtinction. Beſides, who is there now in France to head

or organize an insurrection? Or what attainable or conceivable object could be aimed at by such a measure? Almost every individual who has any reputation, influence, or notoriety in the country, owes it to the existing government, and must stand or fall along with it. Among all his generals and ministers, there is none possessed of fame, popularity or power, to rival Bonaparte. The generation of republicans is extinct already among that light and profligate people: and the cause of the Bourbons may fairly be regarded as utterly desperate. If the exiled monarch is to be restored to his throne, his exiled nobles must be restored to their estates and privileges; but the thousands and tens of thousands who now hold those properties, will submit to many oppressions and many conscriptions rather than give them up. Besides, the government of the Bourbons was bad; and very few Frenchmen, we suppose, would give even a vote for replacing them on the throne of Bonaparte. A generation indeed has grown up which has been taught to look on their pretensions as ridiculous; and there has been nothing heroic or captivating in the conduct of any existing branch of the family, to win mens hearts to their cause, or to prevent the total suppression of their party in the country by which they have been rejected. If there were no insurrections in France, in short, when Bonaparte marched its armies across the Vistula and the Niemen, we do not perceive any likelihood of such an event from his carrying them across the Pyrenees. The people of France, we apprehend, care as little for the rights of the Spanish patriots, as for those of the citizens of Hamburgh; and, at any rate, are not very likely to feel much admiration for the champions of such a sovereign as Ferdinand the VII. From France itself, therefore, we hold it to be altogether extravagant and unreasonable to look for any cooperation.

Secondly, With respect to peace, Mr Whitbread says merely, Send a negotiator to Bayonne to treat for peace to yourselves; but do not give up, in any the smallest particular, the interests of your Spanish allies. We cannot approve of such a proposition; because no man could persuade the Spaniards, and surely our own conduct on former occasions would not countenance the belief that we were not giving them up, and making for ourselves a peace which should leave them at the mercy of France. If, indeed, we could suppose a manifesto issued by royal authority, proclaiming our willingness to treat upon the basis of France withdrawing all her forces from Spain, and making it known to all the world, that, for the independence and safety of that country, we were willing to give up our own quarrel with France,—this indeed could lead to no mistake, and leave nothing obscure to serve as the ground of suspicion. And no man surely

can

can deny, that if we could gain such terms, and could put an end to the present war, stopping the conquests of the enemy, and leaving Europe as it now is,—with Spain revolutionized, independent, and hostilely disposed towards France,—it would be a blessing to ourselves and to the whole world, abundantly more valuable than any thing which could result from the greatest successes to which any reasonable man can look forward from the prolongation of hostilities. On the other hand, it is, to be sure, most likely that the enemy will reject such an offer, and refuse to treat. He never treats when he is in the way of being worsted; he is a skilful gamester, and leaves his play only when he is winning. Then we shall gain nothing, it may be said, for ourselves and our allies by having made the proposal. At all events we shall lose nothing. But it is not clear that that will be all. Will the people of the Continent not begin to think us in the right—for the first time? Will the French themselves not begin to murmur against their leader, or at least to follow him with less ardour in his conquests? Above all, will the Spaniards, for whom we shall have offered to yield every thing,—will they not stand by us with increased steadiness, and fight their own battle with new spirit? These things, it appears to us, are worth the consideration even of the most sanguine speculators in Spanish victories. But we are aware, at the same time, that they are unhappily almost as chimerical as some of the expectations which we have described in the course of the present discussion. They are little suited to the feelings of the English multitude; or the corresponding views and policy of the present race of English statesmen. Nor can we help feeling a melancholy presentiment, that, in a few months, the fortunes of France will have prevailed over the most righteous cause that ever fixed the attention of mankind, that the armies of Bonaparte will carry rapine and carnage into every corner of Spain; and that the fleets of our unhappy allies will, some how or other, find their way into an English port.

Before concluding, we may be permitted to add one sentence in explanation of such parts of the preceding observations as may appear to lead to utter and incurable despondency. If Germany and the North, combined against France, with Spain and England, would only provoke a repetition of defeat, what hope, it may be said, can Europe *ever* entertain of deliverance; since her *whole* force is thus supposed to be ineffectually exerted against her oppressors? Now, to this we answer,—That though we can indeed anticipate no other result from any exertions that can *at present* be made by those powers, or from any combination into which they are now likely to enter, we are at the same time persuaded, that there is in Europe a fund both of power and of spirit, far more

than sufficient to repress the usurpations of France, if guided by better counsels, and husbanded in the mean time with economy and caution. All the great Continental powers have recently received a tremendous blow,—from the shock of which they are yet far from being recovered; and the truth is, that while their old governments are administered on the principles by which they have hitherto been guided, and while their coalitions are directed to such objects as have hitherto been aimed at,—there does appear to us to be *no chance* of their making any effectual resistance to the solid power and energetic policy of the enemy. The fatal experience, however, which they have all had of the fruits of their old policy, joined to the improving intelligence of the great body of the people, and the mingled contempt and indignation with which they must regard the infatuation of their rulers, will, we have no doubt, produce an amelioration of all these governments, and gradually develop the powers and resources of those great and enlightened nations which in this great crisis have been administered with less wisdom and vigour than might have been expected in a confederacy of barbarians. A certain period of peace and tranquillity is necessary, however, to effect this amelioration; and will, at the same time, infallibly tend to relax the energy of the French administration, and to surround it with all those sources of weakness which ultimately disarm despotic governments of their power to injure. To provoke the combat prematurely, is to insure defeat and irremediable ruin. To force the old governments,—while they are still clinging to the policy they have ceased to confide in,—to try their strength once more, against an enemy, who has not yet yielded to the corruptions which are daily assailing him,—is to make sure of the final overthrow of the former, and, by consolidating all Europe into one tyrannical and military despotism, to cut off, for ages yet to come, the great improvements which time itself would otherwise work among mankind. Let the Continent, therefore, preserve what it has left of independence, by peace; since, at present, it would be utterly ruined by war; and let us be persuaded, that if, by any exertions on our part, we could procure the same blessing for Spain in the present state of its tendencies and feelings, we should do more for the cause of liberty and national independence, than if we could once more array the courts of Vienna, and Petersburgh, and Berlin, in a jealous and unwieldy coalition.

ART.

ART. XII. *Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of Antient Manners: with Dissertations on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare; on the Collection of Popular Tales entitled Gesta Romanorum; and on the English Morris Dance.* By Francis Douce. The Engravings on Wood by J. Berryman. In 2 vol. 8vo. Longman, &c. London. 1807.

THE real admirers of Shakspeare, we believe, care very little about his commentators. Yet, if we wish to understand every word of an author who wrote more than two hundred years ago, we must accept of the services of the antiquary and verbal critic. A short glossary, a few explanations of old usages, and a few suggestions for the restoration of a corrupted text, would be gratefully accepted, and generally consulted. But these helps become hinderances,—and nuisances indeed of the first magnitude, when they swell to six times the bulk of the original author, and engage us, at every tenth line, in the paltry polemics of purblind annotators, and grovelling transcribers of black letter. The great popularity of Shakspeare has held out such temptations to this industrious class of beings, that we have now an edition of his thirty-five plays distended into twenty-one thick octavos; in which the text bears such a slender proportion to the commentary, that he who wishes to read nothing but Shakspeare, must keep his forefinger constantly employed in turning over the leaves,—and frequently earn no more by the labour than a single line in a page. When we look into the mass which fills the remainder of it, we find it made up of long quotations from contemporary authors, tedious dissertations on old customs, and keen and solemn controversies upon the comparative merit of rival readings or projects of punctuation.

There is no doubt that we pick up, in this way, little odds and ends of information as to the manners and tastes of our ancestors; and occasionally attain to a more correct conception of some of the less interesting passages in the author under consideration. But this petty sort of antiquarianism probably is not the object of any one who takes up the volumes of Shakspeare; and the scanty elucidation which the poet now and then receives, makes us but poor amends for the quantity of trash which is obtruded upon us, with or without the apology of a difficulty. One great evil of this is, the encouragement of pedantry and laborious trifling. The name of Shakspeare sanctifies, to a certain degree, every thing that is closely connected with it; and that miserable erudition, which would otherwise have gone to enrich the Gentleman's Magazine, or to add weight to some county history, is in danger of acquiring a more extended reputation, when

it appears as an illustration of his writings. The worst effect, however, of this extravagant system of annotation is, that it destroys a great part of the pleasure which we should otherwise receive from perusing the excellent authors upon whom it attaches itself. We are not only disturbed, as we go along, with the perpetual intrusion of the commentator; but can scarcely ever recal to our memory any of our favourite passages, without finding them defiled by the adherence of some of his filth and tatters. After poring over the elaborate and controversial elucidations which are fastened upon every page, we can never read or remember any passage in the book, without some unsuitable recollection of this base accompaniment; and, instead of having our minds filled with the sentiments and imagery of Shakspeare, find them fatigued and depressed by the ponderous feebleness of his commentators. There is no getting a morsel of pure Shakspeare, in short, when we have once mixed him with these viler ingredients; and we recollect the happy days when we knew nothing of commentators, and little of difficulties, with something of the same feeling with which we recal the irrecoverable innocence and simplicity of childhood.

Of these merciless annotators, however, some are more intolerable than others. Some keep their author, though at a distance, in sight; and obtrude fewer solid masses of antiquated stupidity, under the name of parallel passages, or authorities for a doubtful interpretation. Even when they do leave the author, too, they give us curious morsels of etymology, and select something entertaining from their stores of old absurdity. Mr Douce, we suppose, is as good as any of them. Yet we think him, upon the whole, very feeble and very dull; and must set down his book among those which it is impossible to peruse without feelings of compassion for the incredible labour which has been expended, with so little return either of instruction or amusement. We shall give a few specimens both of what appears trifling and foolish, and of what is curious and new in these volumes.

It seems to be a natural infirmity of all commentators, to suppose their author as destitute of originality or invention as themselves; and, consequently, they are perpetually on the alert to discover *parallel passages* in contemporary or preceding authors, and to suggest the probability of plagiarism or imitation, in the case of the most natural thoughts and most familiar expressions. Thus, because Prospero, describing his deportation, says that the traitors

> 'Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
> A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
> Nor tackle, sail, nor mast'—

Mr

Mr Douce is pleased to suppose, that this must have been borrowed from some earlier writer; and that Shakspeare must have had in his eye the old romance of King Horn,—though he admits it to be next to impossible that he should ever have seen a line of it.

'The present note,' he says, 'is more particularly offered to the admirers of antient romances, and to which class Shakspeare himself no doubt belonged. It is well known, that the earliest English specimen of these singular and fascinating compositions is the *Geste of King Horn*, which has been faithfully published by the late Mr Ritson, who has given some account of a French copy in the British Museum. He did not live to know that another manuscript of this interesting romance, in the same language, is still remaining in private hands, very different in substance and construction from the other. One might almost conclude, that some English translation of it existed in Shakspeare's time, and that he had, in the above passage, imitated the following description of the boat in which Horn and his companions were put by king Rodmund at the suggestion of Browans.

" Sire, fet il purnez un de vos vielz chalanz
Metez icels valez ki jo vei ici estanz
Kil naient avirum dunt ascient aidanz
Sigle ne guvernad dunt il seint vaianz." l. 58.

That is, " Sir, said he, take one of your old boats; put into it these varlets whom I see here; let them have no oars to help them, sail nor rudder to put them in motion." I. 2, 3.

In the same way, because Caliban enumerates 'scraping of trenchers' as a part of his domestic drudgery, Mr Douce insists upon quoting Latin and old English, to satisfy his readers that Shakspeare might have learned from these grave authorities that there was actually such an occupation, and that it was not esteemed honourable.

'*Scraping trenchers* was likewise a scholastic employment at college, if we may believe the illiterate parson in the pleasant comedy of *Cornelianum dolium*, where, speaking of his haughty treatment of the poor scholars whom he had distanced in getting possession of a fat living, he says, " Illi inquam, qui ut mihi narrârunt, quadras adipe illitas deglubere sunt coacti, quamdiu inter academicas ulnas manent, dapsili more à me nutriti sunt, saginati imò," &c. It was the office, too, of apprentices. In *The life of a satirical puppy called Nim*, 1657, 12mo, a citizen describes how long " he bore the water-tankard, *scrap't trenchers*, and made clean shoes." I. 17, 18.

In like manner, when Shakspeare makes Miranda say, in the very language of nature and simple feeling,

'I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.' I. p. 18, 19.

Mr Malone insists, it seems, that the sentiment must have been

borrowed *from Catullus*; but Mr Douce, though he is of opinion that the passage is 'very apposite,' is rather inclined to think, that Shakespeare 'had in his eye the pathetic old poem of the Nut Brown Maid.'

It would be endless to quote instances of this absurdity. We add only the two following, which stand together a few pages further on. In the play of Measure for Measure, Isabella says,

'Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For ev'ry pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.' I. 126, 127.

Upon which Mr Douce thus learnedly comments.

'This fine sentiment, which nevertheless contains a very obvious fault in the mode of expressing it, *appears to have been suggested by the following lines in Ovid's Tristia, lib. ii.*, that Skakspeare might have read in Churchyard's translation.

"Si quoties peccant homines sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit." I. 127.

And again,

"Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle."

'There is much affinity between the above lines and these in Persius, sat. ii.

"Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyus ilex
Sulfure discutitur sacro, quam tuque domusque?"

But although there were two or three editions of that author published in England in the reign of Elizabeth, he does not appear to have been then translated.' I. 127.

As a still more extraordinary example of the obtrusion of classical and learned allusions into a commentary on Shakspeare, we may take the following critique on a criticism on a print from a picture of Guido. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, there is the following passage—

"—— 'twas Ariadne, passioning,
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."

On occasion of which lines, Mr Douce thus addresses the readers of Shakspeare—

'A note is here inserted, "not" says its learned and classical author, "on the business of Shakspeare," but to introduce a conjecture relating to one of Guido's paintings commonly supposed to represent Ariadne as deserted by Theseus and courted by Bacchus, but which he conceives to have been intended for Bacchus's desertion of this lady for an Indian captive. An attentive examination of the print from Guido's picture will, it is presumed, incline any one

one to hesitate much before he shall decide on having discerned any traces of an Indian princess; and this supposed character may rather turn out to be Venus introducing the amorous deity, attended by his followers, to Ariadne, forlorn and abandoned by Theseus in the isle of Chios, according to Ovid, or Naxos, according to Lactantius. Nor is the female who accompanies Bacchus "hanging on his arm," as stated by the critic. It is impossible likewise to perceive in this figure the modest looks or demeanour of a female captive, or in the supposed Bacchus the character of a lover, insulting, according to Ovid's description, his former mistress, by displaying the beauties of another. Boccaccio has very comically accounted for Ariadne's desertion by Theseus, and her subsequent transfer to Bacchus. He supposes the lady to have been too fond of the juice of the grape; and that, on her continuing to indulge this propensity, she was therefore called the wife of Bacchus. See *Geneal. deor.* lib. xi. c. 29.' I. 46, 47.

Of notes that are purely trifling and useless, there is great choice in these volumes. The reader must take the first that comes to our hand. For instance, in Measure for Measure,

"1. Gent. How now, which of your *hips* has the most profound *sciatica?*"

'A most appropriate question to the bawd. The author of the facetious Latin comedy of *Cornelianum dolium* has named one of Cornelius's strumpets *Sciatica.* She thus speaks of herself; "In lectulo meo ægrè me vertere potui; podagram, chiragram, et *hip*agram (si ita dicere liceat) nocte quotidie sensi." I. 121, 122.

And immediately after,

"Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas* Tapster?"

'Why does she call the clown by this name, when it appears from his own showing that his name was *Pompey?* Perhaps she is only quoting some old saying or ballad.' I. 122.

The following is more sublimely mysterious, and to us, we will confess, utterly unintelligible.

"Duke. And the *free* maids that weave their threads with bones."

'The private memoirs of Peter the wild boy, if they could be disclosed, would afford the best comment on the above disputed epithet, as applied to the *websters* in question.' I. 88.

In the Twelfth Night the Clown says,

"And in *sad cypress* let me be laid."

Upon which important passage the commentators, it seems, have set on foot a notable controversy; the one party maintaining, that the speaker alluded to a shroud of cypress (or Cyprus) linen; and the other, that he was thinking of a coffin of cypress wood. Mr Douce mediates thus impartially between them.

'Mr Steevens has in this edition cancelled a brother commentator's note, which ought on every account to have been retained, and

has himself attempted to show that a *shroud*, and not a *coffin* of cypress, or Cyprus, is intended. It is no easy matter, from the ambiguity of the word, to decide the question. The cypress-tree was used by the antients for funereal purposes, and dedicated to Pluto. As it was not liable to perish from rottenness, it appears to have been used for coffins. See Mr Gough's Introduction to *Sepulchral monuments*, p. lxvi. In Quarles's *Argalus and Parthenia*, book iii. a knight is introduced, whose

" ——————— horse was black as jet,
His furniture was round about beset
With branches, slipt from the *sad cypresse tree.*"

'In further behalf of the wood, it may be worth remarking, that the expression *laid* seems more applicable to a coffin than to a shroud, in which a party may with greater propriety be said to be *wrapped*; and also, that the shroud is afterwards expressly mentioned by itself. It is nevertheless very certain, that the fine linen called Cyprus, perhaps from being originally manufactured in the island of that name, was used for shrouds. In the churchwardens' accounts of St Mary's, Cambridge, mention is made of *a syprys kyrcher belonging to the cross.* In this instance, there being the figure of a dead body on the cross, the cyprus was designed as a shroud.' I. 88—90.

In Measure for Measure, a slight and transient mention is made of

" One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate,"

—which is just as much, we suppose, as most readers of the play would wish, or have any need to know about him. The commentators, however, have had leisure, it seems, to institute a learned inquiry after this important person, and to quarrel among themselves, as usual, in the course of it. Mr Douce sums it up as follows.

'Mr Heath had supposed that *Ragozine* was put for *Ragusan, i. e.* a native of the city of *Ragusa* on the gulf of Venice, famous for its trading vessels; but it was incumbent on that gentleman to have shown that the inhabitants of the above city were *pirates.* This, however, would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible; for, on the contrary, Rycaut, in his *State of the Ottoman empire*, has expressly declared that the *Ragusans* never offered injury; but that, on receiving any, they very patiently supported it. Wherever Shakspeare met with the name of *Ragozine*, it should seem to be a *metathesis* of the French *Argousin*, or the Italian *Argosino, i. e.* an officer or lieutenant on board a galley; and, as Menage conjectures, a corruption of the Spanish *Alguasil.* See Carpentier *Suppl. ad gloss. Dufresne* under the word *Argoisillus.*' I. 143.

In Love's Labours Lost, Armado speaks of 'a quick *venew* of wit;' upon the meaning of which word a most solemn debate has been maintained by Messrs Steevens and Malone; which is continued by Mr Douce through many pages of profound learning.

'"A

' " A venew," says Mr Steevens, " is the technical term for a *bout* (or *set-to*, as he had before called it in vol. iii. p. 317,) at the fencing school." On the other hand, Mr Malone maintains, that " a venue is *not* a *bout* at fencing but a *hit*;" and his opponent retorts on the ground of *positiveness* of denial. As the present writer has himself been an amateur and practitioner of the noble science of defence, he undertakes on this occasion the office of umpire between the sturdy combatants.

' The quotations adduced on either side are not calculated to ascertain the clear and genuine sense of the word *venew*, and it is therefore necessary to seek for more decisive evidence respecting its meaning. Howel, in his *Lexicon tetraglotton*, 1660, mentions " a veny in fencing; venue, *touche*, toca;" and afterwards more fully in his vocabulary, sect. xxxii. " A foin, *veny*, or stoccado; la botta; la *touche*, le *coup*." In Sir John Harrington's *Life of Dr Still*, is the following expression: " he would not sticke to warne them in the arguments to take heede to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell afore-hand in which button he will give the *venew*." *Nugæ antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 158, edit. 1804, by Park. In Ben Jonson's *Every man in his humour*, Act i. Sc. 5, Bobadil, in answer to Master Matthew's request for *one venue*, says, " Venue! fie: most gross denomination as ever I heard; O, the *stoccata*, while you live, sir, note that." On this passage, Mr Reed, in a note on the play of *The widow's tears*, Dodsley's *Old plays*, vol. vi. 152, observes,' &c. &c. I. 233, 234.

We dare not try the patience of our readers with the rest of this dissertation; but it is closed with the following impartial and oracular decision.

' On the whole, therefore, it appears that *venew* and *bout* equally denote a *hit* in fencing; that both Mr Steevens and Mr Malone are right in this respect; but that the former gentleman is inaccurate in supposing a *venew* to mean a *set-to*, and the latter equally so in asserting that " a *venew* is *not* a *bout*." I. 237.

The solemnity and mock importance of this sage determination is exceeded, if possible, by the following comment upon that momentous declaration of Mr Justice Shallow, ' I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show.'

' The question whether Shallow represented Sir Dagonet at Mile-end-green, or at Clement's-inn,—although it has been maintained on either side with great plausibility, must ever remain undecided; but Mr Malone's acute and ingenious conjecture, that *Arthur's show* was an *exhibition of archery*, and not an *interlude*, will no longer admit of any doubt. The truth of both these positions will appear from the following circumstances,' &c. I. 460, 461.

Among the vast multitude of notes furnished by the commentators on Shakspeare, there are very few that pretend to be of a general, moral, or philosophical nature. Mr Douce, we think, has only

only ventured on two or three; and truly those who read the following will be apt to commend him for his forbearance. The first is a pathetic and sentimental disquisition upon *hanging*,—and runs as follows.

'It seems therefore more probable, that "hang'd an hour" alludes to the *time* usually allotted for torturing the miserable object of the barbarous punishment by suspension, which is justly execrated by Randle Holme as "a dog's death," and always excites in the spectator a strange mixture of ludicrous and shocking sensations. It dishonours the living more than it degrades the criminal. The Turkish bowstring were much less offensive to the feelings of humanity: but the more solemn and decorous infliction of death, if inflicted it must be! would, as in military cases, be the stroke of the bullet, provided such a measure could be adopted without offending the soldier's honour. The preeminent mercy of the English law disdains to augment the horrors of premature dissolution by personal pain and torture; its object is to prevent or diminish the commission of the crime. On this principle, one could wish that, on the close of the usual necessary and consolatory preparation for death, some mode of stupefying the offender were adopted; that no sensation of torture on his part might be felt, nor any other on that of the spectator, than a satisfaction that the sentence of the law had been fulfilled. For this digression no apology can be necessary.' I. 144, 145.

Another is about music and Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens. It is introduced on occasion of the famous passage, ''The man that hath no music in himself,' &c.—and must be given at large, as being nearly the most eloquent and magnanimous of all Mr Douce's performances.

'Had the sentiments in the note on this passage been expressed by Dr Johnson, disorganized as he was for the enjoyment of music, it would not have been matter to wonder at: but that such a man as Mr Steevens, whose ordinary speech was melody, and whose correct and elegant ear for poetical concord is so frequently manifested in the course of his Shakspearean labours, should have shown himself a very Timon in music, can only be accounted for by supposing that he regarded the speech in question as a libel on his great colleague's organization. He has here assumed a task, which Dr Johnson would for obvious reasons have declined; and with the feeble aid of an illiberal passage from Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, has most disingenuously endeavoured to cast an odium on a science which, from its intimate and natural connexion with poetry and painting, deserves the highest attention and respect. He that is happily qualified to appreciate the *better parts* of music, will never seek them in the society so emphatically reprobated by the noble lord, nor altogether in the way he recommends. He will not lend an ear to the vulgarity and tumultuous roar of the tavern catch, or the delusive sounds of martial clangour; but he will enjoy this heavenly gift, this exquisite and soul-delighting sensation, in the temples

ples of his God, or in the peaceful circles of domestic happiness: he will pursue the blessings and advantages of it with ardour, and turn aside from its abuses.

'The quotation which Mr Steevens has given from Peacha[illegible] is in reality an *encomium* on music as practised in the time of [illegible]k-speare. It indicates that gentlemen then associated with their equals only in the pursuit of this innocent recreation; and the same writer would have furnished many other observations that tend to place the science of music in an amiable, or at least in a harmless point of view. Mr Steevens might also have recollected that Cicero has called it—"Stabilem thesaurum, qui *mores* instituit, componitque, ac mollit irarum ardores." It will be readily conceded that Shakspeare has overcharged the speech before us, and that it by no means follows that a man who is unmusical must be a traitor, a Machiavel, a robber; or that he is deserving of no confidence. This, however, is all that should have occupied the commentator's notice; and herein his castigation would have been really meritorious. The Italians, too, have a proverb that is equally reprehensible: "Whom God loves not, that man loves not music." Let such extravagancies be consigned to the censure they deserve!' I. 269—271.

The proportion of notes that are properly explanatory, is extremely small; and, even of these, we think the greater part obviously, and even perversely erroneous. We do not pretend to any extraordinary skill in this work of interpretation; but the elaborate blundering of Mr Douce, we really think, may be made apparent to the most unpractised eye. We take an example almost at random. In the celebrated scene, where Lady Macbeth stimulates her husband to the act of murder, he says,

'If we should fail!'

To which she answers,

'But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.'

Now, we would ask any one of our male or female readers, whether they ever found the least difficulty in this passage; and whether it is not perfectly evident that it means merely, brace up your resolution so firmly as not to be always wavering and slipping back; or, take courage, but to stick to the resolution you have formed. The metaphor, if it really be necessary to analyze it, is evidently taken from a windlass, or any other machine, in which there is a catch at certain distances, to prevent it from running back upon any momentary remission of the force by which it is moved. All this we take to be so plain, that it is irksome and humiliating to be obliged to state it in words. Mr Douce, however, thinks the passage absolutely requires an interpretation; and what is the interpretation which this learned and ingenious person proposeth? Why, it is, that there is *an allusion to stabbing* in the expression; and,

and, in short, that *sticking-place*' means '*stabbing-place!*'—'Lady Macbeth,' we are told, 'after remarking that the enterprize could not fail if her husband would but exert his courage to the commission of the murder, proceeds to suggest *the particular manner* in which it was to be accomplished.' And, in further confirmation of this excellent gloss, we are informed, that 'the Scots have a proverb, Sticking goes not by strength, but by guiding of the gooly!' The matter is finally clenched by this piece of exquisite ratiocination. 'In short, if there be a metaphor, it signifies nothing; for *what would be the use of Macbeth's courage, if it were to remain fast in that sticking-place from which it was not to move?*' From which it would seem, that Mr Francis Douce mistakes a man's *courage* for his *hand;* or holds it to be quite manifest, that no one could possibly commit a murder, if he were to *stick fast* to his resolution of murdering.

The following instance appears to us little less extravagant. Every one knows the opening lines of Richard the Third.

'Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York:
And all the clouds,' &c.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.'

The question, says Mr Douce, is, *who* capers? Now, we do verily believe, that no one but a commentator would ever have made a question upon the subject; and that it admits of no sort of doubt, that it is *War* who capers,—after he has softened his grim visage, and smoothed his wrinkled front. Mr Douce, however, is of opinion, that it is not War, but *York*, who amuses himself in this manner; for which he gives these weighty and convincing reasons—that 'the amorous temper of that monarch is well known'—and 'that it is not easy to conceive *how* grim-visaged War could caper in a lady's chamber!'

We shall add but one more example of this darkening elucidation. Imogen, in maintaining the worthiness of her husband Posthumus against the accusation of her father, says,

———'he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.'

Now, we can scarcely believe that there is any one reader of Shakspeare so dull, as to need an interpreter for this passage; or not to see that she means to say, Posthumus would be an equal match for the most excellent of all women; and in giving himself (the most common of all figures to express marriage) for me,

who

who am worth very little, makes a very bad bargain. If the words taken by themselves admitted of any doubt, it would be removed by another expression in the earlier part of the same scene, where Posthumus, anticipating the princess in this very compliment, says,

' As I *my poor self* did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss,' &c.

With all this before his eyes, however, Mr Douce is pleased to suppose, that the sum paid by Posthumus for his royal bride, was not himself, but the *banishment* to which he was consequently condemned; and that Imogen meant to say to her father, ' The possession of me is much too dearly bought by the *banishment* to which you sentence him. He has almost nothing for so large a price!'

It would be easy to multiply examples of this edifying sort of annotation; but the task is too irksome and degrading to be pursued any further. We take our leave of Mr Douce's infirmities with the following almost incredible instance of ignorance. This learned commentator, finding Puck use the expression, ' Aurora's harbinger,' proceeds immediately to his vocation of citing parallel passages, and gives us the well known lines of Milton's famous song on May morning.

' Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east,' &c.

To which, however, he annexes a note, stating, that ' it has not been recollected to what poet these lines belong!' This comes naturally enough, however, of black letter reading. If a man will stuff his head full of Gammer Gurton and Gabriel Harvey, he will soon find that he has no room for Milton or Virgil.

We should now take notice of what may be found curious or useful in Mr Douce's volumes; and, with that view, would willingly lay before our readers any emendations of the text that appeared to us ingenious or important. Mr Douce, however, has hazarded very little in this way; and the instances are so trifling, and the benefit derived from his corrections so inconsiderable, that they are really scarce worth mentioning. However, as they all seem plausible, we shall insert them. The first is in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Mrs Quickly says to the fat knight,

" There is one Mistress Ford, Sir:—I pray come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

" Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say"——

' Is it not more natural,' says Mr Douce, ' that Falstaff should in this first instance repeat the dame's own words, and say, " Well, one Mistress Ford you say." I. 67.

The next is in Twelfth Night, where the Clown says,

" I am afraid this great *lubber the world* will prove a cockney."

' A typographical corruption seems to have crept into this place from similitude of sound; but a very slight alteration will restore the

the sense. The Clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should therefore read "this great *lubberly word* will prove a cockney," *i. e.* will turn out to be cockney language.' I. 106.

This, we think, is by no means so plausible as the former; both because the turn of the expression is a little strained, and because *vent* cannot well be described as a *great* word, however *lubberly* it may once have appeared. The only other correction that we have noted is in Cymbeline, where Arviragus, lamenting over the body of Imogen, says,

" ——— the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—bring thee all this;
Yea and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none
To *winter-ground* thy corse."

'With respect to *winter-ground;* until some other example of the use of this word be produced, there will be no impropriety in offering a substitute in *winter-green*, that is, "to preserve thy tomb green with moss in the winter season, when there will be no flowers wherewith to deck it." Such a verb might have been suggested to Shakspeare, who often coins in this way, by the plant *winter-green*, the *pyrola.*' II. 107, 108.

Some of the moſt curious and reſpectable parts of the work are thoſe in which the ſtory of a particular play, or ſcene of a play is traced through an incredible ſucceſſion of authors. It is impoſſible indeed to read theſe learned deductions, without ſhuddering at the thankleſs labour with which they muſt have been prepared; but they have all the reſpectability of erudition, and we ſuppoſe of accuracy. As a very ſhort ſpecimen, we annex the account of the ſtory of Meaſure for Meaſure. Mr Douce ſays,

'Three sources whence the plot of this play might have been extracted, have already been mentioned, viz. Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, 4to; his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, 4to; and novel 5. decad. 8. in Cinthio Giraldi. It is probable that the general outline of the story is founded on fact, as it is related, with some variety of circumstance, by several writers, and appears to have been very popular. It has therefore been thought worth while to point out the following works in which it occurs.

'In Lipsii *Monita et exempla politica*, Antverp. 1613, 4to, cap. viii. Charles the bold, duke of Burgundy, causes one of his noblemen to be put to death for offending in the manner that Angelo would have done; but he is first compelled to marry the lady. This story has been copied from Lipsius into Wanley's *Wonders of the little world*, book iii. ch. 29. edit. 1678, folio; and from Wanley into that favourite little chap book Burton's *Unparalleled varieties*, p. 42. See likewise *The spectator*, No. 491. This event was made the subject of a French play by Antoine Maréchal, called *Le jugement équitable de Charles le hardy*, 1646, 4to. Here the offender is called Rodolph

dolph governor of Maestrick, and by theatrical licence turns out to be the duke's own son. Another similar story of Charles's upright judgment may be found in the third volume of Goulart's *Thrésor d'histoires admirables*, 1628, 8vo, p. 373.

'Much about the time when the above events are supposed to have happened, Olivier le Dain, for his wickedness surnamed the Devil, originally the barber and afterwards the favourite of Louis XI. is said to have committed a similar offence, for which he was deservedly hanged. See Godefroy's edition of the *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, Brussels, 1723, 8vo, tom. v. p. 55.

'At the end of Belleforest's translation of Bandello's novels, there are three additional of his own invention. The first of these relates to a captain, who, having seduced the wife of one of his soldiers, under a promise to save the life of her husband, exhibited him soon afterwards *through the window of his apartment* suspended on a gibbet. His commander, the marshal de Brissac, after compelling him to marry the widow, adjudges him to death. The striking similitude of a part of this story to what Mr Hume has related of colonel Kirke will present itself to every reader, and perhaps induce some to think with Mr Ritson, (however they will differ in *his mode* of expressing the sentiment), that Mr Hume's narration is "an impudent and barefaced lie." See *The quip modest*, p. 30. A defence also of Kirke may be seen in the *Monthly magazine*, vol. ii. p. 544. Yet though we may be inclined to adopt this side of the question, it will only serve to diminish, in a single instance, the atrocities of that sanguinary monster.

'In Lupton's *Siquila, Too good to be true*, 1580, 4to, there is a long story of a woman, who, her husband having slain his adversary in a duel, goes to the judge for the purpose of prevailing on him to remit the sentence of the law. He obtains of her, in the first place, a large sum of money, and afterwards the reluctant prostitution of her person, under a solemn promise to save her husband. The rest, as in Belleforest's novel.

'In volume i. of Goulart's *Thrésor d'histoires admirables*, above cited, there are two stories on this subject. The first in p. 300, is of a citizen of Como in Italy, who in 1547 was detained prisoner by a Spanish *captain* on a charge of murder. The wife pleads for him as before, and obtains a promise of favour on the same terms. The husband recommends her compliance, after which the Spaniard beheads him. Complaint is made to the *Duke* of *Ferrara*, who compels the captain to marry the widow, and then orders him to be hanged. The other, in p. 304, is of a provost named *La Vouste*, whose conduct resembles that of the other villain's, with this addition: He says to the woman, "I promised to restore your husband; I have not kept him, here he is." No punishment is inflicted on this fellow.

'The last example to be mentioned on this occasion occurs in Cooke's *Vindication of the professors and profession of the law*, 1646, 4to,

4to, p. 61. During the wars between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, one Raynucio had been imprisoned at Milan for betraying a fort to the French. His wife petitions the governor Don Garcias in his favour, who refuses to listen but on dishonourable terms, which are indignantly rejected. The husband, like Claudio in *Measure for measure*, at first commends the magnanimity of his wife, and submits to his sentence; but when the time for his execution approaches, his courage fails him, and he prevails on his wife to acquiesce in the governor's demands. A sum of ten thousand crowns is likewise extorted from the unhappy woman, and she receives in return the dead body of her husband. The Duke of Ferrara, Hercules of Este, who was general for the Emperor, is informed of the circumstance. He first persuades the governor to marry the lady, and then orders him to be beheaded. p. 152—156.

At p. 107 of the first volume, there is a long and learned account of the ceremony of *betrothing*: and a curious variety of *pillories*, at p. 146. The following particulars as to the servants and retainers of antient times, appear to us to be more interesting.

'The practice of giving liveries to menial servants has not originated in modern times. It is mentioned in some of the statutes made in the reign of Richard the Second. In that of Edward the Fourth the terms *livery* and *badge* appear to have been synonymous, the former having no doubt been borrowed from the French language, and signifying a thing *delivered*. The badge consisted of the master's device, crest, or arms, on a separate piece of cloth, or sometimes silver, in the form of a shield, fastened to the left sleeve. Greene, in his *Quip for an upstart courtier*, speaking of some servingmen, says "their cognizance, as I remember, was a peacocke without a tayle." In queen Elizabeth's time the nobility gave silver badges, as appears from Hentzner's *Travels*, p. 156, edit. Norimb. 1612, 4to. "Angli magnifici domi forisque magna assectantium famulorum agmini secum trahunt, quibus in *sinistro brachio scuta ex argento facta* appendunt." But this foolish extravagance was not limited to persons of high rank. Fynes Moryson, speaking of the English apparel, informs us that "the servants of *gentlemen* were wont to weare *blew coates*, with their masters badge of silver on the left sleeve, but now they most commonly weare clokes garded with lace, all the servants of one family wearing the same liverie for colour and ornament:" we are therefore to suppose that the sleeve badge was left off in the reign of James I. Yet the badge was at one time so general an accompaniment to a blue coat, that when any thing wanted its usual appendage, it was *proverbially* said to be *like a blue coat without a badge*.

'The custom of clothing persons in liveries and badges was not confined to menial servants. Another class of men called *retainers*, who appear to have been of no small importance among our ancestors, were habited in a similar manner. They were a sort of servants,

vants, not residing in the master's house like other menial domestics, but attending occasionally for the purpose of ostentation, and *retained* by the annual donation of a livery consisting of a hat or hood, a badge, and a suit of clothes. As they were frequently kept for the purpose of maintaining quarrels and committing other excesses, it became necessary to impose heavy penalties on the offenders, both masters and retainers. In process of time they were licensed. Strype complains of the too great indulgence of queen Mary in this respect. "She granted," says he, "more by half in her short five years than her sister and successor in thirteen. For in all that time there were but fifteen licenses of retainer granted; whereas queen Mary had granted nine-and-thirty. She was more liberal also in yielding the number of retainers to each person, which sometimes *amounted to two hundred*; whereas queen Elizabeth never yielded above *an hundred* to any person of the greatest quality, and that rarely too. But Bishop Gardiner began that ill example, who retained two hundred men; whereas under queen Elizabeth the duke of Norfolk retained but an hundred; and Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, but forty." He has added a list of the persons to whom Mary granted licenses and the number of persons retained. *Eccl. memorials*, iii. 479.

'Nor did these retainers always consist of men of low condition. The entertaining author of a book entitled *A health to the gentlemanly profession of serving men, or the serving man's comfort*, 1598, 4to, (to whom these notes have occasionally been indebted, and who with good reason is supposed to have been Jervis Markham), has certainly alluded to them in the following curious passage, wherein he is consoling the objects of his labour. "Amongst what sort of people should then this serving man be sought for? Even the dukes sonne preferred page to the prince, the earles seconde sonne attendant upon the duke, the knights seconde sonne the earles servant, the esquires sonne *to weare the knightes lyverie*, and the gentlemans sonne the esquiers serving man: Yea I know at this day, gentlemen younger brothers, *that weares their elder brothers blew coate and badge*, attending him with as reverend regard and duetifull obedience, as if he were their prince or soveraigne." l. 934—937.

Some readers may be gratified by perusing the following observations on the introduction of the word 'Majesty,' as a title of royalty.

'Dr Johnson remarks, that "*majesty* was not the settled title till the time of King James the First." In a note to vol. i. p. 97, of the lives of *Leland, Hearne, and Wood*, it is said that our kings had not the title of *majesty* in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and another note in Dr Warburton's edition of the Dunciad, b. iv. l. 176, states that James was the first who assumed the title of *sacred majesty*; all which information is unsupported by authority.

'On the other hand, Camden more correctly says, that "*majesty*

came hither in the time of King Henry the Eighth, as *sacred majesty* lately in our memory." *Remains concerning Britain*, p. 198, edit. 1674, 8vo. Selden, referring to this passage, wishes it to be understood so far as it relates to the title being "commonly in use and properly to the king applied," because he adduces an instance of the use of *majesty* so early as the reign of Henry the Second. In a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Edward the Sixth, she signs "Your *majesties* humble sister," and addresses it "To the kinges *most excellent majestie*," Harl. MS. No. 6986. In the same volume is a most extraordinary letter in Italian to Elizabeth, beginning, "Serenissima et *sacratissima majesta*," which shows that Camden, who wrote what he says above early in 1603, must rather refer to Elizabeth than James the First.

The use of *majesty* is ascribed by the learned authors of the *Nouveau traité de diplomatique* to Gondemar king of the Visigoths, and to the kings of Lorraine in the seventh century; but in France it is not traceable before the year 1360, about which time Raoul de Presle, in the dedication to his translation of Saint Augustin *De civitate Dei*, thus addresses Charles the Fifth, "Si supplie à vostre *royalle majesté*." It was, however, but sparingly used till the reign of Louis XI. In the treaty of Cressy the emperor Charles V. is called *imperial majesty*, and Francis I. *royal majesty*. In that of Château Cambresis, Henry II. is entitled *most christian majesty*, and Philip II. *catholic majesty*. Pasquier has some very curious remarks in reprobation of the use of *majesty*. See *Recherches de la France* liv. viii. ch. 5.

'Both Camden and Selden agree that the title of *Grace* began about the time of Henry the Fourth, and of *excellent Grace* under Henry the Sixth.' II. 12, 13.

Mr Douce affords us several instances of ingenious etymology. The following of the word *apron*, appears to us meritorious.

'Minsheu and others conceived that this word was derived from *afore one*, an etymology that perfectly accords with the burlesque manner of Dean Swift. It has been also deduced from the Greek words προ and περι; the Latin *porro* and *operio*, &c. &c. Skinner, with more plausibility, has suggested the Saxon *aforan*. After all, *an apron* is no more than a corruption of *a napron*, the old and genuine orthography. Thus, in *The mery adventure of the pardonere and tapstere*.

"——————and therwith to wepe
She made, and with her *napron* feir and white ywash
She wypid soft hir eyen for teris that she outlash
As grete as any mylstone—" *Urrys Chaucer*, p. 594.

'We have borrowed the word from the old French *naperon*, a large cloth. See Carpentier *Suppl. ad Cangium*, v. *Naperii*. So *napkin*, which has perplexed our dictionary-makers, is only a *little* cloth, from *nappe*.' II. 7, 8.

The derivation of *cockney*, is more elaborate and less satisfactory.

Mr

Mr Douce is of opinion that this appellative has had more origins than one. The leading one he describes as follows.

'There is hardly a doubt that it originates in an Utopian region of indolence and luxury, formerly denominated the country of *cocaigne*,* which, as some have thought, was intimately connected with the art of *cookery*; whilst others, with equal plausibility, relate that the little pellets of woad, a commodity in which Languedoc was remarkably fertile, being called by the above name, the province itself acquired the appellation of the kingdom of *Cocaigne*, or of plenty, where the inhabitants lived in the utmost happiness, and exempt from every sort of care and anxiety. Hence the name came to be applied to any rich country. Boileau calls Paris *un pays de cocagne*. The French have likewise some theatrical pieces under this title. The Italians have many allusions to it; and there is said to be a small district between Rome and Loretto so called from its cheapness and fertility. With us the lines cited by Camden in his *Britannia*, vol. i. col. 451.

" Were I in my castle of Bungey
Upon the river of Waveney
I would ne care for the king of *Cockeney*, "

whencesoever they come, indicate that London was formerly known by this satirical name; *and hence a Londoner came to be called a cockney*. The French have an equivalent word, *coqueliner*, to pamper, cherish, or dandle, whence our *cocker*.

'From the above circumstances, it is probable that a cockney became at length a term of contempt; one of the earliest proofs of which is Chaucer's use of it in the *Reve's tale*, v. 4206: " I shall be halden a daffe or a *cokenay*." In the *Promptuarium parvulorum*, 1516, 4to, it is explained to be a term of derision. In Shakspeare's time it signified a child tenderly brought up, a dearling, a wanton. See Barret's *Alvearie*; and a little before it had been used in a bad sense, from an obvious corruption. See Hulæt's *Abcedarium*, 1552, folio. In this place too, Mr Steevens's quotations from Meres and Deckar might be introduced.' II. p. 151–153.

There is an elaborate dissertation on the word *Wassel*, of which we can only afford to give the introduction.

'There cannot be the smallest doubt,' says Mr Douce, 'that the term itself is to be sought for in the well-known story of Vortigern and Rowena, or Ronix, the daughter of Hengist; the earliest authority for which is that of Walter Calenius, who supplied the materials

'* This country has been humourously described by an old French fablier, from whose work an extract may be found in Mons. Legrand's entertaining collection of *Fabliaux*, tom. i. p. 251; and which verifies Mr Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that the old English poem first published by Hickes, *G. A. Sax.* p. 231, was a translation from the French. See *Cant. tales*, vol. iv. p. 254.'

terials for Geoffrey of Monmouth's history. He relates, that on Vortigern's first interview with the lady, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said to him, "Lord king, *wacht heil,*" or, in purer Saxon, *wæs hæl;* literally, be health, or health be to you! As the king was unacquainted with the Saxon language, he inquired the meaning of these words; and being told that they wished him health, and that he should answer them by saying *drinc heil,* he did so, and commanded Rowena to drink. Then, taking the cup from her hand, he kissed the damsel and pledged her. The historian adds, that from that time to his own the custom remained in Britain, that whoever drank to another at a feast said *wacht heil,* and he that immediately after received the cup answered *drinc heil.*' II. 206, 207.

Beſides the illuſtrations of Shakſpeare, which conſtitute about two thirds of the work before us, Mr Douce has favoured his readers with four ſeparate eſſays, one upon the *Anachronisms* of Shakſpeare; another on the *Fools* and *Clowns* of the antient drama; a third on the *Gesta Romanorum;* and the laſt on the *Morris-dancers.*

The firſt does not pretend to originality, and is amuſing and ſatisfactory. In ſpeaking, however, of the negligence of national coſtume which exiſted on our ſtage even after the days of Garrick, Mr Douce has fallen into the common error of attributing to Mr Kemble the reformation of this folly. The fact is, that a great part of this reformation was effected by Macklin, long before Mr Kemble flouriſhed: it was Macklin, in particular, who firſt dreſſed the tragedy of Macbeth in the Scotiſh coſtume; and even Mr Kemble himſelf has played Hamlet in a coat and waiſtcoat.

Not the leaſt intereſting part of the volumes before us, is the 'Diſſertation on the Clowns and Fools.' 'It originated,' ſays the author, 'from the opinion of a late eminent critic and antiquary (Mr Ritſon), that the ſubject was deſerving of particular conſideration.' Between the clowns and the fools of our old dramas Mr Douce makes the wideſt diſtinction, branching each out into the following varieties. 'I. The general domeſtic *fool;* who was, 1. A mere natural, or idiot; 2. Silly by nature, yet cunning and ſarcaſtical; 3. Artificial;—all occaſional ſervants. II. The *clown,* who was, 1. A mere country booby; 2. A witty ruſtic; 3. Any ſervant of a ſhrewd and witty diſpoſition, and who, like a ſimilar character in our modern plays, was made to treat his maſter with great familiarity in order to produce ſtage effect.' Mr Douce has enumerated ſeven other ſpecies of this very various animal; but the above are all that are to be found in Shakſpeare's menagerie. Their dreſſes are then deſcribed and illuſtrated with much reſearch, and afford a valuable *Magasin des Modes* for our theatrical wardrobes. Speaking of the prevailing colour

colour of yellow in the fool's dress, Mr Douce observes, that 'a manuscript note in the time of the Commonwealth, states yellow to have been the fool's colour.' If we are not very much mistaken, it is proverbially so called to this day.

The next branch of Mr Douce's work is a very elaborate dissertation on the monkish collection of Latin tales, called the *Gesta Romanorum*, to which Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice is so largely indebted, and from which Chaucer, Boccacio, and a long list of minor novelists, have so liberally copied. This work has always been considered of the greatest importance in the history of fiction. It has engaged the pens of Dr Farmer and Mr Tyrwhitt; and from Mr Warton it had before the honour of a separate dissertation. Mr Douce, however, seems now to have collected all the learning on the subject; and the result of his labours is the discovery of *two* works, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*; the first, the original production of Bercheur, which is that treated of by Mr Warton, and 'of which,' according to Mr Douce, 'no MS. has been yet described;' and the second, an imitation of the first by an Englishman, of which there exist several MSS. in different English cathedrals and private collections, but of which there never was a complete copy printed. Mr Douce's reasons for thinking that there are two different works called *Gesta Romanorum*, are, the great variations that exist between the printed copies of what he calls 'the original *Gesta*,' and the MS. ones of what he terms 'the English *Gesta*;' the latter possessing no less than forty stories out of one hundred and two that are not in the former; that no MS. of the English *Gesta* exists in any of the Continental libraries; and that it contains English verses, English proper names, and English idioms. The additional stories of this *Gesta* are then analyzed by Mr Douce, in the same manner as Mr Warton has analyzed the stories of the original *Gesta*; and the dissertation is completed by accounts of the printed copies of one *Gesta*, of the MSS. of the other, and of the translations of both.

Mr Douce's last dissertation is on the antient English Morris-Dance,—an amusement of which he has described the origin, progress and disuse, with his usual learning and minuteness. The principal novelty he has brought forward, in elucidation of this once popular amusement, is 'a copy from an exceedingly scarce engraving on copper, by Israel Von Mecheln or Meckenen, so named from the place of his nativity, a German village on the confines of Flanders.'—'The design,' Mr Douce adds, 'seems to have been intended as a pattern for goldsmiths' work, probably for a cup or tankard. The artist, in a fancy representation

of foliage, has introduced several figures belonging to a Flemish May-game morris, consisting of the lady of the May, the fool, the piper, two morris-dancers with bells and streamers, and four other dancing characters, for which appropriate names will not easily be found. The similitude between some of the figures in this print, and others in Mr Tollett's window, is very striking, and shows that the period of execution, as to both, was nearly the same.' II. 446-7.

Mr Douce then proceeds to describe and illustrate all the *dramatis personæ* of these facetious performances,—Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Piper, the Hobby-horse, the Dragon, and the Morris-Dancers. Almost the whole of this merry group has vanished long ago. Dancers indeed are mentioned by Mr Ritson as existing in 1782 in Norfolk and Lancashire; and 'a very few years since,' adds Mr Douce, 'a company of this kind was seen at Usk in Monmouthshire, which was attended by a boy-Maid-Marian, a hobby-horse, and a fool.' The writer of this article recollects to have seen a Morris-dance at Brighton as lately as the year 1789; and he is informed that morris-dancers and their fool are yet annually seen in Gloucestershire about Whitsuntide. It may be added, in illustration of this momentous subject, that at Norwich, the figure of a large dragon, designated Snap, is still preserved in the town-hall; whence he annually issues to join the Mayor's procession on the guild-day.

There are undoubtedly many little items of information in these volumes; but they have in general no pretension to the title of Illustrations of Shakspeare, nor any right to the popularity which such a title may procure for them. With reference to Shakspeare, they are an overwhelming and confounding mass of heavy, trifling, and bewildering interpretation; and, considered as detailed notices of antient books, manners and language, no arrangement could be more preposterous than that of the acts and scenes of Shakspeare's plays. Upon the whole, we remain confirmed in our opinion that the commentators are 'a feeble folk;' and that they have no business to make their houses in the rocks which support the everlasting monument of Shakspeare.

ART. XIII. *Propositions for amending the Constitution of the United States of America, submitted by Mr Hillhouse to the Senate of the United States, on the 12th Day of April* 1808, *with his explanatory Remarks.* 12mo. pp. 60. Washington and New York, 1808.

THIS is one of the works which marks, in a striking manner, the difference between a new and an established government. Mr Hillhouse, a sober-minded and experienced senator, representing the most sagacious and least revolutionary state in the Union (Connecticut), comes forward with a series of propositions for new-modelling the general government, and changing the functions both of the executive, and of the higher branch of the legislature; and those propositions are deliberately canvassed, and ordered to be printed, by authority of the Senate, for the general information of the country. Such discussions would be regarded on this side of the Atlantic as the immediate precursors of a radical revolution; while, in America, they are universally considered, not only as perfectly innocent, but as laudable and salutary. The contemplation of these things may teach us some lessons; and at a time when the foreign relations of these rising communities excite so general an interest in Europe, we think it our duty to lay before our readers whatever may tend to throw light on their internal condition. With this view, we shall present them with a slight analysis of the little pamphlet before us, premising a short account of the constitution which it is intended to reform.

At the close of that unfortunate contest, which terminated in the independence of the British colonies, the first object that engaged the attention of the citizens of the newly created empire, was the government they were in future to live under. The body, under whose auspices the war had been conducted, was nothing more than an assembly denominated the Congress, composed of delegates from the several states, who, without pretending to any authority over the individual citizens, or even over the states in their collective capacity, issued *recommendations* to the different legislatures, which, being the suggestions of wisdom and patriotism, and given at a period of alarm and danger, were in most instances implicitly obeyed. The functions of this government, however, naturally ceased with the conjuncture which gave it birth. On the return of peace, its recommendations were disregarded; and it was soon discovered, that if the union of the states was to be preserved, a more efficacious government was indispensably necessary.

In the organization of the *state governments*, no great difficulty was experienced. Under the old *regime*, the greater part of the colonies had been governed by a House of Assembly chosen by the people, together with a Governor and Council appointed by the King. The only alteration, therefore, that was required by the revolution, was to transfer to the people that portion of authority which had hitherto been exercised by the Sovereign. In addition to the House of Assembly which they had always chosen, they elected, in most of the states, a council, under the name of a Senate, and an executive, denominated the Governor; and with these alterations the state governments resumed their functions.

The establishment of a national government, however, was obviously a much more arduous undertaking. Their separation from the mother country having deprived the States of the common prop on which they had hitherto rested, they were naturally led to lean towards each other; but not having, as in the case of the state governments, any model to direct them, it became a matter of much uncertainty how the connexion of the states was in future to be maintained. The state governments were buildings already erected, which, in consequence of the revolution, merely changed their inhabitants; but the fabric of the national government was to be built from the foundation, on a plan which was yet to be devised and considered. Some common government seemed necessary to the welfare of the Union; but how this government was to be constructed,—how far its powers were to encroach on the separate sovereignty of the states, and to what objects these powers were to be directed,—were all matters of very nice and difficult arrangement. The opinions of the citizens of the United States, on this momentous subject, were as various as might be expected from the variety of interests, of prejudices and passions, which must necessarily exist in such a community. Some called in question even the necessity of union; others, admitting the necessity of a common government, maintained that this government ought to be purely federal, and in no respect national; that is to say, that its ordinances should be binding only on the state legislatures, and not on the citizens individually considered. A third party asserted the expediency of a government exercising authority over the whole mass of the population. With respect to the nature and constitution of the organs, by which the powers of the general government were to be discharged, the difference of sentiment was equally great. In order to reconcile their discordant opinions, and obtain some form of government, without which it was apparent that the United States, as a nation, could no longer exist, a convention was held at Philadelphia

ladelphia in the year 1787, composed of the most illustrious citizens of the Union, and dignified with the presence of Washington and Franklin. After having deliberated for several months, this august assembly at length produced the Constitution which was soon afterwards adopted; and under which the United States have, for twenty years, been advancing to power and opulence, with a rapidity unexampled in history.

The best account of this constitution, is to be found in a publication called the *Federalist*, written principally by the late General Hamilton;—a work little known in Europe, but which exhibits an extent and precision of information, a profundity of research, and an acuteness of understanding, which would have done honour to the most illustrious statesmen of antient or modern times.

The defects which, on a view of this constitution, immediately strike us as inherent in its composition,—are weakness and instability. It has the appearance indeed, rather of an experiment in politics, than of a steady permanent government; and in this view, as we gather from the speech made by Franklin, previous to giving his vote for its adoption, it was regarded by the most distinguished members of the convention, with which it originated. We have particular access indeed to know, that General Hamilton, who assisted in its formation, and who was regarded as the most enlightened man in the country, was used to express his conviction, that it had not within it the means of self-preservation. Its framers themselves, therefore, were far from maintaining its excellence. Like Solon of old, they offered it to their countrymen only as the best which their peculiar circumstances would admit of.

The establishment of a more stable government was rendered peculiarly difficult, by the immense rapidity with which the United States were advancing. A country in which every thing is varying and increasing, cannot well have a permanent government. The insular situation of Great Britain, seems to be a principal cause of the peculiar steadiness of the government under which we live. The bounds of our country are defined by nature; the population, though increasing, advances so slowly, as to produce no sensible impression on the machine of government; and, when it arrives at a certain pitch, is relieved by emigration, by war, and the other evils incident to an old country. The territory of the United States, when compared with that of the most conspicuous nations of Europe, deserves almost the epithet of boundless. At the time when the constitution was framed, this immense region contained only between three and four millions of souls. Its constitution, therefore, was

adapted

adapted to a thin and scattered population; but it could not escape the penetration of its founders, that a government, which was suitable to the weakness of infancy, might be very ill adapted to the vigour of manhood.

Besides the smallness of the population in proportion to the extent of the territory, there were other circumstances in the situation of the United States which naturally suggested the idea of a republican, and even a democratical government. The population of the United States was of a peculiar description. Every man, possessing a certain share of property, had an interest in the general welfare. The agricultural interest greatly predominated. The greater part of the inhabitants of the United States cultivated their own farms, and were distinguished by those habits of industry, morality, and intellectral acuteness, which are the natural result of that situation. There was no *mob*, in short,—no dissolute and servile populace in the country. When a considerable number of this class exists in any community, it may be pronounced unfit for a republican government. It must not at the same time be overlooked, that the distance of America from Europe, and the absence of any formidable enemy on the frontier, favoured the introduction of a republican government. Had any formidable neighbour rendered it necessary for the United States to maintain a considerable standing army, or to engage in frequent hostilities, we may pronounce, with certainty, that their present form of government could not have subsisted. The slender tie which holds them together would burst at once in the tumult of war. But, placed at a distance from the great theatre of contention and bloodshed,—devoting themselves to the arts of peace, and studiously avoiding all occasions of hostility, they have hitherto prospered under a republican government; while the violent political contentions incident to such a constitution have supplied, in some measure, that agitation which in Europe is excited by war, and without which it seems impossible for any collection of men to maintain their vigour and activity.

In governments, as in every human institution, there is always found a mixture of good and evil. The most despotic have their benefits,—the most free their disadvantages. The great recommendation of a republican government, as applied to the United States, is, that it affords full scope to the growing energies of the nation, imposing on them no greater burdens or restrictions than are essential to their complete development. But this advantage is purchased at the expense of an evil, which must exist in a greater or less degree in every free government, and has already risen to a most disagreeable, and even alarming height in the United States. The evil we allude to is—party spirit,

rit. It being essential to a republican government, that the supreme rulers of the country should derive their power immediately from the people, and be chosen by them, these elections are naturally productive of very violent contests and furious animosities among the friends of the different candidates. It must always be kept in mind, that, in the United States, not only the legislative assemblies, but the Chief Magistrate, is chosen by a general election, held every four years throughout the Union. Such an election, in almost any country of Europe, would be the signal for civil war; and although no such effect has hitherto resulted from it in America, because the country is thinly peopled,—because there is no standing army,—and because the office of Chief Magistrate is, comparatively speaking, of trifling importance; yet, in proportion as the country advances, these circumstances must be changed; and the United States will then be exposed to that multiplicity of evils which the periodical election of a chief ruler in an extensive country is calculated to produce. Already, according to Mr Hillhouse, these evils are serious and alarming.

'Of the impropriety,' he asks, 'and impolicy of the present mode of electing a President, can there be stronger proof,—can there be more convincing evidence, than is now exhibiting in the United States?' In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we behold the people arranging themselves under the banners of different candidates, for the purpose of commencing the electioneering campaign for the next President and Vice-President. All the passions and feelings of the human heart are brought into the most active operation. The *electioneering* spirit finds its way to every *fireside*,—pervades our domestic circles, and threatens to destroy the enjoyment of social harmony. The seeds of *discord* will be sown in families, among friends, and throughout the whole community. In saying this, I do not mean any thing to the disadvantage of either of the candidates. They may have no agency in the business. They may be the involuntary objects of such competition, without the power of directing or controuling the storm. The fault is in the mode of election,—in setting *the people* to choose *a King*. In fact, a popular election, and the exercise of such powers and prerogatives as are by the constitution vested in the President, are incompatible. The evil is increasing, and will increase, until it shall terminate in civil war and despotism. The people, suffering under the scourge of party-feuds and factions, and finding no refuge under the state, any more than in the general government, from party persecution and oppression, may become impatient, and submit to the first *tyrant* who can protect them against the *thousand tyrants*.'

To suggest a remedy for this great and growing evil, is the leading object of the Propositions before us.

'It can be remedied,' Mr Hillhouse observes, 'only in two ways:

ways. Either the office of President must be stripped of its high prerogatives and powers, or some other mode of appointing a President must be devised than that of popular election.'

He is of opinion that both of these means ought to be employed. He proposes to reduce the President's terms of service from four years to one,—to reduce his salary from 25,000 to 15,000 dollars per annum,—to transfer from him to the legislature the power of appointing to and removing from office; and, as to the mode of appointing the chief magistrate, he intends that he shall be annually chosen *by lot* from a certain number of the Senate. Mr Hillhouse intends likewise, that the House of Representatives, instead of serving, as at present, for two years, shall henceforth serve only for one; and that the term of service of the Senate shall also be reduced from six to three years.

If this mode of appointing a President shall be adopted, Mr Hillhouse flatters himself that the following advantages will result from it.

'1st, It will make the Senate more respectable.

'2d, It is prompt and certain.

'3d, It will avoid the evils of a disputed election, which is now unprovided for in the constitution.

'4th, It will exclude intrigue and cabal.

'5th, It gives talents and modest merit an equal chance.

'6th, It is economical.

'7th, It gives to the people a President of the United States, and not the chief of a party.

'8th, It removes temptation to use power, otherwise than for the *public good.*

'9th, It will annihilate a *general* party pervading the whole United States.

'10th, It will remove a direct, powerful, and dangerous influence of the general government on the individual states.

'11th, It will prevent the influence of a presidential election on our *domestic concerns* and *foreign relations.*

'12th, And it will secure the United States against the usurpation of power, and every attempt, through fear, interest, or corruption, to sacrifice their interest, honour, or independence; for one year is too short a time in which to contrive and execute any extensive and dangerous plan of unprincipled ambition; and the same person cannot be President during two successive years.'

Mr Hillhouse therefore expects, that when amended in the manner proposed by him, the United States would enjoy the respective advantages of elective and hereditary governments, combining the freedom of the one with the tranquillity of the other. We should now consider how far his expectations are likely to be fulfilled.

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The amendment regarding the President, consists, as we have already stated, of two parts, namely, making the office itself less the object of ambition, and appointing to it *by lot*, instead of election. By the latter arrangement, there can be no doubt that the Senate would be made more respectable; because each state, in electing its quota of Senators, two in number, would consider itself as nominating, at the same time, two candidates for the Presidency. It would likewise avoid the evils of a disputed presidential election. But is it not obvious that it would add nearly as much turbulence to the senatorial, as it took from the presidential elections? That quantity of popular agitation, corruption, and intrigue, which used to be called forth at every election of a President, would not by this means be annihilated. It would be merely transferred to the election of Senators; with this difference, that, under the present system, it occurs only once in four years, and, according to Mr Hillhouse's scheme, the nation would be disturbed with it every three years. As to the fourth advantage, the destruction of cabal and intrigue,—it is by no means certain that fraud and collusion would not be employed even at the drawing of the great lottery. Neither would it give to the people a President of the United States, instead of the chief of a party. Every nation, which in any considerable degree governs itself, must be divided into parties; every assembly, chosen by such a nation, must be divided into corresponding parties; every senator, therefore, must belong to one party or another; and, whether chosen by lot or by election, the President of the United States would infallibly be the leader of the party with which he had previously been accustomed to act.

But, supposing that all the advantages enumerated by Mr Hillhouse did result from the appointment of the President by lot; it appears to us, that there would necessarily arise, from the privation of the powers and prerogatives he at present exercises, evils more than sufficient to counterbalance all the benefits that would attend them. The most fatal consequences are to be apprehended from breaking down the barriers at present interposed between the *executive* and the *legislature* of the United States. It is among the most certain maxims of political philosophy, that the independence of the executive is no less essential to freedom than that of the legislature itself. Any scheme, therefore, which would at once invest the legislature with executive authority, may well be regarded with suspicion. It is as dangerous to permit a body of men to execute laws, as to allow a single man to enact them. The power of appointing to, and removing from office, is unquestionably an appendage of the executive government; and cannot be taken from the President of the United States, without depriving

priving him of the weight and dignity which are indispensable to the vigorous and effectual discharge of his important office. It is certain, too, that, if no fit depositary of this executive power is provided by the constitution, some one will establish itself in spite of the constitution; and this will be the turbulent leader of a legislative body, who, under pretence of promoting the interests of his fellow citizens, will contrive to become their master. By electing the President out of the Senate, especially if, as Mr Hillhouse imagines, this body, in consequence of serving for a shorter time, would consist, in general, of the same members, his constitutional independence would be still further impaired, and his interests identified with those of the Senate. In a word, it seems evident, that if the people of the United States were desirous of making such alterations on their constitution, as should be likely to convert it into an oligarchy, and at no distant period into a despotism, they could not adopt a better plan than that proposed by Mr Hillhouse.

For our own part, we will confess, that, in speculating on the future fortunes of the American republic, it is not to the dissensions excited by the election of the President, but to the disproportionate strength and efficacy of its separate state governments, that we should be disposed to look with the greatest apprehension. The constitution of America is a sort of compromise between a confederation of independent nations, and a simple republican government; and, like all other compromises, involves both absurdities and inconveniences. It was merely the accidental circumstance of having been formerly governed as separate colonies, that suggested to this people the idea of a federal union; for nothing surely could be more preposterous, than for three millions of men to divide themselves into thirteen nations. When we speak of America, therefore, as one country, and reason about its greatness or stability, we think only of its general government, and drop all consideration of its separate state legislatures. Now, the greatest hazard by far to which this national government—and with it the national greatness and prosperity—is exposed, arises, in our apprehension, from the existence and the powers of those subordinate constitutions. They not only exhibit the old absurdity of a wheel within a wheel; but evidently hold out facilities to the dismemberment and dissolution of the general government. When a measure, indispensable to the *general* welfare, happens to be disadvantageous to the inhabitants of a particular district, they will be discontented and querulous, in all cases, we may depend on it, in spite of patriotism and public spirit. But if they are merely individual citizens of one great community, their discontent will not go beyond murmurs and clamours,

mours, and will not affect the ſtability of the government. When every diſtrict, however, is organized like a ſeparate nation, and exerciſes legiſlative and ſovereign authority over its own population, it is eaſy to ſee how formidable its local diſcontents may become, and how readily a partial intereſt may lead it to throw off its allegiance to the general government. They are each ready to ſet up for themſelves; and they know very well, that the general government has no power to compel them to adhere to it longer than they conceive it to be for their advantage. Inſtead of making new regulations as to the office and election of the Preſident, therefore, we do think it would be better worth while for the American reformers to think of gradually diſſolving their ſtate governments, and really incorporating themſelves into one people and one name. Inſtead of electing ſo many members to Congreſs for each ſtate, let them elect ſo many for every hundred thouſand male adults; and, inſtead of having half their laws made in one place, and half in another, let them truſt the whole manufacture to the maſter-workmen of the country.

While they remain at peace, however, and continue to proſper, their present government will answer well enough. The truth is, that in such a situation, they scarcely require any government at all; and their political arrangements are rather matters of speculation to the ambitious, than the concernment of the truly patriotic. But war would give a tremendous shock to all these arrangements; nor do we see indeed how they could maintain any considerable army without the adoption of a different system of government. The very high wages of labour would make the expense of their establishment far greater than in any other country in the world; and their antipathy to all sorts of taxes, would make it far more difficult to defray that expense. The government would become unpopular on occasion of the slightest disaster. Party spirit and local interests would easily graduate into rebellion; and the whole frame of the constitution, it appears to us, would be in danger of falling to pieces.

With the spirit and intelligence, and the long habit and practice of liberty which exists in America, we do not exactly apprehend that they will ever fall into a state of political servitude. But we do think, that they are still destined to undergo something of the nature of a revolution; and are very far from considering their present constitution as that pattern of perfection which they are sometimes disposed to represent it. It arose, like other imperfect systems of government, out of great and pressing emergencies; and was dictated, in a great degree, by circumstances which may be considered as accidental. The publication before us shows what opinion is entertained of it among its own states-

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men and legislators; and we are inclined to think, that those who attentively consider the subject, will be convinced that Mr Hillhouse has succeeded better in exposing the evil, than in devising the remedy; and that there are evils of a greater magnitude than those which he has specified.

ART. XIV. *The History of Greece.* By William Mitford, Esq. Vol. IV. 4to. Cadell & Davies, London. 1808.

CONSIDERATIONS with respect, not only to the whole series of antiquities that if the which it comprises, but also to any very prominent such alteration that series, Mr Mitford's history is the best that has [illegible] it into an [illegible] the days of Xenophon. By calling it the best, [illegible]ism, they could [illegible] the strongest in that quality, which is the [illegible] Hillhouse. [illegible] or rather the four cardinal virtues in one, of his [illegible] [illegible]ion,—*trustworthiness.* Such praise, it will instantly occur to the reader, is seldom bestowed where it is best due, without a credit-account of censure being opened at the same time; and, in fact, it is our purpose to conform to this general practice. The work before us, indeed, is one which will bear to be commended with discrimination; and its excellences, if faithfully displayed, may sustain such a contrast of shadow, as would perfectly extinguish the farthing brightness of those *novels founded on fact,* commonly called histories.

The volume that has just been published, continues the history of Greece, in which is included that of Sicily, to the battle of Chæronea; and might not unfairly be termed,—The Acts of Dionysius of Syracuse, and of Philip of Macedon. The originality of its contents the reader will appretiate, when he is told, that the two characters just mentioned,—proverbial as they have been in all ages, the one for atrocious oppression, the other for unprincipled ambition,—are here classed among the most exalted and unexceptionable of those whose commanding virtues have exposed them to the martyrdom of misrepresentation. The indisputable qualifications of Mr Mitford for patient, and, at the same time, bold research, entitle his representations on these subjects to be fairly examined; while the strangeness and novelty of those representations must expose them to somewhat more than suspicion, till they shall have been established by proof.

In characterizing our author's historical powers, it is quite impossible to separate that part of his work, which now first appears, from those which have so long been in possession of the public favour. All that we can attempt is, to shape our general

ral reflections on Grecian story in such a manner, as to bear on the events which accompanied the establishment of the Macedonian ascendancy over the commonwealth of the Hellenic States. The opportunity, however, of bestowing on this interesting period a full attention, must be purchased, we regret to say, by some sacrifice of that portion of Mr Mitford's volume which relates to the Sicilian empire of Dionysius. Indeed, Dionysius and Philip together, are too much for one article; and unquestionably, of the two, the actions of the former mingle themselves far less with the main current of the political and warlike annals of Greece, while, at the same time they are, in every view, infinitely less important.

In the judgment of reason, the *matter* of a book is perhaps before it, *manner*; but this judgment has been reversed by the consent of all ages,—'neither gods, nor men, nor columns,' allowing that what is not well written has any title to be well read, or indeed to be read at all. Of the history before us, no critic will deny, that its general cast bespeaks the ability of the writer; that he correctly holds the medium between the heavy philosopher and the mere gazetteer,—between looking back and going on; that his arrangement is always properly, sometimes delicately, exact; that his episodes have all the character of being appendages, and yet not excrescences—visitors, and yet not foreigners; that though always copious, he never loses himself in his own copiousness; that, in short, the impression conveyed by the narrative is a strong sense of its clearness, fulness, comprehensiveness, and variety. Yet the world is never satisfied with any gifts or endowments that are accompanied by affectation; and of this quality, Mr Mitford is charged with having two sorts. He writes in an affected style; and he is eaten up with the affectation of spelling better than any of his neighbours.

These faults, however, belong exclusively to the exterior of this work; and, with so much of solid content before us, it would be wrong to detain the reader on a mere measurement of its superficial extent, or an examination of its colour. In proceeding, before we address ourselves to grapple with any part of Mr Mitford's matter, we shall offer one word on the sort of authority to which he has resorted for it.

In this particular, we ascribe to our author uncommon merit. We do not allude merely to his management of those materials of intelligence which he has collected,—to his skill in winding out a train of events through obscurity and uncertainty,—or to his dexterity in systematizing loose hints caught from a variety of quarters. All this he has, in a considerable degree; but we

mean rather to commend the judgment which he has discovered in his steady pursuit, and, on all occasions, resolute preference, of contemporary authorities. This is one great distinction between this author and most of his predecessors; and it is one on which he is justly entitled to value himself.

There is this general distinction between contemporary history and all other history,—that the former is a witness, the latter a judge. The *opinions* of a contemporary author on the events which he records, are only then authority, when the impression made on a bystander happens to be a material part of the case; nor is this any exception to the maxim, that his business is to testify, not to lecture. On *facts*, however, he is paramount evidence; and that, not only in the age immediately succeeding him, but also, which is generally forgotten, to the latest times. The modern historian, who consults original authorities through the medium of some later predecessor, descends from the character of a judge to that of a faithful reporter of decisions.

Yet it must be owned, that the distinction which has been mentioned between the writers of past, and those of contemporary history, is not always perfect. No man sees all that is done, or hears all that is said, even during his own life. Time, the philosophers have found, resembles space; and, certainly, a story is often as much injured by a voyage out of one hemisphere into another, as it would have been in journeying through the whole wilderness of the middle ages. In many cases, therefore, our witness is compelled to act the part of a judge. There are others, in which the judge must become a witness. The earlier annalist, for example, remains as the only voucher to a modern historian of events from which he was himself divided by centuries. The old authorities are extinct, or so greatly impaired by time, as to be no longer responsible.

Still, perhaps, the happiest fault with which a historian can be reproached, is that of a blind attachment to original documents. We may rely upon it, that a story can hardly ever suffer so much from any defect in the original teller, as it must suffer from running the gauntlet of successive transmissions. The light of history is like other light; it dissipates far faster than in proportion to its distance from the point of radiation; and a less portion near the centre, is better than more afterwards.

These considerations are evidently much strengthened, in the event of three contingencies; first, that we have an abundance of original information; next, that our secondary authorities were, in time or place, far removed from the scene of action; and thirdly, that they laboured under some incapacitating prejudice.

judice. The intelligence derived from secondary sources, under such circumstances, may well be spared, and must always be more than suspicious.

These observations, however, apply directly to Grecian history, and especially to that portion of Grecian history which occupies the greater part of the volume before us. Of the state of Grecian politics, in the time of Philip of Macedon, we know, or may know much, from the writings of contemporary authors. The writers, on the other hand, who, towards the decline of the Roman power, compiled histories of Greece, were not only far separated from the period in question, but were also deeply tinged with that sophistical spirit,—that mania of sacrificing accuracy to hypothesis, which was the pest of the later literature of antiquity. Yet, modern authors have implicitly trusted these guides. So far from recollecting that just division of employment which assigns the province of testimony to the contemporary historian, and that of judgment to those who come after, they have most preposterously inverted his order. They have borrowed their text from Justin; their commentary from Demosthenes; and have justified the prejudiced declamation of the demagogue, by an appeal to the libellous anecdotes of the fabulist. On this last subject, the readers of Mr Mitford will find a clear, and, on the whole, we think, an unexceptionable essay, in his introductory chapter.

Were we called to name the circumstance which, of all others, distinguishes Mr Mitford's history, we should mention the light which it throws on the state of parties in Greece.

Every Grecian city, whether in the mother-country or in the colonies, was divided into two parties,—the aristocratic and the democratic. This was, of course, the case also with Athens and Lacedæmon. In the latter, however, the aristocratic party was generally preponderant, and the democratic in the former. The same division is observable in Greece, considered as a large community. The respective parties in each town, besides acting separately, naturally made a common cause. The Athenians and Lacedæmonians, from the prevailing difference in their politics, took opposite sides; and were, of course, at the head, the Lacedæmonians of the aristocratic, and the Athenians of the democratic factions. This was the general rule. There were, indeed, occasions in which it was reversed; but these were only under very peculiar circumstances.

The Peloponnesian war is properly termed by Mr Mitford a civil war. It was the decisive struggle between the two interests. It is curious to remark, how the changes of fortune that befell

the principals in this struggle, ran along the whole line of their subordinate adherents. Any considerable success, on either side, tended to produce a defection of the allies of the opposite party. When the Lacedæmonians were victorious, the allies of Athens revolted; that is, the aristocratic party among the allies gained the ascendancy; and, in the same manner, the success of the Athenians gave power to the democratic factions in all the cities of Greece.

Thus, there was a close union between the respective parties in the different States. The circumstances of Greece naturally led to this posture of affairs, to which the history of Italy, prior to the sixteenth century, presents something analogous, if not exactly parallel. The nearness of the cities to each other facilitated a constant and secret communication. The language in general use was the same. The antipathies and affections, being crowded into a narrow theatre, became personal and even hereditary. These were some of the causes which led to this peculiarity; and, of these, the first was probably the most effectual.

Few tasks would be more inviting, than that of watching the successive steps of these parties through the whole course of Grecian history. That task, however, would require a detail too minute for the present occasion. It is enough to have pointed out the clue to a just knowledge of their internal politics. It is rather incumbent upon us to turn our attention to that state which, for a longer period than any of its rivals, possessed the sovereignty over the rest of Greece,—which is itself most interesting to the general reader,—of which we know most;—which has been the most celebrated for refinement in arts, and for liberal politics, and which, at the period under review, filled alone, in point of influence and consideration, the space which had before been divided between several considerable nations. In the time of Philip of Macedon, Athens was Greece.

The government of Athens, as it stood originally, it is unnecessary to describe. A very satisfactory representation of it may be seen in a former part of the history before us. It is well known that Solon, desirous to repress the disorders of the democracy which he found in his country, interposed several checks,—and especially the areopagus and the senate of five hundred; but that, in spite of these checks, so much weight was left on the popular side, as to defeat his purpose, and to insure the ultimate ascendancy of the democratic party. The stages by which the Athenian constitution descended from its first greatness, and again rose to a 'bad eminence,' are traced by Mr Mitford with great accuracy and success. We shall make no apology for offering to

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our readers a pretty copious extract from this most interesting part of his labours.

After stating, that in consequence of the blow given to the Lacedæmonian power by Epaminondas, and of the decline of the Thebans on the death of that general, 'Athens remained, by her power and by the reputation of her most eminent citizens, the most respected of the republics,' the historian proceeds,

'Unfortunately Athens had not a government capable of maintaining a conduct, that could either hold or deserve the respect which a large part of Greece was ready to pay. When, after overthrowing the tyrannical government of the thirty, and of their successors the ten, Thrasybulus refused to meet any proposal for checking, in the restored democracy, the wildness of popular authority, it seems to have been because he saw no sufficient disposition to moderation among those who put forward such proposals. The faults of both parties had produced violence in both. The profligate tyranny of the former democracy had been such (Isocrates ventured, in a chosen opportunity, to aver the bold truth to the people in their elevated sovereinty), that a majority, even of the lower ranks, had voted for the oligarchy of the four hundred. But the tyranny of the thirty afterward so exceeded all former experience, that, in natural course, the popular jealousy, on the restoration of popular power, would become, in the highest degree, suspicious and irritable. In this state of things it was a sense of public weakness, while the power of Lacedæmon or Thebes threatened, that inforced respect for the counsels of such men as Conon, Thrasybulus, Iphicrates, Timotheus, Chabrias, and Niceratus. Nevertheless, even under these circumstances, sycophancy again reared its baleful head. Wise men accommodated themselves, as they could, to the temper of the times, endeavoring so to bend before popular tyranny as not to sink under it. But Thrasybulus himself, as we have formerly seen, tho honored as the second founder of the republic, did not escape a capital prosecution. The great men who followed him, began, like the Lacedæmonian king, to prefer military command abroad to residence in the city. Giving their advice in the general assembly only when pressure of circumstances required, they avoided that general direction of the republic's affairs, that situation of prime minister, which Themistocles, Cimon, Pericles, and Thrasybulus himself had held. It has been remarked that Conon chose to pass his leisure in Cyprus, Iphicrates in Thrace, Timotheus in Lesbos, Chares in Sigeium, and Chabrias in Egypt, or anywhere rather than in Athens.

'This dereliction of civil situation by the great political and military characters of the republic, incouraged the evil which produced it. The field was left open for adventurers, without other recommendation than readiness and boldness of speech, to take the lead in public affairs; and oratory became a trade, independent of all other vocations.' IV. 230, 231.

'When the fear of Lacedæmon or Thebes, long the salutary check upon this vicious government, was removed by the event of the battle of Mantineia, its extravagances soon grew extreme. The people in general assembly being soverein, with power less liable to question than that of a Turkish sultan, who dares not deny his veneration for Mahomet's law, or his respect for those appointed to high situations under it, any adventurer in politics, who had ready elocution, could interfere in every department of government. Ratification by the people was required for every measure of administration. The most delicate foreign interests were discussed before the people at large, and the contending orators abused forein powers and one another with equal grossness. Unsteddiness then became a characteristic of the Athenian government. Propositions rejected in the morning, says Isocrates, are often ratified before night, and condemned again at the next meeting of the assembly; and we find even Demosthenes, the popular favorite of his day, complaining, that a measure decreed was as uncertain of execution as if it had never been taken into consideration. Assurance therefore for forein states, of any maintenance of public faith, was impossible. As soon as a treaty was concluded, it was the business of the opposing orators to persuade the people that they had been deceived and misled. If the attempt succeeded, the consistency of government and the faith of the republic were equally disregarded: the treaty was declared null, and those who had persuaded to it, rarely escaping capital prosecution, were fortunate if they could escape capital punishment. Seldom, therefore, tho everything must be discussed, could there be any free discussion. In the soverein assembly of Athens, as in democratical assemblies in England, a common hall of the city of London, or a county meeting for political purposes, freedom of speech often was denied; the people would hear the orators only on one side. Flattery to the tyrant, as we have seen the people in democracy often called among the Greeks, was always necessary. But honest and plain admonition, tending to allay popular passion, to obviate mischievous prejudice, or even to correct popular misinformation, could rarely obtain attention, unless in times of pressing public danger, and alarm among all parties.

'It seems to have been a liberal spirit that, on the restoration of the democracy by Thrasybulus, gave the freedom of the city to all who had borne arms in the contest for it. Nevertheless the precedent was dangerous for a state where despotic power, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial authority, was constitutionally vested in the whole people. Formerly, tho the large patriotism, which should have embraced the whole Greek nation, was rarely found among the republics, yet that narrower political virtue, the love of the city, was often seen warm. But as, through the successive alterations of the constitutions of Theseus and Solon, security for property, and especially for landed property, was weakened, and at length almost

most destroyed, attachment to the Attic soil would proportionally fail. So many strangers to Attic blood then, admitted among the citizens, would of course be desirous that the purity of Attic blood should no longer be the honorable distinction, and would be ready to vote, on all occasions, for the admission of others, who possessed it no more than themselves. Accordingly the freedom of the city became an ordinary favor, profusely conferred. Perhaps we should ascribe somewhat to joke in the story of the two youths, raised to the once envied dignity of Athenian citizens, for the merit of their father, an ingenious cook, in the invention of some approved new sauces.' IV. 232—234.

To these symptoms succeeded unbounded luxury among the multitude. The citizens, declining military service, resorted to the aid of mercenaries, and engaged in hostilities for the avowed purpose of plunder.

'After the battle of Mantineia, when the decay of Theban influence over the confederacy, whose councils Epameinondas had been able to guide, became manifest, an altered disposition toward the subject states appeared. Interested adventurers in politics quickly saw the opportunity, and hastened in contention to profit from it. The former empire of Athens, and the advantages which the body of the people derived from it, became the favorite topics of declamation in the general assembly. The people heard with eager attention, when it was asked, "Whence was the want of energy, that the fleets brought no treasures home? Why was free navigation allowed? The Athenian navy commanded the seas. Why then was any republic permitted to have ships, and maritime commerce, that would not pay tribute as formerly?" Thus wrought into fermentation, the public mind, with a favorite object in view, would no longer bear contradiction. To urge the injustice of arbitrary exaction would have been dangerous for the most popular orator. Even for showing the impolicy, without venturing to name the iniquity of such measures, none could obtain a hearing. Fleets therefore were sent out, under the imperial mandate of the people, with general instructions to bring home tribute. For command in such interprize, military ability and experience were little requisite; and, as the cautious Isocrates did not scruple publicly to aver, men of such mean estimation, that, for managing any private concern, none would trust them, were commissioned with dictatorial powers, to conduct the affairs of the republic with the Greek nation. A soverein multitude, and the orators who, by flattery, ruled the soverein multitude, would be likely to allow great indulgence to those ordered, without limitation by any precise instructions, to extend empire and bring home money. Complaints insuing, endless, from the injured allies, were generally disregarded. Money, judiciously distributed among the officers of the courts which ought to take cognisance of such complaints, was generally necessary even to bring the matter to a hearing; and then any justice in decision was very uncertain. Fraud,

rapine, all sorts of iniquity and violence, not only went unpunished, but the people often showed themselves even amused with the attested reports of enormities, committed by their tribute-gathering armaments.' IV. 240, 241.

To these interesting sketches we know not that we could wish for any addition, excepting perhaps on two subjects; which would justify, as we think, a more copious discussion than they have received from Mr Mitford.

The first of these relates to the pecuniary irregularities prevalent among the official men in Athens. The extracts already made, show with how little scruple the generals of the republic laid waste the territories of her allies. We need hardly say, that the orators are not supposed to have been nicer at home, than the soldiers abroad. Every classical reader knows, that nothing is more common, in the orations preserved to us, than reciprocal imputations of bribery.

The readiness of the orators mutually to prefer this charge, and, comparatively with the sensitiveness of modern feeling under similar crimination, the composure with which it is met, convince us of three things: first, that it meant little or nothing; secondly, that it was true; thirdly, that it might have been retorted with equal truth. In every deliberative assembly, all the *common places* of attack stand on some solid foundation. That, in specific instances, they are used at random, only proves that they are used with very good reason on the whole. If the weapon inflicted an uncommon or an impoisoned wound, it would not make a part of the ordinary armoury of the combatants. To draw the rule still finer, it may be observed, that the general disposition to *retort*, rather than to *resist*, any particular imputation, is in exact proportion to the general prevalence of the offence imputed. The cry of misrepresentation is the grand football of the British Houses of Parliament. The cry is heard, and it is flung back,—the audience very little caring which of the parties deserves the hardest blows. But no member of those august assemblies, if seriously accused of having sold his vote to a foreign power, would content himself with exhorting the accuser to look at home; or would repel a solemn charge of perjury with exclaiming, *Quis tulerit Gracchos*, &c.

If the reader be dissatisfied with a proof resting on such broad grounds, he may be suited with one more direct. Let him consult the speeches of Æschines and Demosthenes; and he will find, that those eminent men, in one or two instances, respectively attributed to each other specific offences, bordering, to say the least, on corruption; which charges are respectively passed over, in profound silence, by the party accused. Silence, under

der such formal and particular imputation, amounts to violent presumption of delinquency.

In the constitution of the Athenian republic, there was nothing to prevent the existence of a dicephalous monster, combining in itself the venal orator and the plundering general. The thief on shore might become a robber on the high seas. In the later periods, however, of the republic, the union of the civil and military character hardly ever occurred, excepting perhaps in the person of Phocion, whose inexorable integrity placed him beyond the reach of every dishonourable imputation. Usually, therefore, there was a league between the lion and the jackall. The demagogue was to find service for the commander, and the commander was to find fees for the demagogue. Measures, concerted by both, were to be executed by the one, and to be defended by the other. In this connexion, it is material to observe, that the orator by no means bore that representative character which is attached to the office of an advocate; but was considered as pledging to his colleague his name and his opinions, as well as his professional talents. Before the assembled people, he appeared, not as a pleader in a court of justice, but as a conspicuous leader of the councils of his country.

From a dread of prolixity, we avoid entering on the proof of what it would require little labour to prove,—that persons of less consideration in the government than those on whose proceedings we have descanted, seem in no respect to have surpassed their superiors in the rigidness of their public principles.

Were we required to discover, among the political regulations or circumstances of the Athenians, any single cause for the shameful practices we have specified, we should point to a capital defect in the very constitution of their government. In that democracy, and, it should seem, in all the Grecian democracies, official situations were miserably underpaid. It was the lamentable scantiness of regular emolument, that drove men of high station to the base and dangerous alternative of irregular gains. The wretchedness of the allowance of a general officer, under the Grecian system, may sufficiently appear from this single fact, that when Thimbron, the Lacedæmonian, engaged in his service the soldiers who were returning with Xenophon from the celebrated expedition under Cyrus, among the terms of agreement were these,—that each private should receive *one* daric a month, and the commander in chief *four*;* a scale of pay which is perfectly astonishing. We must not, however, conclude from this scale, that the privates, although within so short a distance of

* Anab. vii.

of their leader, were placed in very princely circumstances. Demosthenes, calculating the expenses of a levy which he is proposing, assures the people, that the estimate which he has submitted to them is not too low; and that, according to his computation, the army may find themselves very fairly remunerated, without the necessity of plundering the allies.* The idea of eking out low pay by a little quiet robbery among the allies, was, it seems, familiar to his audience.

The civil officers of the Athenian state had very little better reason to be grateful for republican munificence. Originally, archons were the principal ministers of the republic. It appears, that the sole reward enjoyed by these officers for their very laborious service, was a mere exemption from the usual contributions to the navy;† a regulation which, in the declining days of the republic, when every free denizen (as Potter expresses it), however poor, was eligible to the highest situations, was evidently of a most disastrous tendency. The silent operation of time, however, so far superseded the constitution of Solon, as to elevate the orators above the archons, and to arm them with a virtual controul over the legislative department of the state. But we cannot learn that any regular emolument was attached to this envied post, or that any pecuniary qualification was requisite for those who aspired to it. For pleading public causes, indeed, the orators were entitled to a fee out of the public exchequer; but, we believe, modern worthies of the robe would turn pale on learning the amount of this stipend. It amounted to the extravagant sum of a *drachma* (about eightpence Sterling) for every cause! The orator, it must be allowed, was frequently promoted to some regular and recognized official rank. He was appointed to preside over the exchequer, or was despatched on an embassy to a foreign state. How far his situation was improved in consequence of these appointments, may be conjectured from a fact which comes to us on the authority of an unimpeachable reporter. Demosthenes tells us, that on his mission, as joint ambassador with nine others, to Philip of Macedon, the daily allowance for each ambassador was what, in our money, would nearly amount to eightpence!

From these premises, which, were it necessary, it would not be difficult still further to confirm, an adequate notion may be formed of the *exigeant*, jealous, and penurious disposition of the 'fierce democracy' of Athens. It is commonly said, that public virtue is the master-principle of a republican government; and it is an opinion equally common, that the cheapness of such a government

* Phil. i. † Potter's Antiquities.

government is its great recommendation. A little reflection may prove to us, in the first place, that these two advantages are one and the same; and, in the second, that this advantage is by no means so great as, on a transient view, it appears. The virtue which a government, either republican, or constituted on principles essentially republican, demands from the subject, is in a great measure this,—that he shall serve without pay. Popular jealousy confirms what a romantic feeling of patriotism has ordained; and it may be safely presumed, that, had an Athenian orator moved the people to *decuple* the pay of a general, he would have been stoned to death. But men cannot serve without living in comfort. Few will serve conscientiously without living in splendour. The illicit acquisition of the means for both, is, in the purblind presence of a sovereign mob, but too easy; and occasional irregularity ripens at length into systematic transgression.

The general views which we have suggested on this subject, coincide, we are proud to say, with those of the great master of political philosophy; and the reader will, we are persuaded, delight to contemplate a short, but admirable exposition of them, from the pages of that profound and luminous dissertator.

'Ordinary service must be secured by the motives to ordinary integrity. I do not hesitate to say, that that state which lays its foundation in rare and heroic virtues, will be sure to have its superstructure in the basest profligacy and corruption. An honourable and fair profit is the best security against avarice and rapacity; as, in all things else, a lawful and regulated enjoyment is the best security against debauchery and excess. For, as wealth is power, so all power will infallibly draw wealth to itself by some means or other; and when men are left no way of ascertaining their profits but by their means of obtaining them, those means will be increased to infinity.' *

The other subject, on which we should have been happy to receive the benefit of Mr Mitford's remarks, respects an important branch of the internal economy of the Athenians. We should be glad to meet the question,—What effects were produced on their condition and character, by that legalized system of pecuniary dependence, in which so large a proportion of that people notoriously lived?

Besides the immense sums of public money lavished in providing theatrical entertainments, cost-free, for the Athenian multitudes, they were treated with baths, places of exercise, and places of conversation (or, as we should term them, *lounges*), in the utmost

* Burke's Speech on the Economical Reform.

most style of magnificence. The public sacrifices were apparently intended to propitiate other gods than those of Olympus; the people it seems receiving, on these occasions, an offering of substantial food. Generals returning from disgraceful expeditions, laden with the plunder, not of enemies, but of allies, conciliated their hungry sovereign by a public banquet; sometimes, as we learn, on a scale of incredible extravagance. The indigent citizens had their pay too, as well as their perquisites. They were supplied out of the public treasury; and that, according to some accounts, to an extent which might absolutely suffice for a livelihood. The effect of such a system on the morals and happiness of the community, may be guessed. Athens was in fact thus converted into that, which, of all the established receptacles of human misery, is in mischievous importance the third, (for it immediately follows Bedlam and Newgate), *an ill-regulated poor-house.* It was a vast institution, founded, it should appear, on the maxims, that the vicious man, being of all others, according to philosophers, the most proper object of pity, must be of all others the most proper object of charity also; and, that virtue having the privilege of being its own reward, would be highly unreasonable in aspiring after any other.

It has been generally said, and on plausible grounds at least, that the encouragement of population was a perfect hobbyhorse with the legislatures of the antient world. The importance of *men*, seems to have been a principle which sprung out of the necessities of those times, when every individual was a soldier; and, by the law of nature, principles, as well as animals, survive their parents. Mr Mitford, however, attributes to the Grecian governments the contrary policy; an opinion that surprises us from an author, who, on all subjects of importance, is as little likely to be ignorant of the judgment of the learned in general, as to form a hasty conclusion of his own. According to the reasoning which he employs, an increase of the number of citizens could not be for the interest, either of the popular assemblies, or of the presiding magistrates, of a Grecian republic. Not of the former, because it tended to cheapen their legislative franchise by multiplying the privileged; not of the latter, because, by augmenting the mass of the democratical interest, it rendered the management of the people more difficult.* The former argument is one, which a due sense of their own interest, united with reflection and forethought, would doubtless have suggested to a sovereign

* We are correct, we believe, in ascribing these sentiments to our author; but we cannot instantly turn to the place, though we believe it to be in one of the former volumes.

sovereign mob; and this is the very reason why we may be sure that it never occurred to them. The other assumes, what is not true, that the *impracticability* of a democratical assembly is always in proportion to its size. It surely can admit of no question, that that compound of numbers and fury, bulk and force, which makes mobs troublesome, admits of a *maximum;* and that what is afterwards gained by it in numerical value, may be more than lost in point of energy, consistency, and concert.

Whatever may have been the disposition, on this point, of the Athenian government, the public charities and benevolences that we have described, clearly belong to that class of stratagems which rulers too commonly adopt for the encouragement of population; and of which the common effect is, that they in reality discourage it. What, indeed, was the number of the Athenian citizens, history very imperfectly ascertains. The general results of more than one census have been preserved; but, respecting the principles on which the numeration was made, we are nearly in absolute darkness. Thus much is certain, that, from the mutual reaction of charity, and the demand for it, indigence grew faster than public relief. 'Formerly (says Isocrates), no citizen was reduced to the necessity of disgracing the city by public mendicity. At the present day, the needy are more numerous than those that enjoy a competence.' *

Before we quit the Athenians, it is necessary to revert, for a moment, to the state of parties among that people. We have said, that there was a popular and an aristocratical party. It is now to be observed, that the former was, according to Mr Mitford, and we believe according to the truth of the case, the invariable advocate of war. Nor must this be thought surprising. In countries, where war is seriously expensive, the friends of the more popular cause are apt to be advocates for peace. In Athens, war, as it was managed in the latter days of the republic, was hardly expensive. Naval depredation was nearly the whole of Athenian warfare; and to hear of victories, and to be enriched with plunder, was always highly gratifying to the despotic people. It concerns us to add, that, of this war party, Demosthenes is represented as having been a very active and very inflammatory member. Mr Mitford hates democracy, and therefore he hates Demosthenes.

Such was the position of Athens, when a rival to her power arose in a quarter that had as yet attracted little notice. During a course of years previously to the era of Philip, the kingdom of Macedon had been silently developing its energies. The progress of

* πλείους εἰσὶν οἱ σπανίζοντες τῶν ἐχόντων. Areopagit.

of this development, Mr Mitford has detailed in an able and interesting manner. There is, however, one particular, in which, to our surprise, we find his account extremely defective. We allude to the constitution of the Macedonian government. Here, as it seems to us, the judgment of the historian has been warped by that antipathy to democracies which we have already described as one of his leading characteristics. In the Macedonian government, he discovers a resemblance to the English constitution. The king, it appears, 'was supreme, but not despotic.' Though invested with the highest authority in the military, judicial, and legislative departments, he was yet controuled in the exercise of that authority, by constitutional checks, by popular tribunals, by the assemblies of the people, and by established military restrictions. 'Thus far (adds Mr Mitford) our information is positive and clear.' We must confess that, to our understandings, there is, in truth, little positive, and no clear information, to be gleaned on this subject from the antient writers. As far, however, as their authorities may direct us, we are inclined to regard Mr Mitford's statement as encountered by presumptions almost irresistible. The constitution of Macedon was, in all probability, not a limited monarchy, but an absolute despotism, in the sense in which any despotism can be absolute. It does not follow, that it was always despotic in practice. It was often tempered by the disposition of the reigning prince, and the liberal genius of a brave and generous people. It was thus, in the course of time, insensibly shaded by the silent establishment of customs which might soften the glare of its power, and neither change its direction nor diminish its efficacy; but that it was in its essence and origin a *limited* government, systematically balanced by mutual restraint and reaction, is a position which appears extremely questionable.

Throughout the orations of Æschines and Demosthenes, the Macedonian government is comprised in Philip. Nothing appears to break in upon the unity of his power. His glories and his responsibility are equally incommunicable. If it should be said that the situation of those orators was peculiar, and that their connexion with Philip was in some sort personal, the same explanation will by no means apply to all their contemporaries, or to succeeding writers. Isocrates is indefatigable in his exhortation to Philip to place himself at the head of a Grecian confederacy, and turn the war against the Persians; but these exhortations are addressed to that monarch as an individual, and proceed on the supposition that he was absolute master and autocrat of the Macedonian people. If there had been an anti-Philippic party, it is utterly impossible that Demosthenes could

could have been ignorant of its existence; and, knowing its existence, it is equally impossible that he should have failed to take advantage of so fine a weapon against the object of his enmity. We may push this sort of reasoning further, and observe, that if such a party had existed, it would inevitably have entered into some intrigues, and formed some connexion with the anti-Macedonian party in Athens; and that allusions to such a junction would have been frequent, probably in the orations of Demosthenes, most certainly in those of Æschines and his supporters. Yet, if there was no popular party, does not a strong presumption arise, that the government was in no sense popular? or, was there ever a mixed constitution without a *fronde?*

The language of all the writers subsequent to the era of Philip, decidedly leads to the same conclusion. In Polybius, Livy, and Arrian, it is obvious that the king is considered as the prime and sole mover of all national operations.

It is not only, however, all immediate allusion to the points in question, that the antient authors conspire to omit. We find in them as little of indirect elucidation. If the Macedonian government was a limited monarchy, it must have been administered in part by the instrumentality of an hereditary nobility; but it appears plainly, that, in that constitution, there was no nobility but that which was official. We read, indeed, of a council to which the king was in the habit of resorting for advice. Arrian informs us, that there was a class of men distinguished by the title of the king's 'friends;'* and a still more select class, called 'attendants on his person,' or 'satellites.'† But it is palpable that these were not constitutional authorities, recognized by the theory of that government, or indebted for their existence to the laws of the realm. They held (if we may use the expression) immediately of the king, and had no independent claims upon his respect. The slightest reference to any of the histories of Macedon, will place all these particulars in their true light. We hear sometimes that the king selected a few from the number of his friends, for the purpose of requiring their advice; sometimes that they dreaded to dissent from the king in opinion, and timidly complied with his wishes; and sometimes that the king adopted measures in direct opposition to their judgment.

The only feature in the political constitution of Macedon, which seems to approximate to the order of hereditary nobility, is the institution of what were called 'royal children,' the *regii pueri* of Livy. This institution is stated by Curtius to have been coeval with the Macedonian empire; but Arrian (an unquestionably superior

* ἑταῖροι. † σωματοφύλακες.

superior authority) attributes the origin of it to Philip the First. That prince, it appears, collected the sons of the principal officers of the government as attendants upon his own person. But it does not appear that this institution ever led to what might perhaps have been expected from it, a privileged order. It was mere individual honour.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into the conſideration whether any *popular* checks were oppoſed by the Macedonian conſtitution to the ſovereign authority. It is enough to ſay, that there is no ground whatever for ſuppoſing any ſuch checks were in being. In ſome of the towns, indeed, there appears to have been no ſmall degree of freedom allowed in the election of municipal magiſtrates; but of any thing like a grand popular aſſembly, ſyſtematically performing the functions of one branch of the legiſlature, not a veſtige can be traced.

The paſſages which are quoted by Mr Mitford in ſupport of his repreſentations, ſeem to us to be utterly inconcluſive. Nothing can be more vague than the expreſſions of Curtius and Arrian on this occaſion. They mention the antient cuſtoms and laws of the Macedonians;—and from theſe ſimple words is it diſcovered, that the Macedonian conſtitution reſembled the Engliſh! We will cloſe this ſubject, however, with a ſingle quotation from Demoſthenes, which ſeems deciſive.

'And now conſider thoſe (the affairs) of Philip our antagoniſt. In the firſt place, his power over all his followers was abſolute and uncontrouled,—the firſt great neceſſary article in war. Then, their arms were ever in their hands. Again, his finances were in the moſt flouriſhing condition. *In all his motions he conſulted only with himſelf. He did not announce them by decrees; he did not concert them in a public aſſembly;* he was not expoſed to falſe accuſers; he was not to guard againſt impeachments; *he was not to ſubmit his conduct to examination; but was in all things abſolutely lord, leader, and governor.* To this man was I oppoſed: it is but juſt that you conſider my circumſtances. What did I command? Nothing. I had but the right of audience in our aſſemblies; a right which you granted to his hirelings equally with me. And as often as they prevailed againſt my remonſtrances, (and oftentimes did they thus prevail, on various pretences), were you driven to reſolutions highly favourable to the enemy. Loaded with all theſe difficulties, I yet brought over to your alliance, the Eubœans, Achæans, Corinthians, Thebans, Myareans, Leucidians, Coroneans.'*

Without further delay, we haſten to the firſt appearance of Philip. It is the hiſtory of this prince in which our author has diſplayed

* Leland de Coron.

diſplayed, as we have already mentioned, a diſpoſition to judge for himſelf, which we could wiſh to ſee more frequently combined with ſuch learning and powers of diſquiſition as he poſſeſſes.

It is neceſſary to ſtate in what the originality of Mr Mitford conſiſts, and what is its peculiar merit. Others have apologized for Philip, and railed at Demoſthenes; but the chief ſuperiority of our preſent author over all theſe writers, and all the writers who have oppoſed them, conſiſts in this,—that his opinion on this portion of hiſtory, inſtead of being a looſe and detached hypotheſis, is only one term in a regular ſeries of opinions; the reſult of a ſyſtem of principles carefully extracted from the whole previous hiſtory of Greece, conſiſtently developed throughout his work, and ſkilfully applied to the particular caſe before him. It is the convergence of ſo many rays, the apex of a pile, whoſe foundation is ſo broad, as deſervedly to command much attention and reſpect. We are far, however, from acquieſcing in all his views. He has erred, we think, where he might rather have been expected to err, in being too ſyſtematic. The general principles which his elaborate reſearch and extenſive information have enabled him to deduce from the previous hiſtory of Greece, have been ſeized, too, with quite as much keenneſs as is juſtifiable, and have been applied to the individual caſe too unſparingly, and with too ſtrong a determination to find them uniformly illuſtrated and confirmed. In one word, Mr Mitford *philippizes.*

The war-party, which we have already mentioned as being ſo troubleſome in Athens, was ever at variance with Philip. Our author's averſion to democracy in general, and to this democratical party in particular, have rendered him the natural ally of the Macedonian monarch. His partiality for this perſonage, is, indeed, but too apparent. Whether Philip deſtroys Olynthus, or diſmantles the cities of Phocis,—whether he is in Thrace or Greece,—fighting or negotiating,—he finds in Mr Mitford a conſtant and a reſolute friend.

To verify this ſtatement, and at the ſame time to poſſeſs our readers with a diſtinct notion of the complexion of Mr Mitford's preſent volume, it will be neceſſary to accompany him through ſome of the leading tranſactions between Philip and the Athenian republic;—a detail which can ſcarcely fail to be intereſting, when it is conſidered that the object of it is to ſettle the political character of one of the moſt important periods in hiſtory.

It is well known that, on his acceſſion to the throne, Philip found himſelf at war with the Athenians who ſupported one of his competitors. Having defeated them in a ſignal manner, he inſtantly liberated all the priſoners, and ſent them to Athens, not only without ranſom, but loaded with favours. 'Knowing then,

(proceeds our hiſtorian), that, of all their former empire, the Athenians coveted the recovery of Amphipolis, he ſent immediate orders for a body of troops ſtationed there, probably from the time of his brother Perdiccas, perhaps of Alexander, to be withdrawn.' We do not, we confeſs, perceive any cloſe connexion between the two parts of this ſentence. How the abandonment of Amphipolis to its own laws and independence, could gratify the Athenian cupidity for the poſſeſſion of that place, (for this is the intended inference), is beyond our power to conjecture. This meaſure is generally quoted as an example, not of the generoſity, but of the policy, of Philip; but, whatever is thought of it, we believe that it was intended as nothing leſs than as a favour to Athens.

Peace, however, and alliance, were concluded between the belligerents;—ſoon to be ſucceeded by a war famous in history. If there be any one ſubject of inquiry intereſting to the hiſtorian, it is the origin of this war, which has hitherto been left in great obſcurity. The account of Mr Mitford is as follows.

Philip and the Athenians, being now in alliance, engaged in an offenſive war againſt the Olynthian confederacy, with what purpoſe or pretext is unknown. Their outſet was auſpicious; and they had advanced far towards the moſt proſperous iſſue, when the Athenians ſuddenly turned ſhort on their own ally, and inſtigated the inhabitants of Pydna, a ſeaport town ſubject to Macedon, to revolt from Philip, and truſt to the ſupport and protection of the Athenian people. Of courſe, the alliance with Philip was at an end; and Philip, incenſed, ſent miniſters to Athens to demand redreſs, which, however, he could not obtain. The Athenians then took meaſures to poſſeſs themſelves of Amphipolis, and with ſome difficulty ſucceeded. But, in about a year from this time, it was attacked by Philip and the Olynthians, who were now at peace and in alliance, and was quickly taken.

A ſtory more diſgraceful to the ruling party in Athens, and more completely juſtificatory of the conduct of Philip in attacking Amphipolis, could hardly be imagined. It hinges, however, it will be obſerved, on two points;—the ſucceſsful treachery of the Athenians in detaching Pydna from the kingdom of Macedon,—and their ſubſequent acquiſition of Amphipolis. Of the firſt, though ſuch ſtreſs is laid on it by our author, the circumſtances ſeem to us to be ſo very obſcurely intimated by antient accounts, that little indeed can be made of it. With reſpect to the other, we are afraid the matter is ſtill worſe, and that there is no proof of the Athenians having ſeized Amphipolis,—though they certainly attacked it. There is, at leaſt, none that we can find

find throughout the orators, or in Diodorus; and we could easily mention much that looks the other way, if the silence of so many authorities were not sufficient.

Still it may fairly be maintained, that the justice of this contest was on the side of Philip; because, in the absence of better intelligence, we may accept the statements of Diodorus, who informs us,* that this prince had received strong provocation from the inhabitants of Amphipolis. At all events, his invasion of that state could hardly be condemned by a partizan of the Athenians,—whose own previous attack upon it appears to have been utterly unjustifiable. We are perfectly willing to reject, with Mr Mitford, the improbable story, that Philip, during the siege of Amphipolis, soothed the Athenian people, by promising freely to deliver it, when taken, into their hands.

The circumstances of the Phocian war, which mixed itself with that between Athens and Philip, do not altogether fall within the scope of the present sketch. The same remark may be extended to the contemporary war, called the Social; and also to the policy pursued by the Athenians with regard to the kingdom of Thrace. Yet there can be no impropriety in observing, that, in all these respects, Mr Mitford unanswerably proves the conduct of the Athenian government to have been highly ambitious, selfish, and unprincipled.

The island of Eubœa was another field of battle in which the mutual animosity of Athens and Macedon displayed itself. Demosthenes, in his oration on the Crown, points to the Eubœan policy of Philip, as an *experimentum crucis* in proof of it. Yet we are induced to omit all mention of it, because, from the frequent imperfectness of information on the subject,—the strangely intertwisted state of parties in the place referred to,—and the consequent intricacy of Eubœan politics in general,—we have found ourselves inextricably perplexed. This is a part of the question which has no necessary connexion with the rest: it is not clear; and there is enough that is clear without it.

The next prominent feature in the annals of this war, is the defection of Olynthus from the Macedonian to the Athenian alliance, and its consequent investiture by Philip. As to the origin of his hostilities against Olynthus, Philip has been grossly calumniated by the great majority of historians. It is demonstrable, from Demosthenes himself,† that the Olynthians were the aggressors, by making first a separate peace, and then an offensive

* —τῶν τὴν Ἀμφίπολιν οἰκούντων ἀλλοτρίως πρὸς αὐτὸν διατιθέντων καὶ πολλὰς ἀφορμὰς διδόντων ἐκ πόλεμου. Lib. 16.

† Olynth. 3. vers. init.

fensive alliance with Athens: and, what is more, that they took this step in consequence of instigation from that republic. The event of the siege itself has, with more colour, been made a common-place of invective against the memory of its conqueror. The current story is, that, having obtained possession of the place by the scandalous treachery of some of the inhabitants whom he had bribed, he razed it to the ground, and sold the people for slaves.

However Olynthus was acquired, there can be little doubt that it was treated in the manner described. The utter demolition of the city, indeed, Mr Mitford himself states,—although, out of tenderness for the demolisher, he has couched his report in the following gentle terms. 'The surrender of the place quickly following, the king of Macedonia proceeded immediately to the measure which the interest of his kingdom, not less than his own interest, imperiously required,—the abolition of a republic on its coast, balancing between dependency on Macedonia for protection against the claimed dominion of Athens, and subjection to Athens, which would involve extreme hazard for the independency of Macedonia.' Without waiting to sift the very questionable reasoning insinuated in this paragraph, we must express our regret, that, in behalf of his hero, our author should have nothing better to offer than the 'tyrant's dev'lish plea,' necessity. The sequel of the tale Mr Mitford seems sorely inclined to disbelieve. 'Support (he tells us) wholly fails among the orators of the day, for the report of the annalist of three centuries after, that he plundered the town, and sold the inhabitants for slaves.' This, however, we think, is not said with our historian's wonted accuracy. Some sanction, at least, seems to us to be given to this report by Demosthenes,* who, reproaching Æschines with a desertion of the anti-Philippic principles he had once professed, reminds him of his having wept over the fate of a gang of slaves, consisting of women and children, whom he had accidentally met during a journey, and whom, on inquiry, he had found to be some Olynthian captives bestowed by Philip on their present possessor. This occurrence is said to have taken place while Æschines was absent on a mission to Peloponnesus; the anecdote is related to the discredit of Æschines, not of Philip; and, consequently, the incidental light which it throws on the treatment of the conquered Olynthians, is the more valuable.

The allegations of corruption against Philip, and of treachery against his Olynthian partizans, to which the Athenian orator is fond

* Dem. de legat.

fond of recurring as often as he mentions the destruction of Olynthus, our author goes very near to repel. A reputation for gratitude and munificence must invariably act as a bribe on those who are in a capacity to interest such qualities in their favour; and such were generally, it should appear, the bribes of the Macedonian monarch. Still, when we combine the two charges of bribing and cruelty,—of corruption insuring success, and severity following it,—the conduct of Philip, in this affair, seems to admit of no justification. That the Olynthians were neither stormed nor starved out, all accounts bear us out in assuming. It follows, that they must either have surrendered at discretion, or have been betrayed. If, as Mr Mitford affirms, and as the fragments of information extant on the matter incline us to believe, the former was the case, it will be difficult to exonerate Philip from the double charge of hardness of heart and artfulness. The political annihilation of a city, which had voluntarily thrown open her gates to him, is not highly creditable to his generosity;—the voluntary surrender of a city, which he intended to annihilate, must cast no light suspicion on his openness.

According to Demosthenes, the Macedonian, on his near approach to Olynthus, announced to the inhabitants, that 'one of two things must take place;—either they must quit Olynthus, or he Macedonia.'* This hard saying was perhaps addressed to a particular party in the city; because, otherwise, it is scarcely reconcileable with the ready capitulation that followed. No man opens his doors, for the pleasure of being turned out of his house. At present, however, we have cited this reported laconism of Philip, merely for the purpose of showing how Mr Mitford has licked a speech, which has the merit of bluntness at least, into as courtly a *mittimus* as can well be imagined. 'He gave for answer, "That it was too late. He had before abundantly and repeatedly expressed his earnestness to treat; but now it was become too evident that there was but one alternative;—they must quit Olynthus, or he Macedonia." (p. 428.)

As for the fables about Philip's brothers, whom he found in Olynthus, and murdered without ceremony,—these, and all the other tales of wonder, so abundant in the romantic pages of Justin, only receive their deserts when they are consigned to contempt.

The anxiety of Mr Mitford to paint Philip as complete in every thing great and every thing small, discovers itself very amusingly in a scene which quickly followed the events last described. A

* Philip. 3.

negotiation for peace was entered into between the contending parties; and two several embassies were despatched from Athens to Macedon. Demosthenes, it is well known, accompanied both; and in both exposed himself not a little at the Macedonian court. On the second occasion, he placed himself in that most ridiculous of all lights,—the clown affecting the courtier; and this, as Æschines, in his humorous sketch of the scene, informs us, to the no small merriment of the assembly.* But our author watches over every muscle of his favourite hero; and we were quite diverted at his so carefully adding a little clause of his own to the story of Æschines, by way of saving Philip's credit for good manners. The appearance made by Demosthenes, he informs us, was so ludicrous, 'that, *though Philip himself preserved a decent gravity*, the bystanders could not refrain from laughing aloud.'

The circumstances attending the conclusion of this war, including, under that term, the Sacred war which had so long harassed Phocis, form one of the prime objects of attention in the history of Philip; and it is fortunate that the information which has reached posterity respecting them is nearly as full as could be wished. We will attempt to place the subject in a fair light; and, for this purpose, it fortunately will not be necessary to labour through all the various involutions of party-politics in Athens. On that department of the business, our author furnishes a good deal of able disquisition; particularly in the third section of his thirty-ninth chapter, which, though it occasionally applies a little too much of the torture to its authorities,† is, on the whole, equally creditable to his ingenuity and powers of research. In the minor squabbles or intrigues, however, of the Athenian statesmen, we cannot afford to take much concern.

The Phocians, it is notorious, were the natural allies of Athens. The story of Demosthenes is, that, with a view to reduce the power of Athens, and to further his designs against the liberties of Greece, Philip had determined to effect the political annihilation of Phocis, and that Æschines descended to be his chief agent in the execution of this abandoned project; that, on the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Philip and the Athenians, a treaty, out of which the Phocians were expressly excluded, that monarch marched to the Straits of Thermopylæ professedly to adjust the Phocian affairs; that the Athenians quietly permitted his progress,

* —γέλωτος ἐυχ τυχόντος ἐγενοντο. Æsch. de legat. p. 280.

† *Ex. gr.* In saying (p. 441.) that Aristodemus made 'a *lame* apology for his delay.' Æschines does not say this.

gress, because they had been deceived by the fair promises of Æschines, who, having just returned from his second embassy to Macedon, had assured them that the real intention of Philip was to humble, not Phocis, but Thebes; that thus Philip gained tranquil possession of all the cities of the Phocians; which event was quickly followed by the Amphictyonic decree, subverting the very existence, in a political character, of that people. This is not a full account of the statements of Demosthenes; but we believe it to be a correct one. *

These statements Demosthenes gives us in his speech as prosecutor of Æschines; and it is curious to observe the manner in which they are met by the defender. Mr Mitford, indeed, represents the reply as in every point not only satisfactory, but triumphant; but, surely, this compliment is only partially merited by that admirable composition, and by no part of it less than that which relates to the Phocian charge. This was a very leading, if not the principal, head of crimination; the orator himself allows it to be such; yet it is kept out of sight, and apparently with some study, till he has thrown up some strong works before it, by a minute and successful vindication of his conduct in various other particulars. Approaching it at length, he now begins to find brevity desirable, and to excuse his necessary avoidance of detail. He then flatly denies that he had held out, in his report of his mission, any false prospects with respect to the fate of the Phocians;—he had merely declared that, in his own opinion, justice demanded, at the hands of Philip, the humiliation of Thebes, rather than of Phocis; and that he had avowed this opinion at the court of Macedon. Thus, then, we are to believe, that the people of Athens, the most anxious, curious, acute, and tyrannical mob that ever called itself a deliberative assembly, were content with hearing the opinions of their own ambassador when they had been convoked to hear those of Philip, and consented to be put off with a political lecture when they expected a diplomatic report. Could this fancy be played with even for a moment, more than suspicion would be thrown over it by the orator himself, who, elsewhere, in the same speech, acknowledges that he had returned from Macedon with the most sanguine conviction of the good intentions of Philip respecting Phocis, and his purposed humiliation of Thebes; and that, in fact, such a conviction had been universal. Supposing, however, any deception to have been practised in this affair, Æschines, though an instrument in it, was not necessarily a party. If Philip desired to deceive the Athenians, it would apparently be his shortest course to deceive

* Dem. de legat.

their ambassador; and that the ambassador should not afterwards proclaim himself duped, will not seem unaccountable to those who recollect the difficulty of a retreat in the face of so active and merciless an enemy as a popular assembly.

In the midst of all this evasion, not to say prevaricatory explanation, we have the testimony of Æschines himself to this important fact, that the Athenian people had been taught to indulge the most flattering expectations with regard to the final adjustment of the affairs of Phocis; which expectations met with a stunning disappointment. He says more. He says that 'some *friends of Philip*' had excited these expectations; thus completely confirming every thing that is of a public nature in the charge of Demosthenes.

The scope of Mr Mitford's representation is, that the measures of his hero, on this occasion, are not chargeable either with severity or with fraud. The treatment of the Phocians, he contends, was comparatively moderate, if due account be made of the state of Greece at that time,—of the virulent antipathies of Philip's Theban and Thessalian allies against the inhabitants of Phocis,—of the horror in which the sacrilegious acts committed by that people were generally held,—and of the cruelty licensed by the Greek laws of war. He maintains, that the promises held out by Philip to Athens, merely pledged his good offices to protect the Phocians from the rage of his allies; that, as such, they were understood and trusted to by the Phocian government itself; and that they were religiously performed. From the authority of Æschines, he proves that the Thebans resented the humanity thus shown by Philip. He proves also, that, previously to the issue of the business, some coolness subsisted between the governments of Athens and Phocis, which, as he maintains, tended to throw the latter into the arms of Macedon.

Here are two points of discussion;—the alleged moderation, all circumstances considered, of the measure in question; and the alleged openness of the policy which carried it into effect. With respect to the former, it appears to us, that the whole of our author's assertions are overthrown by a single fact, which appears from his own history, and from every other. It is this,—that the Phocians, supported as they were, were fairly matched with their enemies, till Philip entered the field against them. They held the balance stoutly, and, but for his interference, they would have held it on. 'The state of Greece,' therefore, of which Mr Mitford talks somewhat ambiguously, would have justified a peace on equal terms,—excepting so far as that state was altered by Philip himself; and it is rather too much to attempt

persuading

persuading us, that this personage might take advantage of his own wrong, and plead in his defence a necessity of his own creation. To urge, that the Macedonians were outnumbered, and consequently overawed by their allies, seems little better than tea-table talk; first, because the assertion is apparently not true; and secondly, because, even if it were so, Philip, before he had set foot within the gates of Greece, must, with a glance, have perceived, and might, with a single order, have provided against the difficulty.

With regard to the morality of the means, our doubts are scarcely less violent than with respect to the moderation of the measure itself. The promises in favour of the Phocians, were not indeed officially conveyed from Philip; but, if the consenting authority of two great rival orators is not to be trampled under foot, they were universally current in the mouths of the Macedonian party in Athens; and, what Mr Mitford should particularly observe, they were not confined to a protection little better than a sacrifice, but stipulated the full integrity of the Phocian state, with the addition of the dismemberment of the Theban empire in Bœotia. That the Athenians, indeed, should knowingly have suffered, without even a breath of remonstrance, the utter annihilation of their natural ally, is only more probable than that other wonder which our historian would palm upon us, that the Phocians, out of pure distaste for the friendship of poor Chares and his gang of democrats, should have courted and insisted on destruction from the hands of Philip. In all this proceeding, we must not too hastily conclude, that the part acted by the Macedonian king was consummately profligate, or basely perfidious. The protection of life which he extended to the Phocians, was in that age a stretch of humanity; and his previous professions scarcely appear to have been dictated by any deliberate and methodized plan of deception. It were harsh, perhaps, to describe his conduct as craft purveying for tyranny; but it might, we fear, be called *finesse* ministering to ambition.

There are, however, two arguments on the other side, which, diffuse as we have been, call for a passing attention. Philip, it seems, proved his disinterestedness as to the event of the Sacred war, by requesting the Lacedemonians to take into their hands the entire adjustment of the affairs of Phocis. Such a proposition, if he was sincere in it, very obviously implied his promise to guarantee the execution of any decree which the Lacedæmonians might make; and the Lacedæmonians, we need hardly say, were known to be the sworn friends of his foes the Phocians, and the sworn foes of his friends the Thebans. If, then, the admirers of

Philip

Philip can reconcile the circumſtance of this propoſition with the neceſſities under which, according to their own repreſentation, he acted in the whole affair, we wiſh them joy of a hypotheſis which imputes to their hero a ſhameful ſacrifice of his allies to their enemies! Demoſthenes, indeed, who relates the circumſtance, adds, that the offer of Philip was entirely colluſive; but Mr Mitford, according to his uſual ſyſtem, has rejected what ſeems at firſt ſight the bad half of the tale. He would have done better, perhaps, to reject the whole of it. It is far too vague and obſcure to prove any thing againſt Philip, except in the hands of his champion.

Secondly, it is mentioned that Philip, on his approach to Phocis, wrote twice to the Athenians, deſiring them to join his army with their whole force, apparently, as joint-arbitrators in the concerns of which he was about to diſpoſe. A ſtrong anti-Philippiſt, however, would be apt to intimate, that the Athenians were much more likely to be alarmed into a march by the movements of Philip, than to be excited to it by his letters; and that he might very well, therefore, rate the certainty of their being ſoothed by his invitation, rather higher than the riſk of their accepting it. The plainer account of the matter ſeems to be, that both theſe letters of Philip reached Athens within a bare fortnight,* at the moſt, before the intelligence of the complete ſubjugation of Phocis to the Macedonian yoke. No army which the Athenians could, in that interval, have ſaddled upon him, would have proved any effectual incumbrance; and Philip, no man will doubt, was intimately well acquainted with the extent of their military reſources.

It remains only to note two or three points in the tranſactions juſt conſidered, in which Mr Mitford has, as we conceive, been ſomewhat inaccurate. The ſpeech of Æſchines, on his return from the embaſſy, our author has cooked up from what he conſiders as the prejudiced report of Demoſthenes. We ſhould rather have expected him to reſort to Æſchines himſelf,† who gives an account of the ſpeech alluded to, conſiderably different both from the report of his rival, and from the amended report of his hiſtorian. Again, he ſays of Demoſthenes,

'We find him acknowledging that the intereſt of the Phocians was totally unprovided for in the treaty with Macedonia; and this he juſtifies ſo far as to avow, that he imputed no ill even to Æſchines on that account: σιωπᾶν καὶ ἐᾶν ἀκὸς ἦν: 'it was very well to be ſilent about it and let it alone.' Demoſth. de legat. p. 354.' p. 464.

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* Dem. de legat. 357 & 359. † Æſch. de fals. legat.

The force, however, of this paſſage in Demoſthenes, which refers to the *expreſs* excluſion of the Phocians from the benefit of the treaty, is ſimply this: 'No good could have been intended to the Phocians, otherwiſe they would not have been *declared* to be excepted, but merely *paſſed over in ſilence.*'

Thirdly, according to Mr Mitford, the return of the ambaſſador Doryllus to Athens, which is deſcribed as having thrown the city into ſuch conſternation, took place on the promulgation of the Amphictyonic decree againſt the ſtate of Phocis. We would obſerve, however, with deference, that it certainly took place on the *ſpondæ*, or the firſt ſurrender of the Phocian cities to Philip. Much confuſion has been introduced into the dates of the ſhort but buſy period under review; nor are we aware of any account of them that is quite complete. The following, which has been formed from a collation of the ſeveral paſſages bearing on the ſubject, will, we hope, be found ſatisfactory. On the *thirteenth* of the month Scirophorion, Æſchines, Demoſthenes, and their fellow ambaſſadors of the ſecond embaſſy, returned from the court of Philip; and about the ſame time Philip arrived at Thermopylæ. On the *ſixteenth* the ambaſſadors made their report to the aſſembled people; and the decrees of Philocrates were paſſed. On the *eighteenth* or *nineteenth*, a third embaſſy to Philip was decreed, and both Æſchines and Demoſthenes declined being ambaſſadors. On the *twenty-third*, took place the *ſpondæ*, or ſurrender of the Phocian cities to Philip. On the *twenty-ſeventh*, Doryllus arrived in Athens, and announced the ſurrender of the cities.

If we may be now allowed to dip for a moment into party-matters, we ſhould obſerve, *fourthly*, that, with reſpect to the reception afforded at Athens to the letters of Philip, inviting them to join him with their forces, Mr Mitford has done ſomewhat leſs than juſtice to the partizans of Chares,—to thoſe of Phocion ſomewhat more. That the former diſſuaded the people from a compliance with that invitation, is ſtoutly aſſerted by Æſchines,—and we believe it. But it is as ſtoutly aſſerted by Demoſthenes;* and, the aſſertion being uncontradicted in his rival's reply, we muſt believe it equally, that a compliance with the invitation was not urged, as Mr Mitford would fain believe, by the oppoſite party. *Once more*, Æſchines and Demoſthenes, we have obſerved, both declined all concern in the third embaſſy to Philip; but Mr Mitford does Demoſthenes much injuſtice in giving us to underſtand, that Æſchines declined firſt, and that Demoſthenes was induced to follow his example, by 'the fear of leaving the aſſembly in a critical moment to the unbalanced eloquence' of his rival. Mr Mitford cannot have read the authors in

* Dem. de legat. p. 357.

in queſtion with his accuſtomed care. He will, on a recurrence to them, find that Demoſthenes 'ſwore off' at the very inſtant when his name was propoſed; while the other was virtually choſen, —but afterwards, on the plea of ill health, procured from the ſenate of five hundred ſome kind of permiſſion to remain in the city.

The Amphictyonic body, after expelling the Phocians from their number, elected Philip as a member, and gave him the privilege which had been enjoyed by the Phocians, of a double vote. Mr Mitford is careful to repreſent this as a free election; whereas, we have found it in vain to ſuppreſs the ſuſpicion that the reverend electors had received a *congé-d'élire* from the royal candidate himſelf. It may ſeem a trifling circumſtance; but for that very reaſon it betrays the inſenſible partialities of the author, that Diodorus places the election of Philip at the very beginning of the Amphictyonic decree; while Mr Mitford, provident of that character of liberty, and regard to the intereſts of Greece, which he has aſcribed to the court in queſtion, makes them finiſh every thing firſt, before they have leiſure to think of king Philip. 'It remained to diſpoſe of the right of double vote in the Amphictyonic aſſembly,' &c. &c. Uniformly, afterwards, Philip is ſet forth (at leaſt while he is in Greece) in the delegated character of *Amphictyonic General*,—and his army is the Amphictyonic army!

'The right of representation (says Mr Mitford) in the council of Amphictyons, being given to the reigning family of Macedonia, Philip, with just deference to his co-estates, sent them severally notice of it.' On this occasion, the Athenians were disposed to decline acknowledging their new co-estate; and, among the war-party, some strong symptoms discovered themselves of a disposition instantly to replunge the city in hostilities. Demosthenes, on this occasion, delivered his oration *on the peace*; of which Mr Mitford gives us a far more correct view, than most modern historians. 'Through an argument professing peace (says our author) he excites the people to war, ambition, cupidity, and resentment.' In fact, however, we have been unable to discover in this speech, any 'argument professing peace.' The simple scope of the orator is, to dissuade the people, not from going to war, but from going to war *about a shadow*.

On the hostile proceedings of the Athenian commander Diopithes against Philip, we entirely concur with this learned writer, and willingly resign, on this occasion, the war-party to his fury. It is not our purpose to defend the ambition of Athens, any more than that of Philip. Indeed, after all, the former is clearly the leaſt defensible of the two. We acquiesce, also, in his representations of the war between Philip and the Hellespon-

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tian cities; and in his comments on the celebrated, admirable, and unanswerable letter of the Macedonian monarch to the republic of Athens. This letter, we may further observe, Mr Mitford has translated with great correctness and perspicuity.

We now approach the last event in our series,—the Amphissian or second sacred war, which again drew Philip into the heart of Greece, and issued in the battle of Cheronea. The incidents that occasioned this war, the reader knows, were a violation of consecrated ground by the Locrians of Amphissa, and an annunciation of that sacrilege to the Amphictyonic court by Æschines. That orator himself, without any proof, asserts that he had been provoked to this step by the insolence of a Locrian, who affected to accuse Athens of sacrilege; and this assertion Demosthenes, with very lame proof, denies. The Amphissians refusing obedience to the Amphictyonic decrees on the occasion, the court, after a flimsy attempt at reducing them by force of arms, determined to commission Philip, as their general, to vindicate their authority. Æschines, however, as plainly appears from his oration against Ctesiphon, was not present at the meeting in which this resolution passed. Modern historians have the art, not only of knowing what the antients knew not, but of knowing better what they knew. On the present occasion, they have discovered that the Locrian, whose insults first provoked Æschines to denounce the sacrilegious Amphissians, was not, as Demosthenes maintains, a nonentity, but an accomplice in the plot of exciting a sacred war; and that Æschines, in person, introduced the resolution for inviting Philip to avenge the cause of Apollo.

How far any of the ostensible agents in this affair were suborned by the Macedonian monarch, it seems hopeless now to conjecture. The extreme and unusual solemnity with which the charge of subornation is brought forward by Demosthenes, yet the utter want of all admissible proof of it;—the suspiciousness of the circumstance that a new crusade should so quickly spring up out of the ashes of the former, yet the balancing consideration that the Amphictyonic confederacy had been recently restored to a part of their former efficiency and pride;—the singular suitableness of a sacred war to promote the supposed ambitious purposes of Philip, yet the complexity of the machinery required in the fabrication of it;—the speciousness of the alleged plot, yet its wickedness;—all these intervolved considerations leave us perfectly entangled and dubious. Mr Mitford, of course, vindicates Philip; but by arguments much more ingenious than conclusive.

But, not content with defensive measures, our author turns on Demosthenes the fire of his own batteries, and attributes the Amphissian war solely to the caballing restlessness and gunpowder spirit

spirit of the war-party in Athens. The grounds for this recrimination are these:—that the little state of Amphissa cannot be believed to have ventured on a defiance of the whole Amphictyonic confederacy, without secret promises of powerful assistance; that, in the event, the Athenians actually assisted them with an army of ten thousand men; and that the Amphictyons, by the importance which they obviously attached to the first resistance of their insignificant enemy, and their connecting the occasion with a deliberation on the interests of all Greece, showed their sense of the real, though unprobed, depth of the conspiracy against them. Now, on consulting authorities, we cannot find either that the Athenians joined the Amphissians till Philip took part in the war, or that the Amphictyons, in their special meeting on this occasion, consulted on the general interests of Greece. The improbability of a determination on the part of the Amphissian people to struggle alone against religious prejudices, allied with the troops of Philip, would be an argument of some weight, were it not opposed by others that are weightier. For, forgetting, what ought not to be forgotten, that the conjecture of Mr Mitford derives no countenance from Æschines,—and granting, what certainly seems unquestionable, the blind hatred of the war-party against Philip; still, it never could be the object of Demosthenes to excite a war of this description.

First, it is as perfectly notorious as a profusion of authority can make it, that it was the favourite policy of this statesman to adjourn all contest with Philip to a distance from Attica. Nothing else than this drew on him the noted reproof of Phocion,—'Pray, consider, not where we are to fight, but how we are to conquer.' It could not, therefore, be his object to instigate measures, of which the first effect would be, the appearance of a Macedonian army within three days march of Athens. Secondly, it could not be his object to confer on Philip, by his mode of attacking him, the advantage of all those alliances, both of opinion and of force, which would naturally fall into the train of an Amphictyonic general. This very idea it is, which Demosthenes so strongly inculcates in his oration on the peace; it forms, in effect, the whole groundwork of that speech; and its evident reasonableness shows the speaker to have been sincere. Thirdly, it would have been fatuity on his part, to provoke the hostile entrance of the arch-enemy into the heart of Greece, while his famous negociation of alliance with Thebes was yet in its infancy. In truth, the reader well knows that, in the sequel, the very sight of the Macedonian camp had nearly frightened that immature negociation to death; and, had it been actually crushed, had the Thebans supported, not Athens, but Philip, the resistance which

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all the ability of Demosthenes could have conjured up in behalf of his country, would have been but another road to destruction.

But we would here quit this unprofitable chase after secret articles and subterraneous plots, and suggest what seems, on the surface of these events, unfavourable to the fame of the Macedonian conqueror. At first view, and taken by itself, his expedition to Amphissa seems even ludicrous. An imperial sovereign summoned to settle a petty vestry-squabble! An army marching to enjoy the amusement of pounding a few damage-fesant cattle, and projecting a few old women from a rock! It was, at the best, a service in which neither fame nor popularity could be acquired;—fame could not be had by slaughtering the little, and popularity was only hazarded by alarming the great. The admirers, therefore, and the accusers of Philip, have concurred in seeking out some hidden springs for these transactions.

Whatever these parties may respectively take credit for discovering, there is one thing which neither can well deny;—it is, that the second sacred expedition of Philip grew entirely out of that policy which partly occasioned the first, partly was exemplified in it, and partly was perfected by it,—a readiness, gradually ripening into a wish, to mingle in the politics of Greece, and to be recognized as a member of the Hellenic body. This wish was early discernible; and as early alarmed the jealousy of a large party at least in Greece. It was, however, never abandoned. With a tenth part of his acuteness, Philip must have foreseen the heartburnings which his second appearance within the gates would occasion; yet he reappeared. The appearance on such an errand might be insignificant in itself; but it was important when taken with the context. It was a joke; but it sustained his right to enter the lists, and reminded men that Philip existed. The Amphissian war, as it is called, was nothing more than a morning's work, and the conqueror might have been expected to retire on its close, especially as his presence had already given such umbrage;—but he remained, as is evident from the orators, for many months. He would not recede from his claim of being a Grecian. It was beyond question, therefore, a spirit of interference in this singular man, though we may call it a laudable spirit if we will, which ultimately led to the battle of Cheronea. If, however, it were asked, in what the evil, the *virus* of ambition consists; it might be answered, very much in its pragmatical restlessness, in the eagerness to be somebody, in the wish to make one in the game, which soon becomes a wish to be the first. Ambition may be extremely active and vicious, where it is not absolutely of a devouring nature; and an undue anxiety after eminence, though

though always far less disgusting than a lawless cupidity of dominion, may, under certain circumstances, be little less mischievous, and not much less reprehensible.

The battle of Cheronea humbled the pride of Athens; but not, it should appear, that of the Athenian war-party. Notwithstanding their discomfiture, therefore, Mr Mitford, '*Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill,*' pursues them with unabated ardour. The disaster at Cheronea, he contends, so exasperated the people againt the instigators of the battle, that Demosthenes, under some pretext, not requiring to be stated here, withdrew himself for a season from Athens. In the mean time, the party, finding it necessary to sooth their many-headed sovereign, adopted with that view a measure unspeakably atrocious. They determined to sacrifice, to the fury of the mob, their own general, Lysicles, who, jointly with Chares, had commanded the Athenians at Cheronea. This unhappy man was accordingly impeached by Lycurgus, a celebrated orator of the war-party, and delivered over to the executioner. Demosthenes, shortly after, returned to Athens.

So dreadful a crime, we hesitate not to say, should not have been imputed on such light authority. In the first place, we will venture to deny, that the flight of Demosthenes from Athens was occasioned by his dread of the people. It was rather occasioned by his dread of Philip. This is expressly affirmed by Dinarchus, in his speech * against Demosthenes; and thus we may perhaps explain an expression in Æschines, of which Mr Mitford complains as obscure. Speaking of his rival, Æschines says, that he was brought back to the city (not by 'a fortunate occurrence'), but by 'the unhoped-for salvation' † of Athens; alluding to the generous forgiveness of the Athenians and of Demosthenes by Philip.

Next, with respect to the accusation of Lysicles, Diodorus, who is the only ‡ author quoted for it, does not state the crime of which he was accused; and will Mr Mitford undertake to assert, that he might not have been guilty of cowardice or treachery? But, what if we should deny the fact *in toto?* What if we should assert, that the testimony of Diodorus is invalidated by the silence of the orators on the subject?—that either Æschines, §, who reprobates Demosthenes as the author of the calamity at Cheronea,

* "Ἐπειδὴ ἤκουσε μετὰ τὴν μάχην τὴν ἐν Χαιρωνείᾳ Φιλίππον εἰς τὴν χώραν ἡμῶν μέλλειν εἰσβάλλειν, αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν πρεσβευτὴν κατασκευάσας ἵν' ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἀποδρᾷ· κ. τ. λ." *Dinarch. contr. Demosth.*

† "τῆς ἀπροσδοκήτου σωτηρίας."

‡ The Pseudo-Plutarch, who wrote the life of Lycurgus, may be added, if he is worth it.

§ De Coron

Chæronea, or Demosthenes, who at some length repels that reproach, would almost necessarily have hinted at circumstances so important as the crime and the punishment of Lysicles?—that Lycurgus himself, in his oration, still extant, against Leocrates, who was accused for having deserted the city after the battle of Chæronea, could hardly have failed to mention them? It is true that, in this speech, Lycurgus gives us to understand, that some persons had been capitally punished after that battle. But, if we think proper to consider this as a confirmation of the account in Diodorus, we must accept it entire, and remember, that the crime for which these persons are stated to have suffered, was cowardice.

It is unnecessary to inform the reader, that the Athenians received, from the victorious Philip, a treatment remarkably humane and liberal,—the Thebans one by no means cruel. But our author cannot be content with such measured praise; and is determined to prove, that the conqueror was in all points equally merciful;—merciful to the Athenians, in leaving them free,—merciful to the Thebans, in making them slaves. It seems, that to establish in Bœotia 'a sure preponderance of the party friendly,' not to Philip, but 'to the Amphictyonic confederacy of the peace of Greece, was most especially necessary to the welfare of the whole alliance.' Next, it seems that, for the moment, this party did already preponderate in the Theban government; for the Thebans, far from having been beat (as we had supposed) into submission, received the conqueror with open arms. Then, it seems, that in order to save this governing party from the cruel necessity of banishing the party in opposition to them, 'the Cadmeia was occupied by a garrison from the Amphictyonic army.' Amidst all these discoveries, we do not wish to be left behind, and therefore shall venture to add a conjecture of our own; and it is,—that this Amphictyonic garrison received all its orders, not from the Amphictyonic party in Thebes, but from the Amphictyonic general in Macedonia.

The historical sketch which we have attempted, may perhaps convey juster views of Philip than those which have commonly been afforded by historians; and perhaps also (if we may have the presumption to boast of having, in this one respect, surpassed our master), than those which are to be derived from Mr Mitford. On surveying the character of this memorable conqueror, nothing strikes us so strongly as the *completeness* both of his intellectual, and, if the expression may be allowed, of his animal composition. All those endowments which enable men to command others, or to persuade them,—to plan felicitously, or to execute effectually,—appear to have met in his composition, with

unexampled entireness, and in the happiest proportions. 'Has he a fine countenance?' said Demosthenes, on his return from his first embassy to Macedon; 'that of Aristodemus, one of our own legation, seems to me in no respect inferior. Are his convivial talents eminent? Those of Philocrates, another fellow-ambassador, are still more striking.' It has been well observed, that Demosthenes was here obliged to combine together the Athenian ambassadors, before he could find a counterpoise for the various qualifications of Philip; and, in fact, he might have added to his catalogue all the contemporary worthies of Attica, and even included himself in the number, without materially disturbing the balance. It has been falsely supposed, that the genius of Philip was deficient in ardour, and preferred an indirect and wily policy, where even worldly wisdom would have advised the straight path. This vulgar error may have grown, partly out of that reputation for insincerity which has been too successfully fastened on this prince, partly from his standing in contrast with his son Alexander, whose whole character is one intense glow, and throws an appearance of faintness and insipidity over every thing in its neighbourhood. But the attentive readers even of Demosthenes will not imagine that a lack of vigour was among the foibles of the Man of Macedon, however his mind inclined, as a mind soundly constituted always will incline, to the methods of persuasion. His energy, indeed, was under the same exact discipline with the rest of his great qualities; all of which seem never to have anticipated the call of the occasion, and never to have disobeyed it.

But by what dispositions, on what principles, and to what ends, were these rare gifts directed? What is his title to that credit for generosity, moderation, and sincerity, which has hitherto been refused to him by the steady concurrence of historians?

The generosity of Philip has at least this one suspicious feature, that it was apparently exercised with a nice selection of objects and occasions. The fortune of war having given him Amphipolis, he restored it uninjured to its independence. Having taken Olynthus, Methrone, and Apollonia, cities which, it is not pretended, had committed against him any aggravated offence, he razed them to the foundation, leaving no trace, except in history, even of their existence. His discrimination of delinquency, or rather of punishment, after the battle of Cheronea, was still more observable. Athens had, on that occasion, transgressed equally with Thebes; unless it be supposed, that a friend, seduced into his first offence, better deserves our resentment than the malignant, perfidious, and irreclaimable enemy that has seduced him. Yet Athens not only obtained free forgiveness, but

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was complimented with the town and territory of Oropus; while Thebes not only lost Oropus, but was condemned to support and to obey a Macedonian garrison in her citadel. It is said, however, that the average severity of Philip was, after all, far below the ordinary standard of cruelty in republican Greece,—a circumstance important, indeed, but which would have spoken more strongly in his favour, had his deviations from the usual practice been less obviously measured and systematic. Yet it does not follow that his clemency was assumed, because it was in a great degree obedient to the suggestions of his interests.

The human mind certainly possesses a power of playing, in some sort, with its own passions, and of breaking them in to the service of its policy. *There is method in madness* far oftener than is commonly imagined; and there is much of method, too, in those mental affections which have been called *short madnesses*. The lunatic frequently discovers an imperfect, yet a cunning consciousness of his malady; and the ability of so far disguising or managing it, as to promote some vagary which the caprice of the moment may have suggested to his fancy. Among the sane part of mankind, it is not unusual to observe the same irregular kind of self-government established; and particularly, we think, in that species of character which results from a combination of strong feeling and firm resolution, with great experience. The passions are not tamed; but the master keeps them in cages till he finds a theatre on which they may be exhibited with effect. With no controul over the paroxysm while it rages, he has, like the Delphic priestess, the power of determining when it shall begin. The principle applies, it may fairly be suspected, to the benevolent affections. To us it appears even conceivable, that a destroyer, breaking the continuity of his barbarities by an insulated act of politic mercy, may, for the moment, and in a faint degree, enjoy that gratifying reaction of happiness, of which the fulness is reserved for the philanthropist in the hour of conscious success.

These remarks, which assert the compatibility, to a certain extent, of policy with passion, cannot be understood as detracting from the reputation of Philip for generosity, even of a somewhat high order. After every fair deduction on the score of self-interest, to have preserved, through the whole of a busy life, a sustained tone of humanity, unauthorized by the fashion of his age, seems conclusive in his favour. We may add, as Mr Mitford justly remarks, that the current anecdotes of this prince, whether they be authentic or otherwise, are almost invariably creditable to his goodness of temper, and liberality of mind. The Athenians, who were made prisoners at the battle of Cheronea,

instantly received their liberty without ransom. Presuming on this unexampled indulgence, it is said that the liberated captives, with all that unthinking pertness so amusingly characteristic of their nation, proceeded to demand further favours, by requesting that Philip would furnish them with clothes for their journey homewards. 'These people seem to think,' said Philip, 'that we have been fighting them only for joke;' but he granted their request. In this little anecdote, we know not whether most to admire the sauciness and gay assurance of the petitioners, or the unaffected good-nature of the monarch.

The *ambition* of Philip has already been considered. The peace which followed the Phocian war, by securing to him an unbroken dominion, and also the passes into Greece, surely left him strong with all the safeguards which the most fearful could desire, or the bravest erect. Had he, from that period, contentedly avoided all invidious intrusion into Proper Greece, and set at nought the barkings of the Athenian democrats, he would have acted a part truly magnanimous. To pretend that his security required a more decided ascendancy, is not only to cant miserably, but it is virtually to legitimate that most horrible of all maxims,—at once the law and the divinity,—the creed and the ten commandments,—the golden rule and the iron rod of all the oppressors that have ever *incarnadined* the earth with their atrocities,—the maxim, that no man can be safe for a moment, so long as there walks, on the surface of the globe, any other man stouter, or taller, or richer than himself.

To stop here, however, in our account of Philip's ambition, would be gross injustice. Ambition, in general, resembles that class of animals which are said by naturalists to continue growing as long as they live. That of Philip, it should be spoken to his praise, was not quite of the vulgar kind. On the side of Greece, at least, it clearly seems to have attained its full size on the battle of Cheronea; nor is it probable that any length of days would, in that quarter, have hardened it into rapacity. The fact was, his love of power was tolerably qualified by that love of popularity, which, in more tyrannical minds, is very frequently found just strong enough to plague and punish them for their crimes. This anxiety for greatness, however, was within its own limits absolute;—it was resolute, though temperate,—an immoderate desire of a moderate elevation.

Against his *insincerity*, it is perfectly unnecessary, even if it were just, to inveigh; because, in this particular, he has certainly suffered hard measure. That he always kept *the fore-right road of honour*, we dare not pledge ourselves; but there cannot be a doubt that he was quite as scrupulous a moralist as the better

ter sort of politicians in his own day, and that he was decidedly more rigid than his great Athenian opponent and calumniator. Indeed, in the charges of dissimulation that have been preferred against him, a candid observer will rather discover a testimony to the accomplishments and popular graces that adorned him. No man thinks it necessary to call a cutthroat a cheat, or to discover that a notorious robber is given to tell smooth lies. To make such personages hated, you have only to assure the world that they are exactly what they appear. It is the amiable, the imposing, the dazzling character, which is particularly exposed to the imputation of duplicity. The enemies of him that possesses such a character, delight in fastening on him the only vice which, instead of finding a set-off in his exterior virtues, becomes aggravated in proportion to their plausibility; and mankind, who enjoy nothing more than to be told a secret, delight in believing them.

The private faults attributed to Philip may be placed, perhaps, on the same footing with those of a public nature already mentioned. Of all, or most of them, he seems to have had so little, as to make the unqualified ascription of them highly unjust, and so much as to afford it but too much colour. On the whole, he was no monster, except in talents; nor can it be questioned that fame has punished him greatly beyond his desert. This, indeed, is the only instance in which he can be said to have signally failed of his purposes; for it is evident, that it was his earnest wish to conciliate to himself all the literature, and to embody his own reputation in the classical renown, of Athens. But this failure could hardly be considered as within ordinary calculation; because it was not obvious to expect such an antagonist as Demosthenes,—an antagonist, of whose eloquence no higher proof can be given than this, that not only was it a perpetual clog on Philip's living greatness, but that, prevailing even over the justice of time and of posterity, it has, through all succeeding ages, excited a war of obloquy against his memory.

A few miscellaneous remarks and objections, not in any sensible degree affecting the material questions at issue between us and our author, we here subjoin by way of appendix.

P. 283. We can by no means concur in the author's narrative of the actions of Charidemus. For it is clear, 1*st*, that he was sent over, not by the Athenians, but by Artabarus: 2*d*, that the words quoted by Mr Mitford, as proving that there were gallies appointed by the Athenians, certainly do not prove that point,—as a reexamination of the clause, with its context, will abundantly convince our learned author: 3*d*, that the decree so alarming to Miltocythes, was not the decree Mr Mitford means. The

former passed, it should seem, before Autocles went out to Thrace, and its effects, were visited on that commander. Possibly (but this is mere conjecture) it was a decree in some way complimentary to Iphicrates.

P. 294—355. It does not, we think, appear that Chabrias's treaty with Cersobleptes ever held good. Demosthenes's words (*in loco*) seem rather to convey, that the people never ratified it at all.

P. 398. There is here a trifling deviation from Diodorus, who tells us, that the Lacedæmonians were joined by a large force of their allies *before* they took Orneæ.

Is it not probable from Diodorus, that Phalæcus took advantage of the absence of the Thebans in Peloponnesus to attack Cheronea? The original will bear that construction.

P. 400. Rollin has fallen into the same mistake as Auger; and refers, for his authority, to that very passage in Diodorus alluded to by Mr Mitford.

P. 422. The quotation from Demosthenes is somewhat unfair. Demosthenes only implies covertly and incidentally what Mr Mitford states him to have openly pronounced. 'It is the basest of all things (says the orator) to let slip from our hands, *not only the cities and places of which we were formerly masters*, but also the allies and opportunities furnished by fortune.'

P. 425. The naval force despatched under Chares to the assistance of the Olynthians, is said, by Demosthenes, to have amounted to fifty triremes.—*De legat.*

P. 432. (Note 11.) There seems a slight incorrectness with respect to the persons to whom the quotation is applied. τούτους refers not to the Macedonians, but to the Macedonian party in Olynthus,—to those who had received bribes.

P. 464. There is a slight oversight in saying, that Demosthenes took the lead in speaking before the assembly of the people. He expressly declares, that Æschines was the first of the embassy who spoke, and that he himself immediately followed.—*De legat.*

P. 496. The story of Ptæodorus seems incorrectly given. Demosthenes says, not that Ptæodorus went himself, but that he sent Perilaus back to Philip; that after this, Perilaus came at the head of the mercenaries to Megara, while Ptæodorus was employed in taking measures *within* the city.—*Dem. de legat.*

P. 561. There is an inaccuracy, scarcely worth notice, in the computation of the English money from the Greek, which is corrected by a reference to Mr Mitford's own table of monies. 1000 drachmæ equalled in Sterling 32*l.* 5s. 10d. Demosthenes was to receive annually twice that sum.

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P. 562. Demosthenes says, that Æschines began his accusation against the Amphissians immediately after he had taken his seat in the Amphictyonic council; and speaks of the proceedings as having followed without any delay. Why then does Mr Mitford say, 'The crisis *at length* arose?' &c.

P. 580. It does not appear from Æschines, that the Thebans were offended at Nicæas being given away *to the Thessalians*, but at its being given away at all.

Upon the whole, though we think it rather unfortunate that the story of the Grecian republics should have been told by one who has so many anti-republican partialities, we think it our duty to testify, that it has been more justly told by Mr Mitford than by any preceding author; and that those who differ from him in his political conclusions, must still acknowledge their obligations to the clearness and fulness of his narrative.

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